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# HYPOCRISY.

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A  
SATIRE,  
IN THREE BOOKS.

==

Book the First.

—————◆—————

By the REV. C. COLTON, A. M. CANTAB.  
*COLLEGII REGALIS SOCIUS.*

—————◆—————

*“ Hypocrisy’s the Universal Calling,  
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in.”*

BUTLER.

==  
*INCEDO PER IGNES.*  
==

Go first-born of my Muse, and with thee take  
The Martyr’s Courage, when he meets the stake ;  
Thee, shall some mumping Critic steal---*for pelf*  
Then strive to make thee hideous, as himself ;  
Shall *change* thy Voice, thy Tone, and in their stead,  
Shall make thee talk *his* gibberish----*for bread* ;  
Thy piteous cries, thy tortures, tears, and pains,  
Shall but promote this pilfering Vagrant’s gains ;  
By worse than Gipsy-hands, disguised, defiled,  
I shall not know again my kidnapped Child.

BOOK I. Page 197.

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TIVERTON :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY T. SMITH.

SOLD ALSO, BY W. BUTTON, 24, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON ;  
AND BY ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

—————

1812.

[ENTERED AT STATIONER’S HALL.]



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## TO THE PUBLIC.



*IN dedicating the following pages to an enlightened Public, I have only one request to make—That they will dare to judge for themselves. It is probable they will hear the Writer abused by all parties; they shall see him terrified by none. I am prepared to meet both open foes, and secret enemies. The latter will hide themselves under the mask of anonymous publication. But neither law nor equity recognize any difference between the Editor and the Author of anonymous calumny; they are virtually one and the same. But it is also probable that I have much over-rated my own importance; that I have been conjuring up Phantoms by which I shall never be attacked, and fancying dangers by which I shall never be disquieted. It may happen that the dusty shelf of my Publisher is the only rock on which I am doomed to be stranded, and that the aboriginal spiders of his shop, are the only enemies by which I am likely to be overwhelmed. I shall now merely add that these*

*pages were written in an obscure country town, without the advantage of Books, or a Literary Society, and that the manuscripts were sent wet to the press ; Therefore I shall take leave of my Muse, nearly in the valedictory words of Bonofonius to his mistress ;*

*Vale errorque meus, meusque portus,  
Vale spesque mea, et mei pavores !  
Meus Phosphorus, Hesperusque vale !  
Otiumque meum, negotiumque,  
Vale melque meum, atque amaritudo,  
Vale nilque meum, meumque totum.*

TRANSLATION.

*Farewell my quicksand, and my port,  
My loss, my gain, my grief, my sport ;  
Farewell my hope, farewell my fear,  
Source of pleasure, source of care ;  
That didst my nights, my mornings bless,  
My hours of toil, or idleness ;  
Farewell my honey, and my gall,  
Farewell my nothing, and my all.*



HYPOCRISY,  
A SATIRE,  
IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK THE FIRST. \*

Docbo  
*Dissimulare Omnes, certâ ratione, modoque.*

---

TWO things there are confound the Poet's lays,  
The Scholar's censure, and the Blockhead's praise:

---

\* The Exordium of a Poem should be like the vestibule of an house; not so magnificent as to cause the other apartments to appear to a disadvantage; not so mean as to extinguish all curiosity to inspect the rest of the mansion.

In this first Book, which I could wish to be considered as introductory, some readers will accuse me of wandering from my subject, like Montaigne in his *bootless* chapter on boots; and this accusation would be well grounded, if Hypocrisy were confined to the Church. But alas this vice boasts a more extensive dominion. In politics she hath her knaves, and demagogues; in literature her pedants, and sciolists;

A

That glowing page with double lustre shines,  
When Pope approves, and Dennis\* damns the lines.

Pleased I anticipate that favouring gale,  
The threatening breath of Fools, to swell my sail;  
Who venomous as toads, yet in their head  
No jewel wear, but one vast lump of lead;  
With such who wage the war, must from that day  
Throw far the scabbard of the sword † away,  
Enjoy the storm, and in the tempest live,  
Wits may, but *witlings* never can forgive:  
Who helps or harms the last, shall quickly feel  
*They* favours write on sand, but wrongs on steel.

---

in medicinae her quacks, and charletans. The best definition I recollect of an Hypocrite is this “Quod non est simulat, dissimulat que quod est.” And the Greeks seem to have had the same Idea, when they designated the hypocrite and the actor by one general term. If ~~then~~ *all* who *act* a part are Hypocrites, if all are such, who hide what they are, or affect to be what they are not: then I suspect it will be more difficult to shew where Hypocrisy does *not* exist than where it does.

\* John Dennis, the dull, but relentless adversary of Pope and Addison; the self importance of this man is worthy of being recorded. Having published a Tragedy which contained an Invective against the French Nation, he waited on the Duke of Marlborough, after the Treaty of Utrecht, to request his Grace would use his influence that he might not be delivered up to the French King. The Duke gravely told him, he had not as yet taken any such precautions with regard to himself, although he must conceive he had done that Nation almost as much mischief as Mr. Dennis.

† “*Galeatum sero duelli pœnitet.*”



Nought might these wretches' mad revenge control,  
 Had they great Cæsar's power—but Cæsar's soul;  
 Fools o'erlook benefits, but wrongs o'errate,  
 Sluggish in gratitude, alert in hate;  
 But Cæsar's mind was cast in different mould,  
 As warm to friendship, as to vengeance cold;  
 Lord of *himself*, as of the world, he chose  
 To conquer still by *benefits* his foes;  
 Christians! that memory was a pagan's lot,  
 That nothing e'er but *injuries* forgot.

Rail then, ye dunces, dignified abuse,  
 And cheer with loud anathemas my muse,  
 Blast not with cruel smile the Poet's bays,  
 Nor blight them with the mildew of your praise; \*  
 Rail on, and railing fan the kindling hope  
 I may at least in *one thing* † rival Pope;  
 Whose pigny foes ennobled by the hand  
 That slew them, *hence* alone some fame command; ‡  
 Their very names from Us had been concealed,  
 But that their darts stick in a Giant's shield. §  
 Thus the vile lead that laid great Nelson low,  
 In gold and chrystal set, becomes a show.

\* "Pessimum inimicorum genus laudantes." Indiscriminate eacomiasts are our worst enemies. † In the hate of Dunces.

‡ "Give me half a Crown," said Swift to Pope, "and I will engage that posterity shall know no more of your enemies than you chuse to tell them." § The Dunciad.

¶ The points of resemblance here are, the vileness of the

Then let your anger smoke, it cannot blaze,  
 Your friendship ruin is, your satire praise:  
 Mistake each motive, and each act misstate,  
 Those I must pity, I can never hate;  
 And fools will have in verse, or prose, their long  
 Prescriptive right, to be for-ever wrong;  
 Whilst I your slanders to improvement turn,  
 As fire but brightens what it cannot burn;  
 And truth, with fear and cautious care pursue,  
 Fearless, and careless what may thence ensue.  
 Those who reform the *least*, will most resent,  
 Quick to revile, but tardy to repent;  
 Yet grateful, half your rage ye might suppress,  
 Could ye but half what I've rejected guess;

---

instruments, and the circumstance of their becoming notorious by an attack which proved quite unable to wound the *fame* of those great men. Mr. Beattie, Surgeon of the Victory, is in possession of the ball that caused Nelson's death; I am informed it is set in chrystal in a very curious and costly manner, and part of the epaulette, which it carried away is still to be seen adhering to it. Were Great Britain to apostrophise would she not exclaim with Æneas "*Spoliis iudate meorum*" and reflecting on the loss of her gallant Son, would she not add in nearly the same words with Evander,

"*Sollicitæ O utinam dederas promissa Parenti*

*Cautius ut sævo velles te credere Marti !*"

In the library of Buonaparte were lately observed the busts of two Englishmen, Nelson and Fox; an Italian translation of Ossian was lying on the table, apparently much *thumbed*.

But, should ye snarling o'er these fragments starve,  
 We may some second course hereafter carve;  
 Though of the two I'd rather that your rage  
 Should lash, than your applause disgrace my page,  
 Since *such* to please we must not go too far,  
 As peace with such more dangerous is than war,  
 Lest some cracked wretch that cannot read should  
     write,  
 And with his clumsy praise undo me quite.

By approbation's loud unmeaning grin,  
 A Blockhead thought stern Johnson's \* heart to win,  
 Whate'er escaped the Doctor's lips, the Spark  
 Exclaimed---most witty, yet profound remark!  
 Sam, whom a Bunce's admiration teased,  
 Addressed the Coxcomb---Sir it seems you're  
     pleased,

\* Presumptuous as it may be deemed, I cannot but think that Johnson's genius has been overrated. He exhibits no bad specimen of the good effects of a little seasonable bullying; nor is every literary pugilist so fortunate in his *bottle holders*. But in addition to this, his talents were blazoned by the Church, she being, and with reason, proud of so orthodox a Champion in a *coloured coat*; at a time too when Addison was no more, and when her *lay* defenders were not numerous. His imitation of the third and tenth Satires of Juvenal he never afterwards equalled, and it is melancholy to consider that we are indebted to his necessities for his best efforts. "Ingenii venter, largitor." It was observed by one who knew him well, that if fortune had thought fit to place the Doctor in a field of clover, he would have lain down and rolled in it.

I hope (and rising grasped his oaken wand,)  
I have said nothing you can understand.

Give me the Critic formed in ancient School,  
No placeman's pensioner, no party's tool,  
No hireling, doomed, by venal printers fed,  
To scribble scandal for his daily bread ;  
Who dares refuse, tho' courts and rulers frown,  
To write, against his judgement, Genius down ;  
But prays that wit and talent may succeed  
Alike on *this*, or *that* side of the Tweed ;  
And owns, e'en while he doth my faults reprove,  
'Tis easier far to find them, than remove ;  
An ear submissive may I ever lend  
To such, and lose the critic in the friend.

Did *such* the deed command, I'd not refuse  
To burn \* the dearest offspring of my muse,  
And grateful learn, while Crabbe and Nature smile,  
From them, to shun the modern fustian style :  
Where Metaphors, like an ill-woven veil,  
Expose each blemish, and each charm conceal ;  
Where Similes like nought in heaven or earth,  
Destroy the muse that gives the monsters birth ;

---

\* This brings to my recollection, the advice which Dr. Johnson gave Mrs. Macaulay. This Lady having submitted her History of England to his inspection, attempted to palliate its faults by observing that she had a great many irons in the fire. The Doctor *coolly* replied, "Then I recommend you, Madam, to put your history where your irons are."

Where wit to puns and low conceits descends,  
 And swoln bombast begins where grandeur ends ;  
 Where groveling thoughts mid *cumbrous* words  
     expire,  
 As heaps of fuel choak the feeble fire.

Such Authors to fine writing make pretence,  
 Yet spurn that *rare* endowment, common sense ;  
 These Milton's measure not his style command,  
 And fileh that Master's harp, but not his hand ;  
 Through tomes of epic lumber, labour hard,  
 Resembling but in *blindness* Sinai's hard ;  
 Now Southey's Madoc quits the groaning stall,  
 To visit at the Grocer's, Sotheby's Saul ;  
 Now o'er this deluged land Exodiads bring.  
 A greater plague than all the plagues they sing ;  
 Wherein poor Pharaoh deems it sad to *sink*  
 With Hoyle, \* drowned o'er again in seas of Ink,  
 High thoughts from heaven derive illustrious birth !  
 Words are the fickle "daughters of the Earth."

Some Drivellers anxious this extreme to fly,  
 Call want of *sense* and *sound*—Simplicity ;

\* Mr. H. must not expect to pass current as an Epic Poet, on the mere credit of having written so many thousand lines of *blank* verse, until he can persuade mankind to shut their eyes.

Οφθαλμων ΜΕΝ !!! αμφοτε, ειδεν θηδειαν αυτην

Or prove, if for themselves they think at all,  
 In mere absurdities original;  
 Each yellow leaf that falls, each flower that dies,  
 These mere describers with a theme supplies.  
 With microscopic eye, these Nature guage,  
 And rather spell than read her ample page;  
 More skilled in words than sentences, they get  
 No farther still than Nature's alphabet;  
 What in acuteness \* she may gain, their muse  
 In comprehension is condemned to lose;  
 They start, Ah labour lost, to win the prize,  
 Then stopping short, each other criticise.  
 Thus *mongrel* curs, while Sportsmen cry—for shame!  
 Each other worry, when they *miss* the game.

But in the offing what strange sail appears!  
 Critics! and Printers! hail her with three cheers!  
 Fresh from the Tweed she seems, yet falls to leeward  
 Tho' steer'd by skilful Scott, The Anna Seward. †  
 Freightied with rhymes for England, and we're told  
 Brings Constable's piled quartos in her hold! ‡

\* An eye so acute as to perceive the motion of the hour hand of a clock, would not be able to ascertain the time of the day.

† See Anna Seward's Poetical works, edited by Walter Scott.

‡ Mr. Constable is in possession of *twelve* quarto volumes of this Lady's correspondence, which she observed were but *one twelfth* part of what she had written.

Like Palinurus, \* Scott foresees a wreck,  
Yawns at the helm, then 'dozes on the deck.  
Death stronger far than Gallery-gods, or men,  
Drained not the plethora of Seward's pen.

But ah, to greet them, not a Muse will rise,  
Though magazines lift females † to the skies;  
Whose Volumes vast, by sleep refreshed in vain,  
Just shake their dust off, but to sleep again;  
*Exhausted Acres* ‡ are not fertile fields,  
Tho' British taste to French politeness yields.

That ample wreath by Sydney borne away,  
Left his poor Poet not one sprig of bay;  
Wielding, like Cæsar, both the pen and sword,  
His own gazettes his glories best record;

\* Te Palinure petens tibi tristia Somnia portans  
*Insonti.*

It will be evident to every reader of this edition of Miss Seward's works, that her Editor, Mr. Scott, foresees the fate of his Cargo, and its "alacrity in sinking." But having imposed upon himself the task of introducing these "Magnas Nugas" to the public, he has been prudent enough not to do it "Magno Conatu." Considering what the public have a right to expect from that time which such a writer as Mr. Scott may dedicate to literary exertions, I conceive every lover of the muses will exclaim "His vellem *nunquam* nugis tota ista dedisset tempora."

† Phyllidas Hissipylas Vatum et plorabile si quid.

‡ See a republication of Mrs. Cowley's Epic Poem the Siege of Acre.

In the short pause of fury, blood, and rage,  
His fire unquench'd illumines his ardent page ; \*  
Fierce from the fervor of the unfinished fight,  
With the free spirit of a youthful Knight,  
He boldly blazons each brave feat, and name,  
And stamps their memory on the scroll of fame.

But lo! the living tempest sweeps the plain,  
He springs indignant to the field again ;  
Again the war-cloud blackens all the beach,  
Again he meets it, in the deadly breach !  
In vain Napoleon gives the fatal shock,  
An heart like thine, O Richard, guards thy Rock ;  
That fatal force which makes whole Empires fall,  
Finds Acre's ruins an impervious wall.

Such mighty deeds transcend a woman's pen,  
The rage of combat is a theme for men ;

---

\* Addison, at the request of Lord Godolphin, and in consideration of a sum of money, manufactured into a poem the Battle of Bleenheim. This poem was satirically termed a gazette in rhyme. To say this of Mrs. Cowley's poem would be a compliment, as her hero, Sir Sydney, has evinced in his dispatches the elegance of the Scholar, attempering the fire of the most favoured knight of Chivalry. In short his whole narration is a romance, but written with the sternest pen of Truth. The Port of Acre was formerly taken by Richard Cœur de Lion, in conjunction with Philip ; and on this occasion history presents us with a solitary instance of a King of France and England fighting together in defence of one common cause.



As soon her hand might rule the scythed Car,  
 As *justly* paint th' infuriate scenes of War.  
 In the light sock with sportive ease she treads,  
 Or graceful follows where fair Burney leads;  
 Or, with the Enchantress from the Tuscan cave,  
 Whence wizard bards oft charmed their Arno's  
     wave,

Seeks, with the hurried step and gaze of fear,  
 Udolpho's turrets, \* and the forest drear;  
 But let her not attempt Ulysses' bow,  
 Nor rashly strive Achilles' lance to throw.

Hail Devon, † hail each rhyme re-echoing stream,  
 Famed for *poor* poetry, and richest cream!  
 That might with love of tea the Nine inspire,  
 While Epic Bards by dozens blow the fire;  
 Inclosures stop, with geese each common fill,  
 And send us, Neckingar, thy patent mill; ‡

\* Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and her *Romance of the Forest*,—the two mightiest efforts of a female pen!

† A Lady at Exeter lately gave a tea party to six Gentlemen; on comparing notes, it came out that every individual of this marvellous Symposium had written an Epic Poem. I shall not mention their Names, as their knuckles are still sore from the gentle rapping of some Northern Critics; but on mutually condoling with each other, on this tender subject, they were heard to exclaim, *Et nos ergo manum ferule subuximus, et nos.* This corey of bards was a meeting purely accidental; *miserum est cum tot ubique vatibus occurras.*

‡ A Mill invented in Germany, to restore paper spoiled by

Let Printer's devils too, "a grisly band,"  
 The flood-gates lift of ink, and drown the land;  
 Or stop, by all we've read, and more we fear  
 To read, O scribblers, stop your blind career;  
 Forbear with hands profane, and gallic rage,  
 To revolutionise \* the British page!  
 Ye make no figure with your feeble trash  
 But, like the Whip club, merely *cut a dash*!

Few authors write too little, Nine in Ten  
 Are ruined by the fulness of their pen;  
 Thus, while but few from rigid fasting die,  
 Feasts, with their thousand victims, death supply;  
 Like wealth, with toil and hazard fame is gained,  
 But easily increased if once obtained;  
 Though wits, like bankrupts, oft their golden crop  
 Have lost, for want of knowing *when to stop*.  
 Some start at highest speed, yet faster still  
 Write down themselves, the more they work the  
     quill;  
 As those who first lead off the mazy dance,  
 Descend each step, and *sink* as they advance.

printing to its former texture, and whiteness. The old excuse for not writing, *peritume parcere chartæ*, is therefore now done away.

\* For some excellent remarks on this subject, see the Edinburgh Review on the different publications of Messrs, Southey and Wordsworth;

Arcades Ambo,

Et cantare pares, et *respondere parati*.

But shall these Drawlers dare to form a style,  
 And Pope, and Swift unheeded stand the while?  
 Shall such be read, and Gray be thrown aside,  
 And dust that Harp, the muse's solace hide?  
 As though its chords the graces had not strung,  
 As if e'en sorrow smiled not while he sung!  
 As though, while prejudice and Johnson\* frowned,  
 He had not been high Priest of Phœbus crowned.  
 Mourn Conway's heights, if Gray be doomed to die,  
 Mourn the departed dew of Sacred Poesy!

O, when these mighty Masters cease to charm,  
 May life's red tide no more my bosom warm;

---

\* "*Modeste de tanto Viro pronunciandum.*" But on the Dr's unfortunate criticism of Gray, G. Wakefield thus expresses himself, "If at any time we feel ourselves dazzled by Dr. Johnson's bright and diffusive powers of understanding, we may turn for relief to his criticisms upon Gray, and to his prayers and meditations." But he makes up for this in another place, thus, "I esteem his lives of the English Poets to be the noblest specimen of entertaining and solid criticism that modern times have produced, well worthy of ranking on the same shelf with Aristotle, and Quintilian." From this last sentence the hallowed shade of Milton turns with indignation; the salt that will preserve the Lives of the Poets, is to be found in the comparison that work contains of Pope and Dryden, and in the account of the metaphysical Poets. For the respective merits of Johnson and Wakefield on Gray, vide appendix. By the bye, Gray's two finest odes narrowly escaped the fate to which Virgil had doomed his *Æneid*; in consequence of some fastidious cavils of Mason, to whose perusal Gray had submitted them. Mason criticising Gray! Answer—*Olorem!*

My refuge, and my prize, their hallowed page  
 My youth delighted, and shall cheer my age;  
 Their glorious track with trembling hope I view,  
 Too fond to quit, too feeble to pursue;  
 Nor can I, Darwin, tinsel o'er my rhimes,  
 To suit the tawdry taste of modern times,  
 Though Ladies weep in sentimental showers,  
 Their tears may not revive *thy fading flowers*.  
 Thy prize a tulip, honey,\* thy pursuit,  
 Poor bee ! Thou didst for blossom lose the fruit.

I cease on ashes scarcely cold to tread,  
 'Tis vain to lecture, harsh to blame the dead.  
 I too, more pleased to learn than others teach,  
 Had on this subject rather hear than preach :  
 Remote from scholars as from books I live,  
 And want, believe me, that advice I give:  
 But memory must the place of books supply,  
*Wit's* † friend, Invention's treacherous ally.

\* Abundat dulcibus vitiis.

† It will be obvious to any reader of *Hudibras*, that memory was the most faithful handmaid of the Author's wit. This it was that so readily presented him with the most unexpected and remote resemblances; drawn from things, and circumstances, with which his profound erudition had previously stored his mind. Mere reading without memory never could have effected this. We are told writing makes an exact man, speaking a ready man, and reading a full man—I fear we might often add a dull man. It was well said by some one of himself, “I should have been as stupid as the Commentators, if

O Thou to whom the talents rare belong  
To explore the source, and rule the tide of song !  
O Thou, deemed fit the Critic's office high  
To fill, Preceptor, Guide of Poesy ;  
Serene that canst, with wisdom's tempering rein  
The foaming Heliconian Steed restrain ;  
Or, with ambition's spur his might provoke,  
To spurn at imitation's servile yoke ;  
O come ! I shall at thy tribunal kneel  
And *seek* from *thy* decision, no appeal :  
From thee, the chilling frown shall not offend.  
Nor keen reproofs, that what they chide, amend ;  
Spare not the knife, the caustic use, no groan  
Shall 'scape my lips ;—my Muse is all your own.

Th' obscure illumine, and the gross refine,  
Prune the redundant, lop the faulty line ;  
Teach me the leaves to thin, t' increase the fruit,  
To make the *blossom* wit, sound sense the *root*.

For wit, though Butler own it, hath been shown  
To be no longer wit, too thickly sown ;

---

*I had read as much.*" Two men shall read the same Authors,  
with the same diligence ; one shall have a good memory, the  
other a bad one ; the difference between them will be this ;  
the former keeps a shop well assorted, and well arranged ;  
and can oblige his friends with any article at a moment's  
notice ; the latter also keeps a shop, which is equally full,  
but in the utmost disorder, and confusion ; in so much that  
he is entirely at a loss where to look for any article in demand :

As Diamonds set too close, in solid mass,  
 Appear not diamonds, but a lump of glass.  
 Where all is wit \* Men think that none is there,  
 As stars are hid in light, and lost in glare.

---

which therefore his customers are likely to go without, unless they can find it themselves.

\* Pope carried this rule too far when he observed, "Rather than all things wit, let *none* be there." But of all the rules laid down by him, this is the *only* one the moderns have religiously observed. It has been remarked that there is not a single joke in all Demosthenes; Cicero's two witticisms, or rather puns, are wretched; Milton's attempts of this kind are, if possible, worse; Mr. Pitt, on one occasion, only, ventured on wit; and Burke's quotation on seeing Wilkes chaired by the mob, "Numerisque fertur lege solutis;" is recorded as the only witty thing uttered by him. But on the other hand, the Earl of Chatham and Mr. Sheridan are shining instances that wit is not incompatible with the highest flights of eloquence. If we are to believe the Commentators, an union of the sublime and the witty, is impossible. Two instances however of such an union, I think, may be found in the two following passages, which must conclude this rambling note.

"Superior beings when of late they saw,  
 An human form expound all nature's law,  
 Admired such wisdom in a mortal shape,  
 And showed a Newton—as we show an Ape."

---

"For loyalty is still the same,  
 Whether it win or lose the Game,  
 True, as the dial to the sun,  
 Although it be not shined upon."

Sons of the Stagyrite, all such draw nigh,  
 Clothed with an unassuming dignity,  
 And break that sceptre formed of *brass* and *lead*,  
 By *trading*\* critics brandished o'er our head;  
 Who on some mangled † author doomed to dine,  
 O'er faultless works in sullen silence pine.  
 More short-lived than the carcase they devour,  
 Like carrion flies they bounce, and buzz an hour.

Were writers perfect, critics were undone,  
 With them the greatest fault is—to *have none*.  
 On specks alone and blemishes they live,  
 On foulest blood as leeches fastest thrive;  
 Tho' stern as Mulgrave, on his quarter-deck,  
 Like crabs ‡ they make no meal without a *wreck*.

\* The public are not fully aware how widely the good or ill effects produced by impartial or interested criticism extend themselves; neither do men duly consider how deeply its decrees may influence the decisions of that important law, the law of opinion. Horace Walpole has this observation, "The manœuvres of bookselling are now equal in number to the stratagems in war; publishers open and shut the sluices of reputation as their various interests lead them; and it is become more and more difficult to judge of the merit or fame of recent publications."

† "No beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic."

‡ The resemblance will be more complete if we reflect that an engagement by sea is as great a feast to the crabs, as a *paper* *gear* by land is to the critics.

Self-constituted kings of *A, B, C*,  
 Shielded in their majestic title—We, \*  
 In solitary garret they reside,  
 Which with *congenial* spiders they divide;  
 Like *them*, in flimsy *lines* their labours ply,  
 And catch an Author, as *these* catch a fly.

Such judges stamp all Authors tame and trite,  
 That cannot contrarieties unite:  
 The style sublime and bold, wants common sense;  
 The modest, strength; the nervous, diffidence.  
 Have we both fire and force, they quote against one  
 The Prince of namby-pamby—*sheepish* Shenstone;  
 As Porteus plausible, as Cottle cold,  
 As Wordsworth wild, as soaring Southey bold;  
 All these extremes at once, and more than these,  
 Must they unite, that would such Critics please;  
 Who guard the tree of knowledge; less intent  
 To taste themselves, than others to prevent;  
 Like eunuchs, whom stern Solymans employ  
 To watch o'er beauties they can ne'er enjoy.

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\* The *Virgin* Queen condescended sometimes to a little flirtation. Shakespeare was performing the part of a king. The theatre was small, "Parva fuit, si prima velis elementa referre, Roma." Queen Elizabeth's box was contiguous to the stage; she purposely dropped her handkerchief, upon the boards at the feet of Shakespeare, having a mind to try whether her poet would stoop from his assumed majesty. She was mistaken,—"Take up *our* sister's handkerchief," was his prompt and dignified order, to one of the actors in his train.



Frowns undeserved, misplaced severities,  
The modest only silence, and the wise ;  
But fools, through folly bold, through blindness  
rash,  
Still scribble faster from the critics lash.  
Nor critics, speakers, commons, lords, nor gods  
Can gag a dunce ; nor ushers, nor *black rods* !  
Th' astonished senate saw despair and shame  
Gibbon's \* proud periods into silence tame ;  
But hears, tho' called to order, many a dolt  
Fearless as F——r, shoot his random bolt.

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\* It is well known that Gibbon never attempted to speak in the house of Commons, though highly gifted with many of the requisites of oratory. The feelings that prevented him, he thus explained to a friend, "The good speakers filled me with despair, the bad ones with apprehension." The imbecility also of Hare and Addison, in the House of Commons, formed a curious contrast with their acknowledged powers out of it ; the latter, indeed, did not shine even in conversation, on which account it was wittily observed of him, that although he never had a guinea in his pocket, he could at any time draw for a thousand pounds upon his Banker. Lord Shaftesbury experienced a temporary embarrassment of this kind, on introducing his motion for extending the privilege of Counsel to those attainted of High Treason ; but he immediately adduced the very embarrassment under which he then laboured, as the strongest argument for the necessity of that very privilege for which he was contending. Thus did that great genius, like Antæus, gather strength from his fall ; and from the awkward situation in which he felt himself placed, *'ex re natâ,'* did he conjure up a most impressive and successful effort of eloquence.

Their old excuse then let not critics plead,  
 For making, right or wrong, each author bleed;  
 Their censures save no dunce from fatal ink,  
 Yet those prevent, who ere they scribble, think.

They take no bribe, they swear, yet what is worse  
 From party views they canonize or curse;  
 But what hath Genius, that survives them all,  
 To do with state-intrigue, or court cabal?  
 Who asked, when Horne 'gainst vanquished Hermes  
       wrote,

The Colour of his Politics, or Coat?  
 Layman, or Priest, (it matters not a fig.)  
 An High Church Tory, or a zealous Whig,  
 He may put on the helmet, or the gown,  
 Who nobly rash, cuts rooted errors down;  
 We hail the light, by satellites \* of Kings  
 Eclipsed in vain, nor ask from whence it springs.  
 Let error earth o'erwhelm, and sea, and air,  
 Were Critics honest, we should not despair.

Longinus, Scaligers, and thou their Son,  
 A modern † whom *thy* Flaccus will not shun,

\* Eclipses produced by Satellites are usually *partial*.

† Bendey, a slashing critic! but there was a hardihood about him that pleases rather than disgusts. Most of his commendations were conceived in this spirit, "meo periculo, repugnantibus omnibus;" and at times by way of climax, "*ipso auctore*." But with all his faults, he might repeat that he had fo gotten more than most of our modern Critics have ever

Such judges, (did but ye in Court preside,)  
 Turn'd criminals, in shame their heads must hide.  
 Ah with those mighty Dead 'tis hardly fair  
 I grant, *our* mushroom Critics to compare;  
 For in that war where thousands fall, the best  
*Alone* of ages firmly stand the test.  
 No wonder then, if such recruits should yield  
 To Veterans, who so long have kept the field;  
 Such daily die, like thorns that choak the land,  
 To clear that wood where Parr \* and Porson stand.

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learned; or to use another favourite expression of his, "what he *did* know, and what they *do not* know, would make a *large Book*!"

\* I have heard my Father relate the following anecdote, it *may* be authentic, as he was extremely intimate with one of the Parties. Dr. Samuel Gash had carried away in his head, an amazing cargo of Greek, from Eton and Cambridge, into Warwickshire; there it grew a little mouldy. Dr. Parr paid him a literary visit: so much Greek was quoted, and talked, amidst such a dearth of English, that if Lord Monboddo had been present, he might have fancied himself transported to his beloved Attica. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of War." After a very late hour, for these Grecians were no starters; poor Gash *knocked under*, confessing himself *out-greeked, out-smoked*, and out-quoted; but he concluded his concession, with this apology; that he had lived so long in the country, insulated as it were, from all literary society, that he was become "*Βαββαγος μελα βαββαγος*." Dr. P. without the slightest hesitation, or a moment's pause, consoled the vanquished Grecian with this fine fragment (I think) of Menander,

"συγε βαββαγος;

Εἰθ' ἢ γινώσκεις αὐτος, οὗτος βαββαγος;"

Such live, but how, men neither know nor care,  
And die, men ask not when, and mark not where.

But while they *may*, in short-lived monthly page,  
They fret and fume their hour upon the stage ;  
Through thick and thin they slash and criticize,  
E'en from the Theban Bard they tear the prize ;  
More nice than *wise*, their blind resentment wreak  
On Fox's English, or on *Pindar's* \* *Greek*.  
Their insect-eye each trifling blemish sees,  
But grasps not Demosthenic Deinotes.

There are, who deaf, a ticking time-piece near,  
But nought sublime, nor grand, nor distant, hear ;  
So these, while syllables their minds engage,  
Mark not the mighty thunder of the page !  
These captious cavillers, as Stoics cool  
By taste and feeling judge not, but by rule ;  
A pliant leaden rule, that every hour  
Can bend to party, prejudice, or power.  
They read the Bards, *their* Masters, but to start  
*Teachers* of those from whom they *learnt* their art.

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\* Some Reviewers lately fell foul on an unfortunate passage of Greek. After proving, to their own great satisfaction, and as they supposed, to the chagrin of Mr. P. Knight, that his Greek was a barbarous modern jargon, Mr. K——thus replies ; —“Gentlemen, if you will turn to such a page, and such a verse, you will find the passage you have made yourselves so merry withal, to be verbatim a quotation from Pindar ; if Pindar's Greek is not good enough for you, I am very sorry for it.”

But Avon's Swan ! their cumbrous chains defies,  
 Splendid Transgressor of dull Unities ;  
 On towering wing he soars, that prize to gain  
 That lies beyond the Critics' scant domain.

Each monument of taste these Goths deface,  
 To build their own vile *hovel* in its place ;  
 With savage joy the ruined pile survey,  
 And hunt amid the *marble*, for the *clay* ;  
 Thus Cossacks, when the Turk their fury fled,  
 Destroyed each Mosque and Palace for its *lead*.

'Tis well their wants these hireling pens divide,  
 And make them fight, like Swiss, on either side ;  
 Else might these mercenaries, kept in pay  
 By Booksellers, in night *blot* out the day ;  
 Thus a *third* "Deluge learning might o'errun,"  
 And *Critics* end what Goths and Monks begun !

For in the *Tenants of the Row*, we view  
 The Lords of Authors, and of Critics too ;  
 The Row ! that goodly Paradise of Fools,  
 Where, o'er the Tree of *folly*, Dulness rules :  
 Here Dedicators that can white-wash jet,  
 And Editors of Epitaphs *to let* ;  
 Puffers and Newsmen, Authors. Auctioneers,  
 Conductors of Reviews, \* and Pamphleteers,

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\* A witty, but anonymous writer thus addresses the Reviewers. "Herein lies the grand secret of your art to hit the val-

With all the black Militia of the Trade, \*  
At Lintot's Levee punctually parade.

Here Reputations much the worse for wear  
Are cured, that seemed to need a *Change of air* ;  
Here stolen Ideas vamped and gilt, receive  
New shapes their lawful owners to deceive ;  
Here reams of fulsome flatteries appear,  
The squalid *resurrection* † of *Rag-fair* !  
Still *sheltering Vermin*, though to rank restored,  
Theshreds ‡ that clothed a Beggar, *screen a Lord*.

---

nerable heel of each literary Achilles ; no work of genius can unite opposite characters of excellence ; massive grandeur is without the grace of lightness ; and what is beautiful and airy, attains not the sublime. All the merits of the first writers, may be compressed in *one* impressive sentence ; the Qualities adverse to their genius will afford pages ! Here then we have discovered an inexhaustible fountain of criticism, from whence the "waters of bitterness" can never cease to flow. If a Work be solid and instructive, abuse it for not exhilarating its readers with pleasantry and wit ; or if it be seasoned with wit and pleasantry, damn it for not being solid and instructive. In a labour of painful erudition, exclaim, how heavily it moves ! If it displays the charms of composition, lament over those superficial graces ! Throw into your articles an artful prodigality of the *pour* and the *contre* ; thus at the expense of one author, you will tickle a *Thousand Readers* !—What odds in your favour my lads ! !"

\* A term which the fraternity of Booksellers have appropriated to themselves. † "*Miraturque novas frondes.*"

‡ It is not improbable that a noble Peer, as for instance Lord

Bards leave these precincts *rich*, that sought them  
 poor,  
 For a Mæcænas \* stands at every door;

---

North, (in whose wicker-work plans we discover the cradle of the French Revolution,) may have had a dish of flattery served up to him, on the tattered remains of his *own chemise*. If in *this shape*, we trace the genealogy of a Panegyric, we may exclaim, "Patronymica hæc sunt," his Lordship—his Gentleman—his Gentleman's Gentleman—a Beggar—a Jew—Rag fair—the Row: from thence "gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore," it expands its white wings, and revisits its first titled Proprietor, in the form of a defence! or a dedication!

\* Mr. Gibbon had invited a few friends to dine with him; just as they were taking their seats at table, they were all astonished by a thundering rap at the front door. A Patron of Literature from the purlieus of the Row, had chosen this particular moment to wait on Mr. Gibbon. "Tell the Gentleman I am particularly engaged."—"I have Sir, but he begged I would inform you his business is of a literary nature, and of the greatest importance."—"Well, Well, show him into the Library." When they met in the Library, the Patron of Genius thus addressed the Historian; "You must know, Sir, that I am a Rewarder of merit, and that I have now in the Press a History of England conducted by several hands: as I have heard that you have *a kind of a knack at them there things*, I should be happy to give you every reasonable encouragement, in case a sample or two from your pen met *my approbation*." Gibbon ran to the bell, and ringing it most violently, exclaimed, "Sir, the only chance you have to escape being kicked down stairs, is to be at the bottom of them, before my Servant can get to the top;" this strong hint was no sooner given, than

From whose swol'n port we learn, and lofty look,  
How better far to *sell* than *write* a book.

They boast a capital would purchase clean  
All Tempe, Helicon ! and Hippocrene !

With All, who pots upon Parnassus boil,  
Freeholders, or Rack-renters ;—Homer—Hoyle.

Well might their own Sir Richard \* feel afraid  
T' attack such purse-proud Masters of *his* trade.

With them, by far the worst thing can be said  
Of any book is, that—it is not read ;  
But hold, I crave their pardon, 'tis a thought  
Disturbs them little—so the Book *be bought*.

taken. This tenant of the Row seems to have formed about as high a notion of a modern Historian, as the late Lord Monboddlo, the eccentric and learned *contemporary* ! of Robertson ! Hume ! and Gibbon ! The Passage is curious, here it is, “Of some *late* writers of History in Britain I shall say nothing ; I read not to find fault, but to admire and be pleased. And when I cannot be entertained in that way, I chuse not to read at all. Now to criticise such works it is necessary to read them (not always my Lord) and that is a task I cannot submit to. Leaving therefore, such Authors to be praised, or dispraised, by the Reviewers, as they are *paid* or not *paid*, I will conclude this subject of History.”

\* This great Prince of Booksellers, and *ci devant* generalissimo of Reviews, has unwarily in one of his recent publications, suffered the arcanum magnum of his trade to escape him. This secret is valuable, coming from one who was so long the Custos Custodum, and grand manager of the mysteries of Book-making ;——“*Quæque ipse miserrima vidit,*



Each of *the Trade* from Aldgate to Pal-mal  
 Would print the Bible backwards—if 'twould sell,  
 Save One, \* Who with his *former self* at strife,  
 Buys up at twice its worth his *Heathen* life!

And shall these traffickers joined hand in hand  
 By filthy lucre, lord it o'er the land?  
 Shall wit serve slaves that o'er her feast preside?  
 Shall talent walk, and *learning's lacqueys* † ride?

---

Et quorum pars magna fuit."

His method is this; when a respectable publication is to be cut up *con amore*, it is absolutely necessary to engage some Author, who has written *wise* on a *similar* subject, to undertake the office of its Executioner; and for two reasons; he will perform his task without mercy; and without *reward*.

\* Mr. Lackington, who some time since undertook the delicate task of becoming his own biographer. Either he was too candid in his details, or he now sees himself in a *New Light*; as he has industriously bought up all the copies he can lay his hands upon, of what he now terms his *heathen* life. He has lately built a Chapel at Taunton, close to the road side, where the following inscription, written in gigantick characters, 'verbis sesquipedalibus,' arrests the attention of the passenger, "This Temple is a Monument of God's Mercy in convincing an Infidel of the important Truths of Christianity."

"No zealot ever took in hand,  
 To plant a church in *barren* land;  
 Or ever thought it worth his while,  
 A Swiss or Russ to reconcile."

† It is evident that the publisher of any work, is merely the friseur, or valet of his author; inasmuch as it is the sole busi-

Shall such vile things, the *sweepings of a Shop*,  
 The Bard's career accelerate? or stop?  
 O'er Intellect shall vile Mechanics reign!  
 Rather revive Star-chambers once again,  
 Freedom of thought and speech in vain we boast,  
 France owns one Despot, Britain counts an *Host*;  
 Thy fetters Genius loose, thy wrongs redress,  
 Save us from petty Tyrants of the Press;

---

ness of the former, to see the latter decently dressed before he makes his appearance in public. And, were things as they ought to be, then could Booksellers, and Publishers do no more for a book, than dress for a female. Thus, if a woman happen to be either very handsome, or very plain, we may observe that the most splendid dress cannot heighten her beauty on the one hand, nor hide her deformity on the other. But if she be neither handsome, nor plain, but something between both, she may then receive some assistance from Dress. About as much as this, we might permit a Bookseller to do for a Book. But modern publishers, by no means satisfied with the narrow extent of their privileges and prerogatives, are striving hard to erect a new dynasty of their own in Literature. Hence from their Paper-mint in the Row they are continually affixing to counterfeits, the stamp of genius, and patching up dotage and debility, in the alluring forms of youth and novelty. Thus they give an attractive frontispiece, and high sounding title, to works of which it may be justly said, "*fronti nulla fides.*" On such occasions I would advise the Public to keep their shillings in their pockets; as in these exhibitions, like those of wild beasts, the representation on the outside, which they may see for nothing, is much better executed than the *monstrous things* within, which they must pay for examining; "*desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne*"

Nor tamely see the Lion yield his breath  
Trampled by *Mulish* foes, and *kicked* to death.

O in what splended Æra's glorious light!  
Shall Blockheads feel their weakness, Wits their  
might?

When learning's famed Triumvirate, \* again  
Dethroning dullness, shall bid Talent reign.

Shall fools combined, in nought but union strong,  
'Gainst single wits th' unequal war prolong?  
And shall not each high-mettled Courser bleed  
To save from *herded* wolves their Champion Steed! †  
Too oft, alas, his brethren stand aloof,  
And mark his heart's blood stain his thundering  
hoof!

He sinks! but in death's agonizing throes,  
Feels more the baseness of his *friends*, than foes.

\* Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot.

† Drove of wild Horses have always a champion, "Victor Equus," or Leader.

"Primus et ire viam et fluvios tentare minaces

Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti.

*Nec vanos horret strepitus.*"

A common Sense of their own imbecility makes the Dunces unite; but in spirits of an higher order, there is often that proud independence, which, while it makes them too confident in their own powers, renders them also jealous of the assistance of others; hence it happens that like Horses attacked by wolves, "dum singuli pugnant omnes vincunt."

Like fogs shall Printers, Critics, and *the Trade*, \*  
The British Press, that Sun of wisdom shade!

\* There are instances on record in which these Gentlemen have seriously injured themselves, in attempting to drive too hard a bargain with an Author. Paley's Moral Philosophy was offered to Mr. Faulder in Bond-Street for £100. He declined the purchase; after the merits of that work were in some degree ascertained, it was again offered to Mr. Faulder for £300. Mr. F. then offered £250. While this treaty was pending, a Bookseller in Carlisle happened to go to London, when he was immediately commissioned by an eminent publisher in the Row, to offer Mr. Paley £1000 for the Copyright of that work. This offer was instantly communicated to Mr. Paley at Carlisle, and through him despatched to the Bishop of Clonfert, who was then in London, and who had undertaken, at Mr. Paley's request, to negotiate that business with Mr. Faulder. Fortunately for the Author, the Bargain was not concluded before Mr. Paley's letter, announcing the above intelligence, reached the Bishop. But mark the sequel. Mr. Faulder was not a little surprised, at so great and so unexpected an advance in Mr. Paley's demand; yet this very man, who had at first refused to give £100 for a copy-right, and on a second occasion, had been haggling so long for £50, agreed to give £1000 for the same work, before the Bishop of C. left his house. "Never," observes Mr. Paley, "did I suffer so much anxious fear as on this occasion; lest my Friend should have concluded the Bargain, before my Letter reached him. Little did I think I should ever make a £1000 by any book of mine." "Quod optanti, Divin promittere nemo audeat, volvenda dies en attulit ultro."

Many useful hints may be collected from the above facts. In the first place, what hath been related, may help us to form some idea of the sagacity with which Book-sellers usually esti-

This task Napoleon's fatal intellect,  
 In zenith throned of conquest, can't effect.  
 Though Chieftains from his changeful Zodiac sped  
 Like Comets! *gloomy glare*, \* midst darkness shed.

Lamented Palm, there still remains a Press  
 Thy fate to publish, and thy name to bless!  
 Though Scaffolds with *judicial* murder bleed,  
 And laws perverted authorize the deed;  
 Though passive justice drop an iron tear,  
 Her Ermine still, *though stained*, compelled to wear,  
 And reassume, though trampled on the ground,  
 Her robes polluted, while a Despot frowned.

mate the value of a Book. Secondly, it may serve to inspire authors with a spirit of independence, and save them from prostituting their talents to booksellers; from such a spirit much good must arise to themselves and the public. To the Public; because dull and heavy Productions would then sink by their own weight, as they ought to do; neither would nonsense be continually crammed down our throats *by the Trade*, because they had previously bought it: To Authors—because if their works have merit, they themselves, who most deserve it, would then meet their reward; and not the Booksellers.

\* The only light which Buonaparte suffers to emanate from the press, is that *gloomy glare* which informs the continent of the successes of his generals. The Battle of Trafalgar was thus noticed by him, “He was sorry to inform the Legislative Bodies that he had *lost some ships in a storm!!*” I am credibly informed that the continental presses are in such complete subjection, that the circumstance of such a Battle having taken place is not generally known.

Wisdom to banish ignorance and night  
 Bestowed the Press, and said—Let there be light !  
 In a Bæotian atmosphere appeared  
 That beam that Luther hailed, and Leo \* feared ;  
 Gross Papal darkness fled the rising ray,  
 Scorned and exposed, each Tyrant felt dismay ;  
 His Captive too, in Dungeon doomed to dwell,  
 Then hailed the day-spring that surprized his Cell !

Of Intellect's bright world thou brightest Sun,  
 Pursue thy proud career so well begun !  
 O mayest thou still, by freedom's sacred voice  
 Refreshed,—to run thy Giant-course, rejoice !  
 By envy blighted, may thy warmth revive,  
 And bid each drooping plant of Genius thrive ;

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\* The discovery of the Press on the eve of the Reformation, I have ever considered a signal interposition of Providence ; and Leo the X spoke the sentiments of every tyrant, when he observed on that occasion, "*Here is an instrument that will destroy us, or we must destroy it.*" Hume has an observation to the following effect: "If in the most tyrannical Eastern government, an asylum were permitted to exist, where the opinions of all might be safely published, and freely canvassed; this single circumstance would sooner or later, lay the foundation of Liberty, and eventually change the despotic nature and spirit of such a government." And Mr. Sheridan has been heard to exclaim in the Senate, with his usual fire, "Give me a slavish, and a sycophantic nobility, partial and interested judges, a corrupt and venal House of Commons; yet, leave me the single advantage of a free Press, and, amidst all these evils I will not despair."

Still may thy beams, unwarped by virtue's foes,  
 Corruption's foul and murky Den expose;  
 O'er Albion still their *full* \* effulgence shed,  
 Though galled Napoleon lives! and Fox be dead!

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\* An unsuccessful attempt to fetter the Press of this Country was lately made, by the present Ruler of France, in the trial of Peltier. On this occasion the Press found a most eloquent advocate, and able protector, in the splendid talents of Mr. Mackintosh, author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and now Sir James Mackintosh, Recorder of Bombay. Notwithstanding the great abilities of this Gentleman, it was his fate, once in his life, to be *contunded* by one of those climaxes, in the *effulmination* of which, Dr. Parr shines with such unrivalled brilliancy. A change, rather sudden, had taken place in the politics of Mr. M——. This gave rise to some little coolness between him and Dr. Parr. On some public occasion, however, at a very large party, they met. The conversation happened to turn on O'Quigley, who had just paid the forfeiture of his Life to the Laws. Dr. Parr, as some little palliation of O'Quigley's offence, observed that he was no impostor, but although deceived, yet died in the conviction, though a mistaken one, that he was suffering in a good cause. "I am hurt," rejoined Mr. M, to hear Dr. Parr employing his great talents in the defence of such a wretch as O'Quigley, whom I pronounce as bad a man as could possibly be in every point of view in which we can consider him. "No, No!" replied the Doctor, "not so bad as a man could possibly be neither, Jemmy! for recollect, O'Quigley was a Priest, *he might have been a Lawyer*; he was an Irishman, *he might have been a Scotchman*; he was consistent, Jemmy! *he might have been an apostate*." There was no answering this, accompanied as it was by

Though Science weep, while Literati \* *smile*,  
 Drawn up on Gallic ground in rank and file ;  
 Prepared with ready pen their Tyrant's will  
 To perpetrate,—like Soldiers at a Drill !

The British Press, Palladium of the world !  
 Hath to Napoleon calm defiance hurled ;  
 Firm mid the general wreck, it mocks his rage,  
 Land-mark, and Light-house, of some happier age !  
 Preserved, to shake the faith of future times,  
 With the red record of successful crimes ;  
 To tell, how wading through the tide of Blood,  
 On Jaffa's plain the Plague † of Egypt stood ;

---

the usual quantum of Powder from the Doctor's *cloud compelling* wig.

“Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,  
 Pulveris *immensi* jactu compressa quiescent !

\* The French Academician

† “Tristius haud illo monstrum, nec sævior ulla,  
 Pestis, et ira Deum, Stygiis sese extulit undis.”

To this modern Pest may we not apply the lines of Lucretius  
 on that of antiquity.

“Funestos reddidit agros,

Vastavitque vias, exhausit civibus urbes.”

And in allusion to the horrid circumstance supposed to have  
 taken place in the French military hospital, on the retreat of  
 their Army, after the massacre at Jaffa, may we not add from  
 the same author, on the same subject,

“Omnes,

Inde catervatim morbo mortique dabantur.”



Mid slaughtered foes, the mandate signed, that  
sends

Unwept, to *sleep eternal, poisoned Friends !*

That scroll of Death the *mute Physician* \* read,  
While his hand trembled, and his bosom bled !

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\* “*Mussabat tacito Medicina timore.*”

If it be true, (and there is great reason to suspect it is) that the French on their retreat relieved themselves from the embarrassment of an Hospital, by the means above mentioned, the favourite Machiavelian system of expedience will of course be resorted to, by the defenders of such a measure. But we would ask whence arose the expedience ? solely from the previous massacre of those Turks who formed the garrison of Jaffa. Here then we see the hand of retributive justice strongly marked,

“*Raro antecedentem scelestum,*

*Deseruit pede pœna claudo.*”

But even that massacre, which the French do not deny, but rather boast of, is also defended on the doctrine of expedience, by those, who would persuade us that *success* is an end, that will justify, and consecrate the most atrocious means.

“*Ausi omnes immane nefas !—Ausoque potiti.*

It is well known that three days, “a dreadful interval,” elapsed, after the taking of Jaffa, before the sentence of a *military* council was carried into execution. And for the honour of humanity, it appears that three divisions of the French army, on this occasion, refused to act.—Sir Sydney Smith can inform the Public what difficulties he encountered, in preventing the full operation of the *lex talionis*, on the French Prisoners at Acre. I have heard from good authority, that a French officer of some Rank, about to be sabred by a Turk, threw himself at the feet of Sir Sydney ; and that it was some time before the

Still the fleet Arab halts his proud array,  
 To mourn the deeds of Jaffa's dreadful \* day;  
 Their startled Steeds the turbaned Chieftains rein,  
 And bend indignant o'er the whitening plain;  
 Count in the bleaching Piles their Country's loss,  
 While the pale Crescent blushes for the Cross.

The Spot, those Pyramids of bones declare,  
 That taint full many a league the putrid air;

remonstrances of that generous, and gallant Chief could save the life of his Prisoner. At length the Turk returned his Scymitar into the scabbard, first waving it over the head of his victim, and exclaiming "Jaffa! Jaffa! Jaffa!"

\* Should ever French influence be powerful enough to awe the British Press into silence, then we might consent, and even wish that the very remembrance of this dreadful day, might perish forever; we would then exclaim and nearly in the words of Statius,

"Excidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant,  
 Sæcula! *Si nosmet taceamus, et obruta multa,*  
*Nocte, tegi tantæ patiamur crimina pestis.*

I was myself a witness to the following fact. A few years ago this Paragraph was posted up at the window of a Coffee Room in Tiverton; "Two thousand Turks were murdered in cold Blood at Jaffa by the order of General Buonaparte." General Boyer was at that time a Prisoner on Parole in Tiverton, and happened to have had a command in the army of Egypt. He read this bulletin, and with true french *sang froid* took out his pencil, and altered the words "two thousand" into "three thousand five hundred," the true amount of the sufferers. Should this anecdote be ever circulated in France, the General will thank me for having been *instrumental in his promotion.*

That ghastly monument a Coward built,  
 Of unresisting blood, in coolness spilt ;  
 Then fled stern Kleber's \* glance, and *dying* groan !  
 And *where* he *feared* a scaffold—found a Throne !

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\* General Kleber was assassinated by a fanatic Turk in a garden at Cairo. The death of this great man is involved in a cloud of mystery ; if it was not contrived by Buonaparte, yet it is no secret, that the intelligence of that event was highly gratifying to him ; in consequence of some very *unpleasant* communications, which that General was prepared to make, to his own government, of the conduct of his chief in Egypt. Observe, in this short but eventful part of the Cor-ican's career, how much Fortune effected for her favourite child, and how very little in these particular instances, he was indebted to any resources, or exertions of his *own*.—Having deserted from his army in Egypt, which he left in want of every thing, and almost without a livre in its military chest ; he arrives safe in France, having escaped in a solitary Frigate, a superior British force, by the intervention of a fog.

“Sed qualis rediit, nempe una nave cruentis,  
 Fluctibus.”

His greatest enemy in Egypt is now suddenly taken off, and Menou, one of his own creatures, succeeds to the command. Shrinking from the just indignation of the People, he displays in the Council of five hundred, at a most critical juncture, a contemptible want of firmness ; but he is compelled, as it were, to rally his scattered spirits, by the magnanimity of his brother Lucien : who with the fraternal feeling and courage of Telamon, rushes to the assistance of this *fallen Teucer* and protects him with his shield ;

“Αἶα; ὃ' ἐκ ἀμέλεισε κασιγνητοῖσιν πεισόντος,  
 Ἀλλὰ θῶον περιβῆν, καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκαλύψε.”

His popularity is at the lowest ebb, but by the intrigues of the

Thy dark Career, Usurper! mark me well,  
 The British Press shall ever dare to tell;  
 Ordained with torch of Truth that Union dread  
 To show, of *blackest* heart, and brightest \* head!  
 Doomed to disclose, though wrapped in foulest night,  
 Thy hapless story, murdered, martyred Wright! †

---

now neglected Sieyes, and the discarded Empress Josephine, he is appointed first consul, and soon afterwards sets out to command the army of Italy. He loses the battle in the plains of Marengo; he exclaims to Berthier that "all is lost;" and even wonders that Melas does not send a detachment of Cavalry, to make both him and his staff prisoners of war. But in direct *disobedience* to the orders of his general, Dessaix returns at the heel of the engagement, and recovers the Victory; snatching the short-lived and reeking laurels from the brows of the Austrians. Dessaix falls at the head of his Grenadiers, and by this last event fortune confers on her minion, the *undivided* glory of that bloody day. He returns to Paris, to grace a triumph, who had otherwise been doomed to perform the *principal part* in an Execution.

\* This by no means contradicts what has been advanced in the former note. A bright head he certainly has, which not only enables him to make the most of the smiles of fortune; but which has taught him even a more important Lesson; the Secret of putting *Proper Men in Proper Places*. He does not appoint a W—t—k, to command an Expedition; neither does he despatch one General to sign away with his *pen* in a *treaty*, that harvest, which another had reaped, with his *sword*, in the *field*.

† For some very interesting and authentic particulars concerning Captain Wright, who died a Prisoner of war in the Temple, at Paris, vide appendix.

Yea doomed, O thou that wouldst the world en-  
thrall,

Tyrant, to mar thy fame, and mark thy fall!

But hold my muse, *this theme* the Brave appals;  
She smiles, and points to England's *Wooden Walls*;  
Yet rash the tongue that Tyrants reprimands,  
Such \* have long memories, and longer hands:  
Nor am I versed in all the turns, and tricks,  
Cheats, and Chicaneries of Politics;  
As Sieyes † shrewd, who in the direst times,  
When Paris reeked with cruelties and crimes,

\* "Odia in longum jacentia, Qui conderent, auctaque  
promerent."

† Dr. Moore, father of the gallant General, was at Paris on the breaking out of the Revolution. He wished to purchase a few of the busts of those Demagogues who had, each in their turn, strutted their hour on that bloody stage. "Ah Sir!" exclaimed the artist, "our's has been a losing trade of late; as the real heads have often taken leave of the shoulders of their owners, before the *artificial* ones, which we were modelling, could be exhibited for sale. It then became as dangerous to have them, as before it was to be without them. But here Sir," said he, handing him the bust of the Abbe Sieyes, "here is an head that has not yet quarrelled with its shoulders. This Head in some degree makes up for what we have lost by its companions; it is in great request still, and *sells well*."

The Abbe has lately had much *leisure* time upon his hands; may we indulge the hope that he has employed it in preparing the History of his own times? If to this delicate task he would bring the honesty of *Barnes*, without his credulity, he

By turns ruled All;—and as each Colleague bled,  
 Contrived,—no trifling task,—*to wear an head*;  
 Though favourites daily fell, dragged forth to die  
 Unheard, or ere their plaister Busts were *dry*.

Quit then, my muse, to sing of humbler things, \*  
 This mighty Manufacturer of Kings!!!  
 Him leave, to fear, distrust, perplexing doubt,  
 And care a prey,—till conscience find him out.

Should I, pronounced presumptuous, vain, or  
 trite,  
 Be doomed, what none perchance will read, to  
 write,

---

might bequeath to Posterity the most interesting volume  
 that ever was written.—Κτήμα εσ αίσ.

For some account of the *present* state of this extraordinary  
 Man, see the following quotation from Juvenal.

“Venit et *Crispi* jucunda senectus,  
 Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite  
 Ingenium.—*Maria* ac terras populosque *regenti*,  
 Quis comes utilior? Si clade et *Peste* sub illa  
 Sævitiā *damnare*, et *honestum* afferre liceret  
 Consilium; sed quid *Violentius* aure *Tyranni*?  
*Ille* igitur, nunquam direxit brachia *contra*  
*Torrentem*; nec civis erat qui libera posset  
 Verba animi proferre, et *vitam* impendere vero.  
*Sic*, multas hyemes, atque *octogesima* vidit  
 Solsiitia, his armis *illa* quoque *tutus* in aula.”

\* “Deductam dicere carmen.”

Left undisturbed on dusty shelf to lie,  
 And sleep mid Sermons, \* and Divinity;  
 With Bishops, and Archbishops † too, mayhap,  
 'Twere neither sin nor shame to take a nap;  
 Nor shall I mourn, my verse hath gained its end,  
 It filled an idle hour, it pleased a Friend:  
 Each lonely walk, each rural sport ‡ it charmed,  
 And of her leaden sceptre Sloth disarmed;  
 From Sloth, more wearied oft than Toil we feel;  
 As Rust || consumes much more than Use the steel.

O may I still, while sparks of life remain,  
 Sloth's drowsy couch, and downy bands disdain.  
 Spurn her embrace, and the soft Syren shun,  
 To meet § beyond yon sea-girt hill the Sun.  
 Yon East, his chamber, with a bride-groom's grace,  
 And giant's strength he quits, to run his race.

\* If an Author were to ask a Bookseller what he should write; his answer would be, "any thing but Sermons—or Poetry. † "Est aliquid socios habuisse *soporum*."

‡ "Sentio in Montibus, cum canibus et equis, Minervam non minus errare, quam Dianam."

|| It was nobly said by Bishop Cumberland, to a Physician who advised him, for the sake of his health, to relax somewhat from the severe duties of his office; "Sir, I had rather *wear* out, than *rust* out."

§ "Et ni  
 Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non  
 Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,  
 Invidia, vel amore miser torquebere."

Men praise **THE SOURCE!** while Nature's Self,  
restored

To light and life, salutes with smiles her Lord.  
The jocund morn, the dew-bespangled field,  
For me have pleasures, Sloth can never yield;  
E'en tho' she can the Conqueror's eyelids close,  
And rock both vice and virtue to repose;  
Lulled in her lap to rest, alike subside  
The Patriot's purpose, and the Tyrant's pride;  
Her opiate too th' avenger's fury tames  
Full oft, when *mercy* all the merit claims;  
Thus when the *pillow* cures the fell disease,  
Physicians \* take the *credit*, and the fees.

---

\* My late Uncle, Sir G. Staunton, related to me a curious Anecdote of old Kien Long, Emperor of China. He was enquiring of Sir G. the manner in which Physicians were paid in England. When after some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the system; he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England, that *can afford to be ill*? Now I will inform you," said he "how I manage my Physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly Salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, that Salary *stops, till I am well again*. I need not inform you my illnesses are usually *short*."

The majestic Title, WE, is a signature under which the *Critics* have very successfully deafted vast cargoes of intellectual Physic; that is to say, their *critical* catharticum, *emetikum*, and "omne quod exit in unum," (or rather in *hum*) præter remedium. The Gentlemen of the faculty observing this success of the Critics, have now adopted a similar phraseology. A



Unused am I the muse's path to tread,  
And cursed with *Adam's* \* unpoetic head ;

---

country Gentleman who visited Bath for the sake of his health was thus addressed by his Physician ; "Well, Sir, and how did our Physic agree with us ?" He, being not exactly *up to* the fashionable *slang* of the place, replied ; "I cannot, Sir, pretend to say how it agreed with *you* ; but this I know that it made *me* confoundedly sick." Were critics to put the same question to *their Patients*, I suspect he, would receive a *similar* reply.

\* Adam Smith, the great author of the "Wealth of Nations," could not draw for *one farthing* on Mount Parnassas. He often attempted to put together two lines in rhyme ; but without success. In good truth he was much better employed ;

"Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi  
Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus ;  
Sed viget Ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus,  
——— Animus."

Paley is another instance of the possibility of possessing a strong head, and a feeling heart, without being an *enthusiastic* admirer of Poetry. He has been heard to say he never could effect a couplet. The only Latin Poet he could *tolerate*, was Virgil ; and his false quantity *Profugus* is well known. The walls of St. Mary's trembled at the unusual sound, as Mr. Bowles informs us did the Woods of Madeira, at the first kiss performed in them, by his pair of Lovers. Paley's error was handed about in the following Epigram

"Italiæ Profugus Lavinaque litora venit,  
Errat Virgilius, forte Profugus erat."

I have heard of a boy who committed a similar mistake, but who escaped a flogging by a similar Epigram. He had pronounced Euphrâtes Euphrâtes, but saved himself by these extemporaneous Lines,

"Venit ad Euphratis juvenis perterritus undas,  
Ut cito transiret, corripuit fluvium."

Who, though that pen he wielded in his hand  
 Ordained the "wealth of nations" to command,  
 Yet, when on Helicon he dared to draw,  
 His draft returned, and unaccepted saw:  
 If then, like him, we woo the Nine in vain,  
 Like him we'll strive some humbler prize to gain.  
 More pleased, would Gifford's \* pen, to virtue true,  
 Expose each Hypocrite to public view;

---

Such stern admirers of truth as Smith and Paley, may be allowed to prefer reality to fiction; demonstration to probability; and the exercise of the judgment to that of the imagination. And we can even forgive so eminent a Mathematician as Dr. Vince, when he shuts up his Milton with this laconic comment, "Very fine; but it *proves* nothing." But what are we to think? when a deservedly popular Poet of the present day, very lately observed to a friend, "That Man must be possessed of no common share of stupidity who can read Milton through!"

\* To attempt a translation of Juvenal after Mr. Gifford, was certainly a bold, perhaps an unnecessary task. It has, however, been performed, with spirit and success, by Mr. Hodgson. Neither of these Gentlemen follow their author at a servile distance; they walk by his side; nor has Juvenal any reason "*misere descedere quærens*" to be ashamed of his companions. Every Author of Genius (and others are not worth translating) will pray to be delivered from translators who are only anxious, "*Verbum Verbo reddere.*" A Man may be the *Fidus Interpres* of his Author, without descending to those minutiae which strongly indicate a little mind. Such translations have been wittily compared to the wrong side of a piece of tapestry; very correct, but also very tame and unin-

No more should cant for sound Religion pass,  
Degrees defend, nor wigs conceal an ass.

But Amos Cottle writes, while Gifford sleeps,  
And every muse o'er Hayley's *triumphs* weeps ;  
They write, and what they write, more strange,  
is sold,

And *lead* is purchased, at the price of gold !  
*Gold* mines pay *least*, sagacious Adam \* said,  
This Hayley heard,—and worked his mine of *lead* ;

teresting. Johnson's imitations of Juvenal, and Pope's of Horace, please, from the liberty of paraphrase in which they have indulged. By adapting the striking illustrations, and sententious remarks of these antient Satyrists, to recent events, and modern characters, they have been enabled, like good Vintners, to transfuse the wine without losing the spirit, or the flavour. They have by this means enriched their muse with the charms of novelty, the fire of youth ! and the experience of age. Of such happy imitations and exquisite resemblances, may be said what Mr. Burke *once* applied to the Universities of Europe,

“Facies non omnibus una,

Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse Sororum.”

I remember an half-starved German at Cambridge by the name of Render. He had been long enough in England to forget German, but not to learn English. He became, however a voluminous Translator of his native *diablerie* ; and it was proverbial to say of a bad translation—that it was *Rendered* into English !

\* Adam Smith observes that the profits which arise to those who work mines, decrease, as the value of their contents increase. Thus, by speculating in mines of gold, or silver, many

These write, are read ! some swear, and shall not I  
Plead th' old excuse, \* and join the babbling cry ?

But ah, my lays no dying Patriot † read,  
While Holland wept, and Bayley shook his head :  
Stay greedy Death, ‡ for Britain's sake, thine Hand,  
Take any ten—his Ransom ! through the Land,  
Take *all the Talents*, Tyrant ; are not those  
Enough ! take G——s, and for a *make-weight R—*

---

capitalists have been ruined ; whereas large fortunes have been made by working mines of copper, or of lead ; and perhaps even larger profits have arisen from an article of still less value, namely coal ; which has on this account been termed, not inaptly, the Black Diamond. Milton was proprietor of a *gold mine* on Parnassus, but he was Poor, "*divite Vena.*" For his *Paradise lost* he received only *fifteen pounds* paid by *Instalments*. Johnson went a begging with his *London* in his hand ; many Booksellers refused even to run the risk of printing it ; at length, Dodsley, who was certainly the most liberal Mæcenas of his day, after printing it, ventured to remunerate the Author with *ten Pounds*, for a Poem which, as it were, *electrified* the metropolis, and extorted the strongest approbation from Pope ; who, from that moment, in satire at least, could no longer be said to have "No Rival near the Throne."

\* "Semper Ego Auditor tantum."

† That Mr. Crabbe's Poems were read to Mr. Fox on his death-bed, is a fact as creditable to the talents of the one, as to the taste of the other.

‡ "Sed multæ Urbes, nec publica Vota  
Vicerunt."

But think not Crabbe, though Fox approved thy  
lays,

I envy thee, that glory of thy bays,  
Few, ! Few ! *deserve*, their talents to caress,  
So great a Patron *more*, or *need* him *less*.

On, then, my courage *Numbers* \* must inspire,  
And work th' effects of Patron, Muse, and Fire ;  
Drawn up in Columns dense, our Land can boast  
Of Epic, and Heroic Bards, an Host ;  
High rolls th' o'erwhelming tide of copious song !  
Printers drive Critics, Critics Bards along !  
Sleepless to nodding hearers they rehearse,  
While wit decreases, with increasing verse ;  
From barren brains they fly, and empty scull,  
To fertile page of common-place book, full ;  
On the gross Volume scribbled o'er and o'er,  
Inside and out, nor finished † yet, they pore ;

\* "Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges."

Strada tho' a Jesuite, was certainly a Prophet when he wrote the following Passage ;

"Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur ; aut præliatur, aut rusticatur ; aut abit, aut redit ; aut nubit ; aut est, aut non est ; (nam etiam mortalis Isti canunt,) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panægyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parænetica Nænias, *Nagas*."

† "Et summi plenus jam margine libri  
Scriptus, et in tergo, nec dam finitus."

While in that Warehouse vast of pilfered goods  
 To hatch a new idea, Dullness broods;  
 With self-complacence views her stores, o'ergrown  
 With foreign wealth, and treasures not her own.

Ah for their own, in vain her sons may quote  
 Another's thoughts, in dull unvaried note;  
 Nor shall sweet Avon's Nightingale despair,  
 Though robbed, and then abused by sly Voltaire; \*  
 Cease plaintive Philomel to mourn thy wrong,  
 That Cuckoo stole thine Eggs, but not thy song.

---

\* Whenever Voltaire ushered any play into the world, in which he had borrowed freely from Shakespeare; he prefaced the theft with more or less abuse of his Master, in exact proportion to the extent of the depredation. He styled Shakespeare a man of Genius, Sans-Culottes. In this expression he was more happy, than when he compared the Bard of Avon to a Dunghill. The spirited reply of Mrs. Montague is well known, "Then he is a Dunghill that has enriched a very ungrateful soil." The following quotation has been wittily applied to Mrs. M's attack upon Voltaire;

"Pallas te hoc Vulnere, Pallas,—Immolat."

In the French Theatre the audience express their disapprobation by whistling. When Piron's Tragedy of Gustavus came out, it met the fate above mentioned. Voltaire triumphed over poor Piron on this occasion, condoling with him sarcastically on that event. Soon afterwards, Voltaire's Tragedy of Zaire came out; on meeting Piron, he exclaimed, "Well, you see, I escaped without a single whistle." "True," replied Piron, "but remember, it is impossible for an audience to *whistle*, and *yawn* at the same time."

While Shakespeare \* rules the feast, and quaffs  
the wine,  
Voltaire shall wait, *their valet*, on the nine ;  
Prepared to load with frippery and lace  
Their simple dignity, and native grace ;  
Like him † who longed to clothe in silk Pelisse,  
Cythera's breathing statue, pride of Greece.

---

Piron having sacrificed rather freely to Bacchus, was taken up by the Watchman of the Night, in the Streets of Paris. He was carried, on the following morning, before the Lieutenant of the Police, who interrogated him, with much *hauteur*, concerning his business, and profession. "I am a Poet, Sir," said Piron ; "Oh, oh, a Poet are you," said the magistrate ; "well, well, I have a brother who is a Poet ;" "Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool." Piron seems to have been in Paris, what Savage was in London ; a dissolute, and libertine, but not unsuccessful admirer of the muses. There is a great similarity in their characters ; but in the article of a cruel and unnatural mother, let us hope Savage is without a competitor. The respective merits, or rather demerits of this question, I thought had been decided by Dr. Johnson ;—they have been, however, lately agitated again ; and it seems we may still ask in the words of Virgil,

"Crudelis Mater magis ? an Puer improbus Ille."

\* "Cui Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis——

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes  
Præstinxit stellas, exortus uti æthereus Sol !"

† One of the Popes, whose name I do not wish to remember, in order to heighten the charms of the *Venus de Medicis*, proposed the addition of a superb dress !

From want of time, \* or genius, or of both,  
 Some borrow, some, more culpable, from sloth;  
 Bankrupts in wit, their *Book-debts* few repay  
 With princely prodigality,—like Gray!  
 And fewer still, with Milton's magic art,  
 The spirit catch, yet leave the grosser part;  
 Rich debtors these! who cancel quick the loan,  
 With something far more precious, *of their own!*  
*Unlike* Prometheus, if *they* steal a Ray,  
 They purge it from, not blend it with the Clay!  
 Old strains that Homer erst, or Maro sung,  
 By Milton's hand awakened, yet are young;  
 Their flowrets thus transplanted, still are seen  
 To flourish, like their bays, for ever green!  
 The choicest fruits of fragrant Poesy,  
 Matured by suns, and skies of Italy,  
 On Milton's stock † engrafted, *stronger* thrive,  
 And mid the *Northern* blast immortal live.  
 Rifled by him, her muses yield their charms,  
 Love for the Ravisher their rage disarms;

---

\* Dryden, we are told, never borrowed but from want of time, Pope never but from want of genius; Addison, from want of both.

† In the lives, characters, and writings of Dante and Milton, there are some very striking points of resemblance; Dante might exclaim to Milton, “Sed carmina tantum

Nosra valent Lycida tela inter martia, quantum  
 Chaonias dicunt aquilâ veniente Columbas.”

This simile is beautiful, as the Roman standard was an Eagle, Lucan terms the civil war “*pares Aquilas.*” This circumstance gives additional force to that prophecy of our Saviour; — “Where the carcase is, there shall the *Eagles* be gathered together.”



Spoiled of their stores, and of their sweets bereft,  
They style the crime a conquest, not a theft.

In vain great Marvel \* to that vicious age,  
With Barrow † sung their Poet's wondrous page;

\* Andrew Marvel, member for Hull. The merits of this true Patriot are not duly appreciated. Republican Rome could not boast a more honest and independent spirit; nor Imperial Rome a more polished and enlightened mind. His Encomium on Milton is well known. It was this great man's misfortune to live under the reign of the Second Charles;

“*Ast inter scabiem tantam et contagia lucri*

*Nil parvū sapiebat, adhuc sublimia curans.*”

Lord Danby waited on him at his lodgings in an obscure court in the Strand, to inform him that he was commissioned by his Majesty to offer him any situation in the ministry, if he would support the measures of that abandoned court. Marvel replied, that it was not in the King's power to serve him; neither could he accept any offer from his Majesty, without being ungrateful to his Constituents, by betraying their interests, or to the King, by voting against him. Lord Danby then informed him that he had brought with him a thousand pounds, of which the King begged his acceptance, as a mark of his private esteem and regard; Marvel instantly rang the bell. “John, what did you provide for my dinner yesterday?” “A shoulder of mutton, Sir;”—“What am I to have to day?”—“The remainder hashed;”—“What shall I have to morrow?”—“The Blade-bone broiled.” Then, having dismissed his servant, he turned to Lord Danby, and not without an honest indignation observed; “You see, my Lord, I am not a man to be bribed.” Poor as he was, the King of England was

Those times—that miracle might not receive,  
 But after ages worship, and believe !  
 Most like his Mighty Master,—but to fill  
 The likeness, *Zoilus* \* was wanting still ;

not rich enough to purchase him. His wants were small, and his integrity great.

“*Quæ Virtus, quantumque boni sit vivere parvo.*”

That he borrowed a Guinea that same evening of a friend, is a fact that must not be omitted. It is probable Lord Danby never paid so extraordinary a visit before ; but I suspect this creature of the court, was too deeply tainted by the contagious leprosy of corruption, to be rendered *whole* and *sound*, by the great Example he had that moment witnessed. Abashed, and confused, he slunk from the presence of the Patriot, like Gehazi from the scrutinizing glance of Elisha. Perhaps he never before had sat down with a man who had the courage to refuse a bribe ; and to say to his titled guest, if not in the words, at least in the Spirit of Evander,

“*Aude Hospes contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum,  
 Finge Deo.*”

On this noble passage, Dryden has this fine expression, ‘When I read it, I despise the world ; when I attempt to translate it, I despise myself.’

† The great Isaac Barrow ; a most *unfair* writer on all subjects ; in as much as he so completely exhausts whatever is the object of his discussions, as to leave all future writers *nothing to say*. His Sermons, it is well known, were most favourite compositions, with the great Earl of Chatham, who styles them, a “mine of nervous expression.”

\* “*Hoc defuit unum*

Miltono.”

This Caledonia saw, then heaved a sigh,  
And bade her son that sole defect supply.

Let Lauder \* forge, and the malicious fraud  
Let Johnson, willingly deceived, applaud ;  
Faster shall Truth expunge, than Envy blot,  
When Douglas arms ! to shame *each* scribbling  
Scot.

But why so zealous for great Milton's name ?  
Too full, without him, are the lists of fame,

---

\* William Lauder, a native of Scotland ; he published an Essay on Milton's use and imitation of the moderns. His pretended quotations from Grotius, and others, passed as genuine for some time ; but at length they were detected, and proved to be forgeries of Lauder's own, by Dr. Douglas, late Bishop of Salisbury ; a Prelate, who united the honest simplicity of the Patriarch, with the affability of the Gentleman, and the erudition of the Scholar. His greatest work is the Criterion, the best answer to Hume. In the list of those who were deceived by Lauder's publication, the name of Johnson is most conspicuous. It is doubtful whether the ingenuity of the Essay, or the Doctor's prejudices against the subject of it, contributed most to his error. It is but fair to add, that Johnson, the moment he was undeceived, dictated with his own hand a confession of Lauder's offence, which he insisted on his signing ; and to make up for having written in praise of Lauder's fabrication, when Comus was acted for the benefit of Mrs. Clarke, a grand-daughter of Milton, Dr. Johnson wrote the Prologue.

So vast a space *He* fills, there's hardly room  
 For *both* \* the Bloomfields, Burges, † Blackmore,  
                   Brome ; ‡

Let Milton's page be thrown neglected by,  
 Moderns by fifties ! § shall his place supply ;

---

\* "Ne sutor ultra crepidam" is a maxim not at all affected, by the present case. By adhering to this Rule Nathan might have saved himself the trouble of manufacturing some middling poetry ; but we must agree with Mr. Capel Loft, that the Public are much obliged to Robert for his infringement of it.

† Peter Pindar rallies his own foibles at times, "*vineta cædit sua.*" Perhaps he was the Author of the following Epigram in *dog* Latin, and Monkish Rhime, on the four Candidates for the vacant Laureat.

    "Nos Poetæ sumus *tribus* !

        Peter Pindar, Pye, and Pybus ;

    Si ulterius ire pergis

        Nobis add Sir James Bland Burges.

‡ Jortin was not the only man to whom Pope was not ashamed to owe a *silent* obligation. Brome was one of the junta that assisted him in his translation, or rather *transformation* of the Iliad. "*Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.*" I shall therefore quote the well-known couplet on this subject ;

    "Pope has translated Homer, but some say

        Brome went before, and kindly swept the way."

§ Our modern poets make up in quantity, what they want in quality ; they give us bulk instead of bullion. From the great glut in the market, their *Paper credit* is below par. Milton was a monopolist of fame ; in his room we have an hundred hucksters, and retailers. When the great Turcune

His blazing mine they ransack, and purloin  
*His* gold, to circulate *their* baser coin ;  
*Exhausted* Helicon, for Sinai's Mount  
 They quit ; for Jordan, the Pierian fount,  
 Desert Hymettus' Hill, and Tempe's vale,  
 To breathe with Eve, fair Eden's fresher gale !  
 The scribbling *influenza* of their quill  
 Hath *no* specific, but spreads farther still ;  
 Since those who write its remedy, are sure  
 To *catch* the foul contagion they would *cure*.

When Witlings write 'gainst reason, taste, and  
     rhime,  
 When *Patriots* sell set speeches against time,  
 Speeches that hireling pens in garret wrote,  
 Speeches that Cobbett \* begged in vain to quote ;

---

fell Louis the XIV created a number of generals, marshals of France. Madaine de Cornuel wittily observed—that the Grand Monarque had melted down his great coin, into *small change*.

\* Cobbett on his trial requested permission to quote passages from some speeches delivered in the House of Commons ; his object it would seem was to convince the court that he had not expressed himself, in his political Register, in stronger language, than the British Senate had been accustomed to hear on similar subjects, within the walls of St. Stephens. Permission to avail himself of such authorities was refused, For some Remarks on Mr. Cobbett's definition of liberty, and Lord Folkstone's motion on the Ex officio information of the Attorney General, vide Appendix.

When crackbrained Authors load the groaning press,  
 Talk much, write more, *read* little, and *think* less;  
 All questions treat with turbid fluency,  
*Look* into all things, into nothing *see* ;  
 Exhaust no subject, but each theme o'erwhelm  
 In sluggish deluge of Bæotian Phlegm ;  
 Who in this rhyming, scribbling, spouting age,  
 Dare hope to grace with *novelty* their page?  
 The task is hard,—and yet that Pen 'tis true,  
 That in these days writes sense, *writes something new*.

Perchance my favourite were I free to chuse,  
 I had not fixed on the Satiric muse;  
 But must, sweet Minstrel, since the rest are thine,  
 E'en woo the least attractive of the nine.  
 On Thee stern Caledonia proudly smiled,  
 And owned Thee *last*, not *least*, Her darling Child!  
 Each flowret sweet in Fancy's fairy ground,  
 By Pope o'erlooked, or Dryden, Thou hast found ;  
 Yea, hast forestalled, by Phœbus, worse and worse,  
 Each guinea left in bounteous Murray's \* purse!

I have heard that Mr. Cobbett is in the habit of submitting his weekly lucubrations to the perusal of a Gentleman in the Profession, confidentially employed; but that on the day when the ill-fated number alluded to came out, this precaution had been unfortunately neglected,

“Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.”

\* An eminent Bookseller in Fleet Street, who purchased

While we, poor leasers lagging far behind,  
 With eyes *less* keen, have still *less* left to find ;  
 Where Pratt \* the refuse *gleaning* forms the rear,  
 Nor leaves on Helicon one scattered ear ;

---

the Lady of the Lake (as I have been informed) for one thousand guineas. This is a very respectable Poem, if we reflect that *Phutis* went halves with *Apollo*, in *furnishing* the inspiration.

—————“An hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi  
 Cum semel imbuerit, speramus Carmina fingi,  
 Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso ?”

I will venture to prophesy that Mr. Scott has not yet produced his best Work. He has hitherto been unfortunate in his Fable, and throughout all his poems I humbly think has succeeded best in those Passages which allow him to expatiate, disentangled as it were, and disencumbered from the trammels and fetters imposed on his Genius, by his Story. But at all events, Mr. Scott is not a Writer who has the least occasion to dispose of his works to Booksellers, to give them popularity, or push them into circulation.

\* An indefatigable Traveller both by *Sea* and *Land*; and a voluminous *sentimental* writer, both in *Prose* and *Verse*. “Of all the cants in this canting age, the cant of Hypocrisy is the worst, the cant of Criticism the most tormenting,” —and we may add, the cant of *Sentiment* the most contemptible. Of all our Sentimental Poets, the Author of the Pleasures of Hope is certainly the best; he seems to unite Feeling with Sentiment, which is not always the case. Sterne drew torrents of tears from his female Readers, by an exquisite specimen of sentimental rant upon a *Dead Ass*; at the same time that it is said he had a living Mother starving, and, *by him at least*, neglected.

Like Butler's rat,\* prepared for lake or land,  
 On verse to *sink*, or solid prose to *stand*;  
 Poor prating Pratt, like Priestly, all things tried,  
 But nought at last, *not e'en a Poet died*.

Yet hope we still rich crops of Knaves and  
 Fools,  
 While Mammon Church and State triumphant  
 rules;  
 Let Satire then her keenest Sickle wield,  
 And *Gotham's* land shall fullest harvests yield,  
 Where, Wakefield † thanks in Prison Fox for bread,  
 While Power rains Mitres on some *Thurlow's* ‡ head :

---

\* "So some Rats of Amphibious nature,  
 Are either for the Land or Water."

† A Subscription of between four and five thousand Pounds was raised for Gilbert Wakefield, while a Prisoner in Dorchester Jail. At the head of the list stood the names of Charles Fox, and the Duke of Bedford. It is too probable that he died in consequence of that imprisonment. After a confinement of two years, he somewhat too suddenly, and eagerly recommenced his former habits of activity ; habits rendered doubly sweet to him by the sincerest congratulations of his numerous Friends, and the re-enjoyment of his Liberty. So sudden a change was too much for his delicate and susceptible mind ; and he sunk under a kind of typhus fever, in the prime of his age, and the full vigour of his intellect.

"———Civis erat qui Libera posset,

Verba animi proferre, et Vitam impendere vero ?"

The unfortunate Passage that caused his imprisonment, and



**Bold Genius scorns, on sneaking dullness doats,  
As Asses thrive on Thistles, starve on Oats;**

---

perhaps his death, appeared in an answer of his to a Pamphlet published by the present Bishop of Landaff, in which his Lordship with his usual eloquence, undertakes a defence of the Income Tax. One of the arguments adduced by Wakefield is so ingenious, that my readers will pardon me, if I attempt to recollect the substance of it. His Lordship had compared the British constitution to a beautiful building, and the Income Tax to a weight placed upon the top of it; but bearing on the whole structure with a pressure so equable and proportionate, as to sink indeed the building a little deeper into the earth, without deranging the juxtaposition of its parts, or destroying the symmetry of its architecture. To which, Mr. W. replies, "This is a very pretty Simile for *you*, my Lord, to make use of, who, with your titled companions, both spiritual and temporal, are basking and frisking in the *second* story of this beautiful building; but you will recollect, my Lord, that I, with a very large Majority, am already *on the ground floor*, and if we *sink*, we *shall be in the Cellar*. It would have been more honourable to the liberality which usually marks the proceedings of that University, if the Syndics of the Cambridge Press had not withdrawn their patronage from the *Silva Critica*. Surely in that Field of sacred Criticism, there were no plants whose growth would have been noxious to the *tall cedars* of Lebanon. The generous conduct of Mr. Tyrwhit, who defrayed the whole expense of the subsequent publication, cannot be too much applauded.

‡ A Prelate<sup>c</sup> despatched to Durham, by his Brother the Chancellor, in a style not the most *apostolic*.—"Poh! poh! Blockhead! go, get to Durham, and if you cannot answer

Where, Fortune sends, while all her freaks bewail,  
 Mansfield \* to court, and Woodfall to a Jail;  
 Cold-hearted Mansfield ! whose unaltered Eye,  
 With side-long glance observed great Chatham die.  
 Say, did he sit, with such a steady gaze,  
 When faction shrunk before that Patriot's blaze !

---

all the objections to Christianity, it is your own fault; *You have heard them often enough from me.*" Although, "every thing loses by *translation* except a Bishop," yet it would seem that this Brother was not quite so dull as the Chancellor conceived; for when once settled at Durham, it does not appear that he aspired after any *higher or better translations*. To a Friend, who rallied him on his over anxiety in the care of his health, he observed, "It is certain that I am Bishop of Durham here, but it is not *quite so certain*, that I shall be Bishop of Durham hereafter." The great Lord Chancellor, his Brother, seems to have been formed by Nature in one of her most capricious moods. She gave him an head of *chrystal*, an heart of *iron*, and nerves of *brass*.

\* Lord Mansfield was certainly a Man of shining talent, but alas, "*In nullum reipublice usum inclaruit.*"—"Splendeat usu," may be said of genius, as well as of wealth. His whole life was one constant effort to impose fetters on the freedom of the Press, and the liberty of the Subject. Pope has this fine line upon him, "How sweet a Poet was in Murray lost." I think so too; he certainly succeeded best in *fiction*. In the fine painting of the death of Lord Chatham (I think by West,) the Earl of Mansfield is represented as the only Member of that House who keeps his seat, and surveys the moving scene with the most callous indifference. "*Sedet æternumque sedebit.*"

Nor feel with Felix in his trembling soul,  
 Of truth's stern voice, th' invincible control?  
 Law in his head, and in his heart a stone,  
 Like Zembla's Ice, he *chilled* us while he *shone*.

Hail land for Satire made! *where* suppliant  
 knaves

Close Corporations canvass—to be *slaves*;  
 Where wealth can dignify the meanest mind,  
 And want disgrace the noblest of mankind;

---

The following account is extracted from a letter written on this occasion by Lord Camden to a nobleman of the highest rank, with whom, notwithstanding their temporary differences in politics, he had ever maintained an inviolable friendship. "I saw him in the prince's chamber, before he went into the house, and conversed a little with him; but such was the feeble state of his body, and indeed the distempered agitation of his mind, that I did forbode his strength would certainly fail him before he had finished his speech. The earl spoke, but was not like himself. His speech faltering, his sentences broken, and his mind not master of itself. His words were shreds of unconnected eloquence, and flashes of the same fire that he, Prometheus-like, had stolen from heaven, and were then returning to the place from whence they were taken. He fell back upon his seat, and was to all appearance in the pangs of death. This threw the whole house into confusion. Many crowded about the Earl. Even those who might have felt a secret pleasure in the accident, yet put on the appearance of distress—except only the earl of Mansfield, who sat still, almost as much unmoved as the senseless body itself."

Where Justice avaricious grown, and old,  
 Weighs in her scales, not equity, but *gold*.  
 While chancery suits which death, nor *judgement*  
     end,  
 From Son, to Grandson, like *Heir-looms* descend;  
 Where *Special* Pleaders spin the thread of Law,  
 Nor stop till Client's purse proclaims a flaw,  
 Then if the Victor o'er the vanquished brags,  
 O'er *nakedness*, the triumph 'tis—of *Rags*;  
 Where Fops, like Plants in Pleasure's *hot-bed* lie,  
 And ere they bud, etiolated die;  
 Whose health, like Plethorics, is their disease,  
 Their Youth their *bane*, their curse inglorious ease.  
 Who start, the prize of infamy to win,  
 Of nought ashamed, but ignorance in Sin;  
 Their strength, their wealth, in that ignoble race  
 Exhaust, to *gain* diseases, and disgrace;  
 With love perverse of ignominy curst,  
 Less proud to *be*, than to *appear*, the worst;  
 Who *cut* the friend that dares to be alive,  
 In spite of drams, or dice, at thirty-five;

---

Voltaire compared the Earl of Chatham, in allusion to his strength of mind and infirmity of body to that image seen in a dream by Nebuchadnezzar; which had an *head of Gold*, and *feet of Clay*! The Earl of Chatham on one occasion thus apostrophized Lord Mansfield in the house of Peers, "We know whence the muddy torrent flows, but where are we to look for the purling rill? Is it you, or you, or you, Sir? Ah Félix trembles!"

Extract a tooth, \* with knowing lisp to swear,  
 And squirt tobacco with a Coachman's air !  
 Who crimes *affect*, that cannot *coexist*,  
 Should *wine* † blot rape or murder from the list;  
 Then, *Hypocrites of Vice*, ere manhood bloom,  
 Not ripe, but rotten, drop into the Tomb.

Hail Gotham's land, we will, we must succeed,  
*Thou dost such subjects* for our Satire breed;  
 To Power's Topmast, *where* each pensioned Slave  
 Clings, though the Vessel founder in the wave ;  
 There fixed secure, abandons to the *storm*,  
 The ladder of his proud ascent,—*Reform.* ‡

\* There are instances on record in the fashionable world, where a front-tooth has been sacrificed, for the purpose of attaining perfection in the *two* elegant accomplishments above mentioned. See the *Archives !* of the Kill-D—l, Thorough Vermin, H—l-Fire, and Whip Clubs.

† “Tibi quid nam accedet adistam,  
 Quam puer ac validus præsumis mollitiem, seu  
 Dira Valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus.”

‡ This is a ladder which most ministers have found it convenient to kick aside, on ascending the topmast of Power. From this eminence, a strange alteration usually takes place in their views of things; and they *then* see many gathering clouds in the political horizon, whose lowering aspect is fatal to Reform. Therefore, they will not spare any hands to stop the leak of corruption, because the *whole crew* is busily employed at the pumps. But even then they pretend to admire the principle, but shrink with fear from the practice. Thus it appears that

Phlebotomists, Sangrados, that are sure  
 A Nation's blood, a Nation's ills must cure,  
 Whose expeditions ruinous, demand  
 Like Minotaurs, the best blood in the Land ;  
 So badly planned, I grant, that their success,  
 If possible, must more confound than bless.  
 Whose monstrous scheme it is, to crown the Pope  
*Abroad*—at *home* to proffer him a Rope !

---

like Grapes in Scotland, Reform is a good thing, but never in season.

Those who defend Mr. Pitt's dereliction of his first Principles, have surely never read his resistless juvenile eloquence, when the Son of Chatham commenced his *promising* career, the determined enemy of corruption, and the intrepid advocate of political œconomy, and parliamentary reform. But even then, the eagle-eye of Paley was so far from being dazzled by the splendour of this rising Sun, that before a large party in Yorkshire, he exposed the designs of this modern Octavius, and unmasked the young Patriot's pretensions to public confidence, with such force of ridicule, as deeply to displease some of his most zealous admirers. However *most* of them afterwards *owned*, that in his promises, and pledges as a man, and a minister, they had placed too firm a reliance.

“He seemed

For dignity composed, and high exploit,  
 But all was *false* and *hollow* ; though his tongue  
 Dropped Manna, and could make the *worse* appear  
 The *better* reason.”

Who bid poor Britain, of each friend bereft,  
 O madness ! with her right hand wound her *left* ; \*  
 Divide a People's *hearts*, then forceful bands  
 Of Union form, to join their jealous *hands* ;  
 Hands, not in silken cords of love entwined,  
 But linked by chains that rather *gall* than bind ;  
 That *fret* not fasten, *hurt* but cannot hold,  
 Though forged by Pitt, and *rivetted with gold*. †

Hail glorious Rulers, whose *starvation* plans  
 First banish beef, then tax our pots and pans !  
 Who plot to puzzle, meddle but to mar,  
 And patch and cobble all things, nought repair,  
 And *doing* still, that nothing may be *done*,  
 Permit none else to *end*, what ye've *begun* ;  
 Oh generous Britain ! worthy nobler fate,  
 Nibbled, and gnawed to death, by *Rats of State* ;  
 How long ! of Errors must thou sit and see,  
 This *mirthful, mournful*, Tragi-comedy !

Hail Land for Satire made, for smiles, and  
 sneers,  
 For scorn, and pity, merriment, and tears ;

\* Could Alexander the sixth be permitted to take a peep at the Map of Europe ; on surveying the present situation of England, Ireland, and Portugal, would he not again exclaim to Borgia, "Vides mi Fili ! quam leve sit discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam."

† The open and unblushing bribery by which the union with Ireland was carried, is too notorious to be here enlarged upon.

Where factions fret and fume, and *follies* rule,  
 To rouse our rage, or feed our ridicule ;  
 Where scenes most solemn still *suffuse* our eyes,  
 As grief, or laughter force the drops to rise ;  
 Where Christians own *That God* their deeds defy,  
 With *lips* confessing whom their *lives* deny ;  
 While Infidels, \* by doubts and terrors torn,  
 By *night* half worship, whom by *day* they scorn,  
 Whose hand blaspheming, trembles while it writes,  
 And proves that Atheists are but *Hypocrites*.

---

\* Infidels begin by attempting to prove Christianity a bauble ; the toy of grown children, and weak and superannuated minds. But having persuaded themselves that it is a *toy*, do not these same Infidels act the part of children, when, having neither skill nor talent to take it to pieces, and examine its parts, they *destroy* and *demolish* it, to find out its contents ? Like the onset of the French troops, they make their attack with much noise and fury, but they deal more in sound than in sense ; and if we can ever wring from them the articles of their creed, we find that they are Infidels from the most paradoxical of all reasons, *believing too much*. The stream of their Eloquence, fed by no perennial fountain of *living Waters*, loses itself in the dreary wastes of absurdity, and conjecture, like the Niger, which after wandering through the deserts of Africa, is at length lost and absorbed in the sands. From the disorder and confusion apparent in this world, they would argue that it is the Prison of the Universe ; but a future life is that master key which alone can set them at Liberty, and this they will not apply. With the means of escaping in their hands, and a reprieve signed and sealed by the Lord of Life



Hail Land for Satire made, whose soil affords  
 Rich Bankrupts, brainless Bards, and beggared  
     Lords ;  
*Where Courts old Women* \* guide, and Young the  
     Camp,  
 And vice made current, wears a royal stamp,  
 The bloodless blade *while* fribble favourites wear,  
 And spread the charlock's † useless gaudy glare ;

---

in their possession, they perversely prefer a dungeon to Liberty, and darkness to Light. They have said in their *hearts*, but not in their *heads* there is no God ; this is their *hope*, not their *conviction*. Miserable hope ! which deprives life of all its dignity, but disarms Death of none of its terrors. I have heard that Lord Bolingbroke, when in France, attempted to *convert* a French Abbe. He heard all his Lordship's objections with great patience and politeness. "You have now informed me, my Lord," said he, "what you do not believe ; will you do me the favour to be equally communicative on a different subject, and make me acquainted with what it is you do believe?" The Abbe having heard his Lordship's creed, concluded the dialogue with this laconic comment ; "I now perceive that if your Lordship is an Infidel, *it is not for want of faith*." Do not Infidels strive to make Proselytes from motives of fear, rather than of zeal ? and do not their attempts to convert others, betray their own doubts, rather than their convictions ? "Defendit numerus." And they shrink with horror from the idea of being left alone, in the *solitary* possession of a system so gloomy and forlorn.

\* Eg. gr. The late Duke of Portland. When Mr. Fox was asked why it was so common to compare that Minister to an old woman, he replied, "I suppose the reason is, that he is past *all bearing*."

† A gaudy weed, remarkable for impoverishing the Land.

Stars, garters, ribbons, riches, rank, inherit,  
Conquering with ease all obstacles—*but merit*

*Where* others bolder, first seduce our wives,  
In pure compassion then demand our lives ;  
Strong to destroy, but impotent to *save*,  
And to *defend their vices* only, brave ;  
Whose foul adulteries, should blood be spilt,  
And murder *crown* them, are no longer guilt !  
*If* such things *are*, shall virtue vainly weep !  
Shall Vice be broad awake, and Satire sleep ?

Such Soldiers *were*, I will not say they *are*,  
Nor shall the muse their growing merit mar,  
Fain would she twine, to live in after days,  
Their lasting laurels, with her dying bays ;  
Show them the foe, their follies they forsake,  
And instant in the Hero, lose the Rake.  
The Sword once drawn, a Hector in the field,  
Each Bond-street Paris bids the Gascon yield.  
The intrepid Actors of such glorious deeds,  
Who strives to stain, must blush if he succeeds ;  
Their foibles, or their faults, let *those* proclaim,  
Who never heard the glorious trump of Fame,  
Parched Egypt's sands, or Maida's plains resound,  
Vimiera's Vale, or Talavera's Mound,  
And Anholt's Isle, where steady as the Rock  
He guarded, Maurice met th' *unequal* shock !

But who is he ? with Sorrow's sombre mien,  
Born for high deeds, yet shunning to be seen ;

Who seeks in yon deep Shades where none intrude,  
Some shrine, by nature raised, to Solitude ;  
Droops, like the widowed Dove beneath the storm,  
Though strong to brave it, in its rudest form ;  
Yet doomed to win that prize he seems to fly,  
Though grief bedims the lightning of his Eye ;  
Now dear to Sympathy, but soon to *fame*  
*More* dear, all hail ! victorious, pensive Graeme.\*

Go fond Enthusiast, quit the Cypress gloom,  
Too constant Mourner at thy Laura's tomb ;  
Enough of tears already hast thou shed,  
The voice of weeping cannot wake the dead.

I bid thee not the paths of pleasure trace,  
Nor quit *her Image*, for some Syren face :  
Still shall *She* follow, through the devious way,  
Tho' distant realms behold her wanderer stray ;  
Mid brightest scenes, the tear shall dim thine eye,  
And pale the splendours of a *southern sky*.

---

\* See Mr. Sheridan's speech, for a very interesting account of the severe domestic calamity that induced the subject of these lines to enter the Army, at a late period of life. Having lost the dearest object of his affections, he became a disconsolate wanderer over the face of Europe, the victim of the deepest melancholy. At Toulon he joined the British Forces as a volunteer, and was constantly in the post of danger ; here his innate military talents first displayed themselves, and from his topographical knowledge, he was enabled to render most important services to the British Army.

But o'er Gaul's *proudest Haven*, he surveys  
 St. George's Ensign like a Meteor, blaze !  
*There*, instant Britain claims her generous Son,  
 And grief no longer holds him *all* her own ;  
 The Martial trumpet sounds the loud alarms ;  
*New* to the Field, he shines the first in arms !  
 His wondrous worth, stern Veterans attest,  
 And *heaven-born* Generals are no more a jest ;  
 Corunna's Chief applauds with parting breath,  
 And on his kindred bosom sinks in Death.

Oh catch a spark from that expiring fire,  
 And to unrivalled praise brave Graeme aspire !  
 E'en for thy *low laid Fair* exalt thy name,  
 That she who had thy love, may share thy fame ;  
 Let Europe know, and haughty Gallia feel,  
 'Th' unequalled *temper* of the British *Steel* !

He heard, and sought *those Heights* where  
 Britain's sword  
 Dared do, what Britain's pen scarce *dares record* !  
 Where pondering noblest feats, her Warriors stood,  
 Firm as the Mountain Pines that fringed the *Wood* ;  
 While Graham read in each unaltered Eye,  
 "Barossa's Sun shall set in Victory !" !

Hath the *long March* tamed their fierce Spirit ?  
 No ;

Light are the steps that lead them to the Foe ;  
 Fatigue they scorn, and with more swiftness run,  
 Dangers to *seek*, than others do to *shun*.

To paint that scene of triumph, and of ruth,  
 Romance thy glowing pencil lend to truth.  
 Where Valour's self might have retired, unstained,  
 "*The Graeme*," on prouder purpose bent, remained !  
 Nor stayed to *count* the Foe, but onward sped—  
 The gallant Few were Britons that he led !  
 Advanced, to plant the laurel on that ground,  
 Where safe *retreat* had been with glory crowned !  
 Though dangers hemmed him in, which but to shun  
 And 'scape with skill, most victories had out-done.

Great without Titles, brilliant without Stars,  
 Thy passports to Promotion are thy *Scars* ;  
 Those Scars thy modest worth would fain *conceal*,  
 It is the Poet's office to reveal.  
 And Britain's favourite Prince, those *formal* bands  
 Regrets, that bind awhile *his* grateful hands !

Ah ! think not France, that generous Chieftain  
 viewed  
 Thy carnage red, with exultation rude ;  
 Mid desolating war, some peaceful plan  
 He still revolved, that meant the good of man !  
 Beneath his tented couch, loved Scotland's *Chart* \*  
 Proved the poor Peasant's Welfare, near his heart !

---

\* In his tent might be seen very accurate delineations of his possessions in Scotland ; and his intervals of leisure were constantly dedicated to his favourite object, the bettering the condition of the Scotch Peasants ; than whom, there are no men who can subsist with fewer comforts, or who deserve more

His Heart ! no lump of Ice, that feelings dear  
To sorrow chilled, or froze compassion's tear.

Yet, when he thought on *Her*, who from the skies,  
Perchance, beheld him win the glorious prize !  
Oh then, a flash of joy's *unwonted* beam  
Broke on thy Breast, victorious, pensive Graeme ;  
As when, through parting clouds the Lunar ray,  
Cheers the worn Seaman's melancholy way.

Then Pity's Self was pleased, and smiled to see  
*True* Valour, close allied to Sympathy !  
In the same breast she saw united grow,  
The sternest courage, and the softest woe :  
Which, o'er his Valour cast that sombre shade,  
Round Britain's Oak, by circling Ivy made !

Illustrious Chief ! whose virtues, where they chuse,  
Decoy that willing wanderer, my muse,  
Farewell ; I hear some critic damn the verse,  
Approve the Subject,—the digression curse ;  
To conquer Britain's *open* foes, be thine,  
To brand her *false* and *fatal* friends be mine.

To mightier hands, ah ! gladly would I yield  
The toils, and triumphs of this fertile field ;  
Gifford awake ! resume thy powerful pen,  
That dread of knaves, and hope of honest men ;  
Rouze then, refreshed like Sampson, from thy bed  
Of sloth, and crush proud guilt's triumphant head ;  
Each mean *misnomer* scorn, be thine the task  
To strip from *things*, no less than *men*, the Mask ;

Call vice and virtue by their proper \* name,  
Though *this* a Palace, *that* a Prison shame ;

---

\* To give fair names to foul things, is a species of hypocrisy, the baleful influences of which spread more widely, and infect Society more deeply, than is generally imagined. In this fashionable vocabulary wholesale murder becomes *Victory* ; Injustice and Oppression, *Strong Measures* ; Apostacy, *Conversion* ; Lying *Inconsistency* ; picking Pockets on a large scale, *Peculation* ; &c. and in private life, Swindling is softened down into *Bankruptcy*, Cheating by law, into *Chicanery* ; to seduce the Wife, is an *Intrigue* ; to shoot the Husband, is an *Affair of Honour* ; to dine with a friend in order to ruin him irretrievably, or ourselves in the attempt, is to be *fond of Play* ; and he who has carried the three last vices to the greatest perfection, is dubbed a *Man of Gaiety*. But this species of Hypocrisy doth not only give fair names to foul things, but foul names to fair ones. Thus Patriots on this side of the Channel, have been termed, to suit certain purposes, *Jacobins* ; Liberal Men *Levellers* ; and Reformers *Revolutionists*. On the other side of the Water, Loyalty is *Treason*, and Restoration, *Rebellion*. This kind of Hypocrisy is of very ancient growth, but it would seem that civilization is the soil in which it thrives with the greatest luxuriance. The Athenians were a polite People, and Jortin has informed us they were notorious for this Vice. Thus they termed the Jail a *House* ; the Hangman a *Commoner* ; and the Thief, a *Lover*. This vice flourished also at Rome, and most in the Augustan age, under the fostering hand of that great Emperor of Hypocrites. Sometimes it was united with elegance, as when Cicero consoles Sulpicius, by reminding him that in a season so calamitous to the republic, the Gods could not be said to have *taken away*

Shared they the felon's fate, that share his sin,  
*Rags* might quit Newgate, to let *Ruffles* in;  
 Raise then thy Voice, and in thy boldest strain  
 Revive the great Aquinian \* once again,  
 Grasp at that fame, the poet's proudest hope,  
 The first in satire since the days of Pope.

I grant the *monstrous* vices of the land,  
 The *great axe* rather than the *pen*, demand,  
 And well deserve, to thin their horrid list,  
*An Executioner—Their Satirist ! !*

Young, who the mark nor failed nor feared to hit,  
 Yet *blinds* us with one constant blaze of wit,  
 Dazzled, but not enlightened by the Rhime,  
 The point so charms, we scarce detest the crime;  
 Tickled, not taught, we must refuse the palm  
 To Young's † o'ergrown, gigantic Epigram.

life from his Son, but to have *given* him death. And in a manner equally ingenious, but not quite so refined, did Patrick account for the death of his Friend, to one who enquired what had become of their mutual companion, "By my shoul, now, an unfortunate little accident happened to him one day; he was engaged in very earnest conversation with the Priest, opposite the old Bailey, when the Plank on which he was standing gave way, the Priest escaped unhurt, but our poor Friend Murphy, *dislocated his neck* in the fall.

\* This alludes to Mr. G's spirited Translation of Juvenal, who was born at Aquinum in Italy.

† From this censure I would wish to exempt the Night Thoughts; a work wherein some fine specimens of senti-



Who laughs \* men out of follies, if the nice  
 Attempt succeed not, *laughs them into vice*;  
 And One in Satire's garb, of place and time  
 Mere slave, sculked forth, th'apologist of crime,  
 To Tully's fire, and Cato's † courage blind,  
 Yet, could all worth in false Octavius find;  
 With that Imperial Hypocrite to dwell,  
 To manly freedom bade a long farewell;  
 But Truth, and Flaccus parted there, he went  
 To Court I ween, and Truth to *banishment*.

Stern Churchill's ‡ lines want elegance, and ease  
 They often petrify, but seldom please;

ous satire may be found, surrounded, I admit, by many absurdities. It would seem that Young extolled the charms of retirement, and mediocrity; and then was offended with the world, for believing him in earnest. There have been men, since the days of Aristippus, who have commended cabbages in the country, chiefly because they could not command three courses at court. Non pranderent olus, siscirent Regibus uti.

\* Young's wit was certainly of the first water, but after all, it is a delicate task to laugh down follies, or vices. Clumsy ridicule, reverts upon its author, and thus emboldens those whom it attacks. Besides, it is necessary to make a thing almost harmless, before a wise man will permit himself to laugh at it.

† For some remarks on this line see Appendix.

‡ His Prophecy of Famine seems to have excited, *at the time* it was written, more attention than it deserved; and at present, in common with all his other works, is perhaps too much neglected. But this is the usual fate of all writers who are in-

In garb of *linsey woolsey*, rough, and coarse,  
 He clothes his muse, proud, petulant, and hoarse,  
 A bold, but blind and boisterous partizan,  
 He wounds the Vice, *less deeply* than the *Man*.

Cowper, whom of this charge we must acquit  
 Yet fails in splendour, sprightliness, and wit,  
 Of their bright wheels deprived, his cumbrous Verse  
 Drags on, more slow and solemn than an hearse;  
 Thro' tides of ink it moves, as heavily  
 As Pharaoh's Chariot thro' th' o'erwhelming Sea;  
 Where oft, mid froth and foam of words, we trace  
 Some tame trite truth, correct and common place;  
 Good moral stuff, that neither heals nor harms,  
 Disgusts us never, but too seldom charms.  
 He flew too low, hence nobler game he missed,  
 Nor pounced his prey, a *mousing* Satyrist.

Yet can this melancholy Bird of night  
 Sustain at times a loftier, bolder flight,  
 Hence twice perused, I throw the volume down,  
 Glad to approve, and scarce inclined to frown.

debted to political parties, or national prejudices for their popularity. When the Prophecy of Famine was shewn to Wilkes, previous to its publication, he shrewdly observed, that "It must take, for it was political, personal, and poetical." May not then the fame of Churchill be considered to have been erected on a kind of *Tripes*? and if the Fabric *now* begins to totter, is it not because the hand of Time has deprived it of two of its legs, Politics, and Personalities?

If *two*, the least complacent of the nine,  
 Thy suit rejected, all the rest were thine;  
 Though Homer blame thy too officious quill,  
 Cowper, "with all thy faults I love thee still."  
 Most when with vivid flash thy genius proud,  
 Illumes thy grief, the lightning of the cloud!  
 When beaming through the tear, thy brightning eye  
 Perceives the *Rainbow* in thy troubled sky;  
 Then faith and hope proclaim, with holy joy,  
 Storms may o'erwhelm thee, but shall not destroy.

But not each petty vice of private life,  
 The Squire's dull rage, or Rector's stupid strife,  
 Not each low meanness of these *little great*,  
 Deserves the Satyrist's contempt, or hate;  
 The Eagle, soaring near the Eye of day,  
 Stoops not on vile or refuse things to prey,  
 But towering far above ignoble fowls,  
 Leaves carcasses to Crows, and mice to Owls;

The Knave ennobled, mitred, starred, arrayed  
 In merit's garb, *Right Honourable* \* made,  
 Whom plenitude of power and pomp support,  
 A Monarch's Master, stationed high at Court;

\* It has been observed, that a King can make men honourable, or right honourable; but he cannot make them *Men of Honour*. Cicero has this sentence, "Cæsar, cum quosdam ornare voluit, non illos honestavit, sed ornamenta ipsa turpavit."

Such to transfix, yon Eagle throned above,  
 Might steal a thunderbolt from slumbering Jove;  
 May such keen Satire's stroke be doomed to feel,  
 More just, and searching as a Felton's steel. \*

No blows from feathers, strike from flints the  
 spark,

No pointless arrows penetrate the mark;  
 Wit lent the wing, keen satire edged the dart  
 That made Lord Fanny feel, proud Chandos smart;  
 True to their object did those arrows fly,  
 As that on which was labelled—*Philip's Eye*.

---

\* It has been lately proved that the famous ghost story, related by Clarendon, was a family contrivance, to prevent the Duke of Buckingham from embarking in that expedition. His assassination by Felton was an unforeseen coincidence, which gave great plausibility to the deception. It is now known also, that Mrs. Veale's apparition was a fabrication got up by the Booksellers, to promote the sale of *Drelincourt on Death*; a publication which Mrs. Veale is made to recommend, in preference to *Sherlock*—no great evidence by the bye of her *post-humous* taste. Time, which has made a great many *real* Ghosts, has also *unmade* many false ones. I sincerely wish it was in my power to give any satisfactory solution of a similar affair, at Sampford, which at the moment I am now writing, namely, June 30th, 1811, is going on with unabated violence. A sum exceeding *two hundred Pounds* has been ready for any one who can explain the causes of the *Phænomena*, but no claimant has yet been found. The affair has been going on two years.

And all I wound are free their wrath to drown  
In Aster's blood—whene'er they *take a Town*. \*

But quit we Politics, that nauseous theme,  
We fain would drown in Lethe's deepest stream !  
Since state disorders our state Quacks, 'tis true,  
Ascribe not, Britons, to themselves, but you ;  
And to *your* lack of trust in *them*, each ill  
Attribute, rather than their lack of skill ;  
Thus monks, when sainted relics fail, are sure  
To impute to want of *faith*, † the want of *cure*.

\* This alludes to the well known story of the King of Macedon. An Arrow was shot from the ramparts of a Town he was besieging, on which was inscribed, "For King Philip's right Eye." It reached its royal destination ; on this, Philip ordered the same arrow to be thrown again into the Town, but with a different inscription, "*When Philip takes the Town, he will hang up Aster.*" A facetious French Abbe had engaged a box at the Opera, from which (after being seated,) he was rudely turned out by a certain Mareschal of France. He brought his action in a court of honour, and pleaded his own cause ; he began thus : "It is not of Mareschal Turenne, who took so many towns, of Suffrein, who took so many ships, or of Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I have to complain ; but it is of that Mareschal who took my box at the opera, and never took any thing else, in the whole course of his life."

† When the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or any other species of solemn legerdemain does not succeed, those conjurors in *Cowls* impute their failure, either to the *absence* of faith, or the *presence* of heresy.

Such Rulers too, like those sly Priests, support,  
 And with like views, thro' right, or wrong, the Court,  
 Both love, for good of Church and State, to nurse  
 Those twins, the Prince's power, the people's purse ;  
 Nor would they leave, did Whitbread cease to frown,  
 The subject sixpence, or the King *a crown*.

And some (for grossest Errors Rulers cloud,  
 As thickest fogs the loftiest mountain's shroud,)  
 To office raised, have gloried in their shame,  
 And on their very blunders built a name ;  
 From dizzy height of power, a Peer was known  
 To claim dear Walcheren's laurels all his own ;  
 He with a Pygmy's strut stalked after Pitt, \*  
 This an huge Elephant, that—a *Tom Tit*,  
 Who daring in his mighty track to tread,  
 Sunk in each footstep, *deeper than his head*.  
 Then sick of Parties, Placemen, and their tools,  
 Formed but to rule, like Popery, rogues and fools ;

\* It has been fashionable at certain anniversary Dinners for Ministers to worship their Idol, the Ghost of Pitt ! with an enthusiastic veneration, hardly exceeded by that which the Turtle, and Venison command. So gross, and servile has been their adoration of the memory of "*The great Statesman now no more*" that they will not venture to take to themselves even the *merit* to which some of their *late* plans are perhaps entitled. Thus like some other admirers of that Minister on the *Banks of the Cam*, they have turned poor *Glory* out of the *Senate-house*, to make room for the *Statue of Pitt*.

Shall I this cacoethes of my brain  
 Unpurged, in suffering silence still sustain?  
 Or all that's monstrous steal from Shakespeare's  
     verse,  
 Arabian Calibans, Kehama's \* Curse,

---

\* We cannot sympathize with such Beings as these. "Homo sum, nihil humani alienum a me puto." Here we are put in possession of the grand motive to benevolence, and compassion. But these imaginary Beings partake of nothing in common with us; nor are they liable to any of the feelings, or accidents, griefs, or pleasures which "flesh is heir to." Therefore we weep not when they weep, we rejoice not when they rejoice.

An insatiable craving for some *new thing* is, perhaps the only point in which modern readers resemble the ancient Athenians. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if even such a writer as Mr. Southey, whose powers it were ridiculous to deny, from the manifest difficulty of satisfying the public taste with originalities, serves up a dish of high seasoned absurdities in their stead. Comparisons have now been so often compared; things capable of description, so often described; and remote resemblances so often connected; that it is in a just, and novel application of old Ideas, rather than the invention of new ones, that modern writers must look for celebrity. Perhaps there is no such thing as absolute originality. We are all indebted more or less to others. Would Shakespeare, Locke, or Newton have attained the highest excellence in their respective departments, had they been shut up in an ~~I~~land, and condemned to live with half a dozen such Poets

Or pine like Chatterton, or Canning thrive;  
On Satire starve, or Panegyric live!

The muse that praises on the Knave bestows,  
On a vile Dunghill costly incense throws;  
And more to puzzle and perplex her lays,  
Must *make* the virtues that she means to praise.  
Then lend me, Pratt, in Truth and nature's spite,  
Thine art, on nothing, something still to write.

If I write ill, \* sage Critics! Who can tell?  
It may provoke your worships to write well;

---

and Philosophers as Voltaire, and to read half a dozen such Authors as Godwin?

\* *Nonum promatur in annum*, might have been a good rule for antediluvian Authors. *Nonam promatur in horam* would better apply to this present work. It is well known that many of the sheets were sent to the Press on the day they were written. I do not plead this as an admissible excuse for inaccuracy; but whether by taking more pains I could write better, is a question I cannot resolve, having never made the experiment. I am inclined to think Style is like *Hay*; that which gave the most trouble in making, and took up the most time in putting together, is usually the worst.

I admit that no time can be too long, no attention too vigilant, no labour too unremitting, which is occupied in rendering ourselves fully acquainted with the subject on which we propose to write? But thinking, which is perhaps the most precious part of our life, is also the shortest part of it. To think is truly to live; *Cogitamus ergo sumus*; alas if life were measured by this scale only, what *Ephemerides* would



So vice be slain, 'twill not my temper move  
That I the whetstone, not the sword, must prove.

On then, my muse, th' exhaustless theme  
rehearse,  
New follies rise much faster than thy verse ;  
Follies though past, like Rivers, are not gone,  
Still flowing by, yet ever coming on.

It must be so, while o'er the world preside  
Two Sister Queens, Hypocrisy, and Pride ;  
Alike their sovereign jurisdiction own  
The Jail, the Church, the Cottage, and the Throne.

---

most men be. Those who will be at the pains to think before they write, rather than afterwards, will find that words and expressions will follow of course. If some writers are not easily understood, it is because they do not understand themselves. All who are intelligent, are usually intelligible. Therefore let us be quite sure a thing is *worth saying at all*, before we rack our brains to say it well. To clothe poor ideas in rich expressions, is but the amusement of *grown children*, busied in dressing up their trumpery *dolls* in tawdry habiliments.

After all, the public are perhaps a little unreasonable, when they expect a Satirist to torture his brains for their amusement, whose only encouragement is the certainty of abuse. For hit a knave where we will, we are sure not to please him ; and a fool is often angry without being hit at all. But I have one consolation, as I have not half the genius of Pope, or Dryden, I may hope to escape with *half* the censures lavished upon them.

Of Rank and Riches proud, the Placeman see,  
The stern Republican, of Poverty.

And Broadbrim sports his dittos, and his hat,  
Proud as Lord Fanny of his silk cravat.

Proud of his debts and Phaeton in four,  
Sir John to borrow seeks Avaro's door,  
Who to the Senate just about to ride,  
On half-starved hunter mounts, to show his pride;  
Sir John his suit obtains, but stranger yet,  
Pride makes a miser scorn to claim a debt.\*

\* John Elwes. This extraordinary man was never known to demand a debt. Avarice was his ruling passion, but pride was the *disturbing force* that produced no small eccentricity in his character. His conduct in Parliament was perfectly independent, and to say that he changed his principles as often as his dress, would be in truth to say that he was the most consistent member of that house. He represented Berkshire, and was much respected in the County. I have heard my Father say he has known more than one instance wherein *two* parties had mutually agreed to be decided by his *single* arbitration, without appeal. In settling the affairs of a widow Lady, Mr. Elwes had taken great pains, and had performed two or three journies to London. At a large dinner party, this Lady warmly expressed her gratitude, and observed, that she much wished she could hit on any plan of recompensing Mr. Elwes, without wounding his pride. A Gentleman present enquired, "Pray, Madam, how many times has Mr. Elwes rode to London on your business?" She replied, "three times;" "Oh then, send him half a Crown, he will put eighteen-pence *clear gain* in his pocket!"

O Pride ! the Scholar's spur, the Coxcomb's aim,  
 That changing still, art in each change the same,  
 Supreme alike o'er beggars, bards, and kings,  
 The Poet feels thine influence, while he sings ;  
 What art ? that can'st ten thousand shapes assume  
 In Church, in Senate, Camp, and Drawing-Room ;  
 That canst, *while Benchers stare*, make E-k-e bless,  
 Yet damn by deeds, the freedom of the Press ;  
 Make Whitbread scorn, weak P--ty worship power,  
 Teach Gibbs to woo the Court, Burdett the Tower ;  
 Send Doctors M : and D : with stomachs *full*,  
 And *empty* heads, to measure Porson's \* skull,  
 On that dense Cranium, with fond amaze,  
*Consoling sight to them !* they raptur'd gaze !  
 In dissertation deep indulge, t' explain  
 How head so thick, such learning could contain ;  
 While these with Gall, and these with Kamper side,  
 Let common sense for once the point decide,  
 To skull so thick, grave Sirs ! 'tis past all doubt,  
 Whatever once got in,—*could ne'er get out*.

A name is all,—from Garrick's breath, a puff  
 Of praise, gave immortality to snuff !

\* To ascertain the cause of Mr. Porson's death, his head was opened ; when to the confusion of all Craniologists, and the consolation of all *Block-heads*, he was found to have the thickest skull of any Professor in Europe.

Since which, each Connoisseur, a transient heaven  
 Finds, in each pinch of *Hardham's* \* *thirty seven* ;  
 Though Crichtons now, nor Mirandolas, strive  
 An age of learned monsters to revive,  
 Yet, what mad systems will not Scholars frame,  
 Whose goad is vanity, whose object fame ;  
 To far Angola see Monboddo sail,  
 To prove Men, Monkeys,—*had they but a Tail*, †

---

\* Garrick, when at the height of his popularity, made his friend Hardham's fortune, merely by puffing his Snuff occasionally on the stage, when acting any part which admitted the use of a snuff-box.

† Adam Clarke, L. L. D. has out heroded Herod ; as a monkey-monger he has thrown Lord Monboddo completely into the back ground. He has undertaken to prove, gentle Reader, that the animal which deceived Eve, was no more or less than an Ouran Outang ! He hath also kindly informed us that he verily hath some charity left for those who differ from him in opinion ; I hope his stock is large, as *the run* upon it will be great. In his quarto Bible with Annotations, there is a most prolix and learned note on the Hebrew Term *Nachash*, Genesis, Chapter 3d. This term our Translators, simple Souls ! had rendered—Serpent. But it is fair to let Dr. Clarke, who I understand, can preach fluently in twelve languages, speak in plain English for himself. He thus concludes a most elaborate note ; “It therefore appears to me, that a creature of the ape, or Ouran Outang kind, is here intended ; and that Satan made use of this creature, as the most proper instrument for the accomplishment of his murderous purposes, against the life and soul of Man.”

To foreign lands for fit examples roam,  
That Bond-street might have furnished, nearer  
home ;

But Bond-street owns thy sceptre, Pride, again  
Thy wand can turn her monkeys, into men.  
Her beaus the coachman ape, at thy command,  
These *useless* things now manage *Four in Hand* !

O Pride, thou canst such good, produce, and evil,  
Art thou of light a Spirit, or—the Devil ;  
Thou canst make Collyer scribble, Fuller speak,  
Teach Sheridan to construe Belgrave's \* Greek,  
While county-members all agog to *hear*  
A peerless speech, *see but a—speechless Peer ! !*

Through Pride mistaken Richlieu would the Cid  
Out-rant, † but Paris that attempt forbid ;

\* A nobleman notorious for quoting Demosthenes in the House of Commons. Mr. Sheridan, at times took the liberty of translating his Greek for the benefit of the county members.

† This great Statesman was extremely jealous of the genius of Cornille. He was much exasperated with the Parisians, for their just, but marked and decided preference of the Cid, to all the dramatic efforts of their Minister. He was very desirous of literary fame, but not at all scrupulous how he acquired it. He offered Mr. Jay a considerable sum of money, if he would permit him to have the credit of his Polyglott Bible. On seeing the statue of this Cardinal at the Sorbonne, Peter the great exclaimed—"Illustrious Statesman now no more !" How gladly would I have given thee one half of my



Now wastes his breath on verses, now on winds,  
And now a *Comet*, now a *Cobler* finds !  
By gas poetic, or galvanic led,  
Now makes the living sleep, now *wakes the dead* !

O Pride, thou born in Heaven, but nursed in  
Hell,

What contradictions mark thy potent spell !  
Satan, mistaking thee, might stand aloof !  
Posed by an angel, with a cloven hoof !

In state to church hence Dignitaries ride,  
There sent by both,—Hypocrisy and Pride,  
In silk and sattin clothed, sleek as a mole,  
They, Paul's poor wardrobe, staff and scrip extol ;  
Though Sirius rage, both scarf and hood put on,  
Nor spare one scarlet rag, from Babylon ;  
From Pride, e'en tho' their gilded carriage wait,  
They preach humility,—then "dine on plate."

O what "fantastic airs before high Heaven,"  
Doth man affect, puffed up by this vain leaven !  
A proud Apostle is that prince of fools  
That wounds himself, whene'er he *works* his tools.

---

doubt they should have succeeded, but that the immense croud, and vast assemblage of Carriages, prevented the hearse from reaching the scene of action, until it was too late ; but that even then a few faint symptoms of life were perceptible.

O take deception, any shape, beside  
 High-church Humility,—that worst of Pride,  
 That *Root* \* of Vanity, that creeps so low, ~  
 But that th' aspiring *head* more high may grow.

Is there a light, a solemn mockery,  
 Ye cannot act—Pride, and Hypocrisy?  
 Ye can make Churchmen sink the price of pews,  
 Touched by some feast's, or fast's portentous news;  
 Teach them to *split precedence* to an hair,  
 And for the *red book* quit the book of prayer;  
 While high-bred Dames † e'en at God's altar see  
 Viscountess A, deposed by Countess B.

*Ye* can teach Priests to lisp, *my Darling Dove!*  
 While their Religion stoops, to fan their love,  
 A double love they feel, a fiercer spark,  
 When they preferment court,—and Mistress Clarke. ‡

Ye bade proud Horsley preach the Right divine  
 Of Kings, and o'er fallen Papal Priestcraft whine!

\* “Quæ quantum vertice ad auras  
 Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.”

See Paley on “Rooting.”

† Those who have witnessed some extraordinary scenes in certain fashionable Chapels at Bath, will need no explanation of these lines.

‡ A Certain Doctor's laudable ambition to preach before Royalty, the public are well acquainted with.



Hence Pope at Timon's \* taste and Villa  
 laughed,  
 Then disavowed the *Mark*, but owned the *Shaft* ;  
 With awkward zeal, that more inflamed the part,  
 Laboured in vain t' extract th' envenomed dart ;  
 Then mean concessions made, that nought re-  
 trieved,  
 And wrote apologies that none believed.  
 Ye could, to Ferney banished, teach Voltaire †  
 To change his Notions, when he changed his air ;  
 His honied flatteries, for satiric stings  
 To quit, and *caned from Courts*, to rail at Kings.  
 Allied, *Ye* could inspire Prophetic Kett ;  
 Make Middleton remember to forget ;

---

\* Duke of Chandos.

† Voltaire flattered Kings to their faces, and lampooned them behind their backs. When at Berlin, he wrote this Epigram on his patron, and host, the King of Prussia ;

"King, Author, Philosopher, Hero, Musician,  
 Free-Mason, Œconomist, Bard, Politician,  
 How had Europe rejoiced if a *Christian* he'd been,  
 If a Man, how he then had enraptured his Queen."

For this effort of wit Voltaire was paid with just thirty lashes on his bare back, administered by the King's Serjeant at Arms, and was actually obliged to sign the following curious Receipt for the same. "Received from the right hand of Conrad Bachoffner, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full for an Epigram on Frederick the third, King of Prussia. I say received by me, Voltaire. Vive le Roi ! ! !"

In Hastings point a Verres out to Burke,  
And bid *place-hunting* in Philippics lurk.

Ye could clear Johnson's \* Eyes, and make him  
swear

Whigs might be honest, Patrons insincere;  
That to *one* pension merit might succeed,  
And that *one* Scot wrote *something* fit to read.

Ye tutored Pitt to bellow, *promise*, *prate*,  
Reform † or Ruin to vociferate;

\* Johnson altered his ideas of pensions and of patrons, after he had experienced the substantial help of the one, and the professing, but delusive politeness of the other. In his Poem, entitled "Vanity of human wishes," a Couplet was altered; it now stands thus,

"There mark what ills the Scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the *Patron*, and the Jail."

And in his Dictionary this definition follows that ill-starred word, "*Patron*, Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is repaid with flattery." The Doctor having observed, with more prejudice than taste, that no Scotchman ever wrote any thing worth reading, a Gentleman present, quaintly rejoined, "Pray Doctor, what do you think of Lord Bute's order on the Treasury for your pension of three hundred per annum? I am inclined to hope, that there are but few Englishmen, (who feel at all interested in the literary reputation of their Country,) who do not wish another cypher had been added to that sum. Happy would it be for England, had all her pensions been so well bestowed."

† I have heard that Mr. Pitt, when in opposition, pulled

Then Freedom's Friends to Newgate dare to send,  
 For printing Pamphlets *he himself had penned ! \**  
 While hackneyed, hoary sycophants applaud  
 Their Chief,—a *beardless Veteran in Fraud ;*

---

out his watch, and exclaimed, “Every hour that retards Reform, accelerates our Ruin.” When we consider *how many hours* this man was minister, and that he never made one motion on Reform, except to *impede* its progress ; is it not self-evident that *power* was that plank to which he had determined to cling, even amidst the *wreck of the Constitution*. That he was “The Pilot that weathered the Storm,” is a sentiment that hath been often said, and often *sung* ; But I would have these speech-making and song-singing *bottle-holders* to the Ghost of Pitt, remember that the ruinous consequences of his administration will more and more be felt. These form the *tail of that hurricane* whose increasing violence it were wisdom to anticipate, prudence to provide for, and fool-hardiness to despise. It is little to say that he who presided over an administration notoriously venal, was himself free from the charge of corruption. If an horde of Banditti overpower us, *gag* us and pick our pockets, is it any consolation, that their Leader, who countenanced the Robbery, partook not of the spoil ?

\* In the Rev. Mr. Hall's Pamphlet, on the Freedom of the Press, published during Mr. Pitt's administration, which Pamphlet ran through many Editions, we find the following bold and important assertion.——“Mr. Holt, a Printer at Newark is now imprisoned in Newgate for two years, for re-printing, verbatim, an address to the People, on Reform, which was sanctioned *for certain*, and *probably written* by the Duke of Richmond, and Mr. Pitt.” Par nobile fratrum ! I

Spaniels that must their *feeder* still commend,  
 Till *unpaid* Pensions shall their flatteries end ;  
 Was Fox his friend ? Was Jenkinson his *foe* ?  
 Did Paley praise ? Did Horseley *blame* him ?—No.  
 Could Genius bless ? Could Ignorance bemoan  
 His reign, who damned *all Talent*—but his own ?

---

firmly believe this to be true, for the subsequent reasons ; because Mr. Hall is far too respectable a character, both as an Author, a Man, and a Minister, to affirm a falsity, or even advance an accusation so heinous, on light grounds ; because this statement, (to the best of my knowledge) has never been contradicted ; and lastly, because I know that many were sent to different prisons in the kingdom, and more were threatened, for advocating the cause of Reform, and reprobating the System of Corruption, in language much *less* violent, than *Mr. Pitt himself* had used when *out of office*, in support of those same patriotic, and constitutional principles, from which, *when once in Power*, he apostatized so meanly. “Fuit enim non veris virtutibus, tantum mirabilis, quantum arte quadam abjuventa, in ostentationem earum compositus.” There was a constitutional coldness, and a freezing hauteur about this minister, which yielded not to the most intoxicating draught of intemperance ; yet it must not be said, “Ad evertendam rempublicam *sobrium* accessisse.” On the contrary, he seems to have made in all his *war-whoops* old Ennius his model, who

“Nunquam nisi *potus*, ad arma,

Succurrit dicenda.”

But it would seem, that neither the fire of Youth, nor of Love, nor of Wine, could thaw the icicles that guarded his heart. His self-possession he had the power to preserve after the most extravagant excesses.

Ye can the Tyrant's breast alternate rule,  
 And make Napoleon play both Knave and Fool ;  
 Freedom with false and fatal aid attend,  
 And *start* a Washington, a Nero \* *end* ;  
 While he on necks of subject Monarchs rides,  
 Ambition him, her *sceptered Slave* bestrides ;

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\* Fatal indeed to freedom will be the *Moral* of the French Revolution. To the melancholy consequences of that event, *Tyrants* will appeal with triumph ; and from a possible repetition of such horrid scenes, even the advocates of temperate Reform will shrink with apprehension. It might have been hoped that a manly sacrifice of all paltry contentions about priority and precedence, would have been made to so illustrious a cause ; that every selfish consideration would have been, *at such a moment*, relinquished ; and that from the generous and arduous duties of the Patriot, and the Legislator, the chaffering and trucking spirit of the tradesman, would have been dismissed. It might have been hoped, that *The Three Estates* of an enlightened Nation, convened for the sole and sacred purpose of improving the Constitution, would have been more fortunate in their endeavours. Alas ! they have no right to calculate on the return of so glorious an opportunity ; they may now exclaim, with the Witches in Macbeth, "When shall *we Three* meet again ?" They did meet, and like *them* they also prepared the bitter ingredients of their cauldron ; but they threw into it not only forms, but *decencies* ; not only privileges, but *rights* ; not only prejudices, but *principles*. Hence it became a *confusion*, not a composition : and the undigested mass was *concocted with Blood* ! In the fermentation that ensued, the *spirit* of Liberty evaporated, but the *dregs of despotism remain*.

Step-father foul, he strangled at its birth  
 Freedom, that offspring proud of *labouring* Earth!  
 But blaze and glare of Conquest Victors screen,  
 As thieves behind their Lanthorns sculk unseen,  
 And History proves that truth is rarely said  
 Of Tyrants \* living, or their favourites dead.

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\* A French Officer on Parole once in my presence exerted his abilities, which were far from contemptible, in a regular defence of Bonaparte's atrocities. When we came to the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, I thought his apology curious. He said, "It was well known in Paris, that the Emperor was *forced* into this measure, by the fears and jealousies of his own adherents. Bonaparte was not one of the Regicides; he had not dipped his hands in *Royal Blood*. The Creatures of his Power, therefore, in some sort demanded from their Leader, this sanguinary proof of his *sincerity*; that by shedding the blood of the Son of Conde, the door of reconciliation with the Bourbons might be shut for ever; and that even the possibility of his re-acting the *part of Monk*, might be effectually precluded." This apology strongly reminded me of a passage in the Proverbs. "*Come with Us, let Us lay wait for blood; Cast in thy lot among Us, let Us have one common purse.*" When Pope Pius the seventh came to Paris, to crown the Emperor Napoleon, two thrones were erected for them, at Notre Dame. The Throne of the Pope was richly ornamented with *glands*, anglice tassels; the Throne of Napoleon had none. Some one expressing his astonishment at this to the Abbe Sieyes, he sarcastically observed, in allusion to the assassination of the Duke D'Enghien, after he had been seized by Caulincourt, "Do you not know, that the throne of the Emperor is *sans-gland*, anglice without

Ye too, Queen Sisters, that must still preside  
 O'er stoutest hearts, Hypocrisy, and Pride,  
 Badie Cromwell join the Bible with the sword,  
 In Church *suspected*, in the Camp adored ;

---

tassels, or a *Bloody Throne* ?" This pun reminds me of an excellent anagram on a similar subject. "Bona rapta, pone leno." That is, "Robber lay down thy stolen goods." It is curious that these words make up *literatim*, Napoleon Bonaparte.

That sarcastic remarks on the last of the Bourbons, are not now at least, acceptable to the Emperor, is evident from the following Anecdote, which I know to be authentic. The Abbe Sieyes, in company with Bonaparte, Duroc, *Grand Marechal du Palais*, and a few others, were walking through a suite of apartments at Versailles. When they came to the State Bed-Room of the late unfortunate Monarch, the Abbe exclaimed "This was the Bed of the Tyrant." Bonaparte turning short, with visible indignation rejoined, "Tyrant, say you, Sir ? Had I been in his place, I would have been in possession of that bed to this moment, and you would have been saying Mass." I shall relate one more anecdote for its rarity ; it being the only one I have ever heard, that puts the character of Bonaparte in an amiable point of view ; and it is well known to have occurred. Walking with his fidus Achates, Berthier, in the environs of Bayonne, and dressed in that plain and simple manner which he invariably affects, he met an old Woman going to Market. She appeared to bend under the pressure of age and infirmities, as much as under the heavy burthen she was carrying. He accosted her, enquired her

While he, to give his vast ambition scope,  
 Out-preached the Puritan, out-prayed the Pope ; \*  
 At their own weapons foiled, in *cant* outdone,  
 Both bowed to doctrines, proved by pike and gun :  
 Till Charles succeeded, through Monk's counter  
                   plot,  
 To Waller's Rhimes, and Walton's Polyglott ; †

---

name, and hinted to Berthier, that one so old, might surely be exempted from so severe a task. "Ah ! sir," exclaimed she, "I *had* three sons, able and willing to assist me, but they were dragged to the armies, at the command of the Tyrant." He did not make himself known to her, but left her, as one in deep thought, and with an hurried step. He so ordered it, that an handsome sum of Money should be immediately conveyed to her, and that her eldest son should have permission to return to his home ! O si sic omnia !!

\* The Pope was not a little astonished to hear of an Heretic who could *pray* with at least as much *sincerity* as any of his own mitred predecessors, and *fight* with much more *vigour*.

† Waller and Walton, *pars pro toto*. They were not the only Poets and Theologians that turned to worship the rising sun. Brian Walton's Polyglott Bible in six folio volumes, was originally dedicated to Oliver Cromwell ; after the restoration it was addressed to Charles, and the former dedication was studiously suppressed. Some Copies, however, are extant. Waller's Panegyrick on Cromwell, is a much more spirited Poem than his Congratulation to Charles. This did not escape the penetration of that witty monarch ; but whose words a good thing to him was safe ; and Waller made this *amongst honorable*, when he reminded Charles that Poets



Mid Mirth, to Freedom dealt severest wounds,  
 With *smiles* more fatal than his Father's *frowns*;  
 From wit, and wine arose, to *take* a life \*  
 That wild commotion *spared* and civil strife.  
 Faithless, and cruel proved, to gain his ends,  
 Both to forgiving foes, and suffering friends.

Then James, through lust of power, for gallic  
 Gold,  
 Himself, his honor, and his Country sold;  
 More deeply still his subjects to enslave,  
 Under the Bigot's mask, concealed the Knave;  
 A Tiger, to the Foes he could disarm,  
 Most to be *dreaded*, when he *feigned* alarm;  
 Prepared by Torture to support his Throne,  
 And *hint* that horrid wish he dared not own;

---

always succeeded best in fiction. However, both the Poems have merit, and seem to contradict, (for Waller was a Water-drinker,) that axiom of Horace,

“Nulla placere diu, nec vivere Carmina possunt,  
 Quæ scribuntur *aque potoribus*.”

Those were times of general expectation, and of almost as general disappointment. But it is melancholy to reflect that when rewards could be found for the apostacy of Turn-Coats the unskinking loyalty of such men as Butler, and Cowley, was left to starve on barren praise, and empty admiration.

\* Algernon Sidney, “What joy can human things to us afford,  
 When we see perish thus by cross events,  
 Ill men, and wretched accidents,  
 The best cause, and the best man that ever drew a sword.”

Cold, callous wretch, whose ignominious reign  
 Made Treason, Virtue; Loyalty, a Stain:  
 Compound accurst, of Tyrant, Hypocrite,  
 Who style him Knave, or Bigot, *both* are right. \*

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\* This alludes to the late controversy between Mr. Fox and Mr. Rose, on the character of James the second. It would seem that these Statesmen are both right, and both wrong. For the contradictory extremes of Knave and Bigot, exhibited their monstrous union in the Heart of that unprincipled Monarch. It ought to be generally known, that an anonymous, but authoritative translation of Mr. Fox's History, has lately been published at Paris. In this Gallico-sycophantic, and emasculated translation, or to use *more properly* the French word, *traduction*, all the fine passages in favour of liberty, are either omitted, or melted down into common place generalities. Of course, we search in vain in *this* translation, for Mr. Fox's splendid eulogium on Washington. His just censure also of Hume, for becoming the apologist of Charles, in the murder of Algernon Sidney, is also, for reasons *sufficiently plain*, expunged. The fine contrast between Churchill, the tool of James, and the same Man as Marlborough the General of Anne and humbler of Louis, is omitted; and the despondency of the Nation, on observing the despotic temper of Charles the second, is also obliterated, by this trembling *Traducteur*. "Lugdunensem Rhetor dicturus ad aram!" One sentiment, which escaped from Mr. Fox, is made the most of, and conspicuously introduced, notwithstanding the free and uncourtly tenor of the context; I allude to that passage where Mr. Fox observes that a *Restoration*, is usually the most bloody and dangerous of all *Revolutions*. But to return to the real character of James. Even his own brother must

But hold, some captious Critic, \* choaked with  
rage,  
Refers my readers to my Title-page,

---

have entertained a most contemptible opinion of him, as appears from the following anecdote; James, when Duke of York, was exhorting his brother Charles, to make use of greater precaution to preserve his life from assassination; Charles replied, "Never fear, brother, *while you live I am safe*; no man will murder me to make *you King*." The Bigotry of James appears strongly in his attempt to convert Colonel Kirke to popery. Kirke, who had improved a disposition naturally savage by a command at *Tangier*, informed the proselyting Monarch, that he was pre-engaged; being under a promise to the Dey, if ever he changed his religion, to turn Mahommedan. The Knavery of this Prince, I think, is equally conspicuous in his conduct towards Monmouth. Under an hope of Pardon he prevailed on him to sign a document of his own illegitimacy, when at the same time he had determined on his execution, within forty eight hours after the interview. Though he trembled at the thought of openly avowing so heinous an intention, yet it is too evident from his own letter to the council at Edinburgh, that it was his *secret* wish that Argyle should be tortured previous to his execution.

\* It may be objected to me, that censures on the Critics do not come with a very good grace from one who has in some degree imitated them, in the freedom of his remarks on others. But my strictures are not *anonymous*; and in addition to this, I have brought my own stock also into the literary market. My rhimes are heartily at the service of both critics, and Authors. I wish them the same pleasure in cutting them up, I had in composing them. But an Author, attacked by Critics,

Now growls a curse, now rubs his eyes, to scan  
 The comprehensive circle of my plan.  
 The cause and source, my motto \* might explain,  
 Of that variety that racks his brain,  
 But ah ! 'tis *Latin*, and this Morning's dawn  
 Saw him for Tripe his *Dictionary* pawn.

---

who give him *no* specimen of their own productions, and who *conceal* their *names*, resembles a Man in the pillory; *he is covered with mud, without an opportunity of retaliation.* One of our *best* Critics has been candid enough to make this concession, "The *worst* piece of Poetry that ever was written, is worth more than the *best* piece of Criticism that ever was written upon it." It is notorious that the Critics, from their manifest partialities, and prejudices, have for some time ceased to possess any influence over the public taste. There are many literary characters who constantly purchase those publications the critics have *honoured* by their censures; and as constantly decline the perusal of those which the Critics have disgraced by their encomiums. The price of Criticism per sheet, is as well *known* and settled, as of beef per pound; the latter commodity is perhaps the most *digestible*. But let any author review his *own* work, let him do it fairly, but favourably; let him forward it *gratis*, and *without* a Name, to any of the Reviews; I will answer for its reception. The Critics may perhaps reply, that in my own case, an exception would certainly be made. I can assure them I do not intend to try them. But to make sure of *some* wit, I shall insert their remarks, in a second Edition.

\* Docebo

*Dissimulare* Omnes, certa ratione, modoque.

Then Truth ! his garret seek in *English* dress,  
Tell Him *All* KNAVES dissemble, more, or less ;  
All who to sin unblamed, to cheat unknown,  
Assume another's garb, or drop their own.

Ah teach me, sapient Critic, to enchain  
Like Sorbonist in rope of sand, the main :  
Fetter the mind ! with sceptered arm controul  
The settled purpose of a Cato's soul !  
On Chair of state enthroned, curb in the waves !  
Make Frenchmen, Freeman ! Generous Britons,  
Slaves !

White-wash Napoleon's crimes ; their number write,  
Or lash a Knave, and spare an Hypocrite.

Hypocrisy, thy reign I must uphold,  
Extensive as Creation, and as old ;  
The Sun's an Hypocrite ! that darts us down  
Fevers with smiles, and kills without a *frown* ;  
Converts with sudden stroke of *fatal* ray, \*  
To endless night, the Indian's garish day ;  
Sends Famine forth, decked out in garments bright,  
And tantalizes thirst with *floods of light*,  
What time the *Mirage*, † with deceitful beams,  
The fainting Arab mocks with airy streams.

---

\* The Coup Soleil, or stroke of the Sun, which often produces instant death.

† The Mirage is an optical delusion effected in the deserts,

And Earth's an Hypocrite ; when all around  
 With plenty laughing Ceres clothes the ground,  
 She opes her horrid jaws, and swallows down  
 Her monstrous meal, a Province, or a Town ;  
 Then bids whole Vineyards, torn from mountain's  
     side,

Rush through the trembling Vale, on fiery tide. \*

The Sea's an Hypocrite, to all who pass  
 His Surface, smooth and flattering as a glass,  
 Jocund, they dream not of the *Ruffian* storm,  
 That waits the *night*, his vengeance to perform.

And Time, that grave, and hoary Hypocrite,  
 For ever runs, *yet conquers all by flight*,  
 Makes known each hidden thing, yet lies *concealed*  
 Himself, in dark, mysterious mantle veiled ;  
 Time future is not come, Time past is o'er, †  
 Time present, while we grasp it, *is no more!*

by the Rays of the Sun. An appearance most refreshing, but most deceitful, is portrayed, so as to impose on the most accurate observer of nature, if he has never before witnessed the phænomenon.

\* The lava. See Brydonne. The most elegant writer of Travels in our Language. “Non anglus, sed angelus, *si foret Christianus.*”

† The above line separated from its context has too much the appearance of a truism ; but it is introduced to shew the absurdity of flattering ourselves with the possession of that, of which cool reflection must convince us we can command so little.

And Love himself, dissembler turned, the old  
Links to the young, in sordid chains of gold.

And Death's an Hypocrite that beats the whole,  
With laughter kills, or the mirth-wakening bowl,  
Summons from peaceful Plenty's loaded board  
More Victims, than from Famine, or the Sword ;  
He knows, ah Traitor ! with o'erwhelming joy, \*  
No less than slower sorrow to destroy !  
Into his cold embraces men beguiles  
With beauty's lures, or hollow friendship's smiles ;  
Or craftier still, in ambush loves to lie  
In the bright mirror of Camilla's Eye.

So vast my subject 'tis a task to tell  
Not where it doth, but where it doth not dwell.  
Close then my book, all ye that hope to see  
On theme so varied, uniformity.  
While Critics, † ever glad of an excuse,  
From lofty garret level low abuse ;

\* This is like giving a man a prize in the lottery with one hand, and the sentence for his immediate *execution*, with the other.

† Critics, says Sterne, ought rather to become the objects of our pity, than of our resentment ; since like Hangmen, they are obliged to *execute for bread*. It should therefore be a considerable advantage to a work, to have received their censures ;

Scurrility sublime in Attics writ,  
But not with Roman strength, nor Attic wit,

---

for an Author may set what price he pleases on a Book, that has been condemned to be burnt, by the hands of the common Hangman. In some extracts he has made from Miss Seward's letters, Sir Richard Philips thus comments on the probable consequences of her severity on the Reveiwers. "Her *just* execration of Reviews, and of the principles, and of the practices of anonymous criticism, will however draw down upon her the denunciations of those, who *live* by that species of *Felony*; and probably tarnish the lustre, and diminish the sale of the Work." Bravo, Sir Richard! this is candid; But——

———"Quis custodiat ipsos

Custodes?

Miss Seward records an anecdote of Johnson, I do not remember to have seen before, which, as it is *ad rem*, I shall give my Readers. "I remember," says that Lady, "to have been present, when Lucy Porter enquired of Dr. Johnson how far she might be guided by the Reviewers, in the purchase of books? You will find them *infallible*," said he, "provided you buy every thing they *abuse*, and nothing that they *praise*."

"When I was at Bristol," says Miss Seward, "a Lady said to me, my Son is at Merchant Taylor's School; he has there a friend, and school-fellow not yet *sixteen*, who has been employed by one of the Review Editors, to write strictures for his Work, on your Memoirs of Dr. Darwin." Such are often the presumptuous deciders on new publications, A Friend of mine, has informed me of a similar instance. It was, he said, with a mixed sensation of merriment, and disgust, that he saw a certain undergraduate at Cambridge, very far from being



Like Scales, those *No-Name* Cowards, one and all,  
 Ne'er rise, until their adversary fall ;  
 Affect to feel the least, what galls them most,  
 But look out sharp for some defenceless post ;  
 Meek Hypocrites, whose Patience nought offends,  
 'Tis not their own wound grieves them,—but a  
 Friends. \*

To me their frowns or smiles are much the same,  
 Malice I dread not, and I court not fame.

Be this *my* meed, “Unpensioned, and unpraised,  
 In Virtue's cause his feeble voice he raised ;

arrived at *years of discretion*, strutting about his Room, writing anathemas, and forging thunderbolts of criticism for the Reviewers, with all the infallibility of a Pope, and the conceited arrogance of a *School-boy Prepostor*. A Pen in such hands, is a Razor in the hands of a Monkey : with which he is much more likely to *cut his own throat*, than that of another.

\* When Churchill's *Rosciad* came out, a curious scene presented itself in the *Green Room*. All the Actors *pretended* not to feel what had been said of themselves, but were only sorry, and hurt that Mr. *such an one*, that *harmless, quiet, good sort of a man*, should have been attacked. This Gentleman, who happened to overhear their *affected commiserations*, suddenly exclaimed, “and pray Gentlemen what right have you to suppose that I have not as much philosophy as yourselves ; and to set me down for the *only* one amongst you, who has not sense enough to be indifferent to such animadversions ?”

Prized Independence, and a private post,  
 More than all Queensbury won, or Anson lost ! \*  
 With noble rashness, in a selfish age,  
 Defied of power and prejudice, the rage ;  
 Nor cringed to Sycophants, nor stooped to Slaves,  
 Nor feared the wrath of fools, † the wit of Knaves ;  
 Could see and scorn the Worldling's dirty toil,  
 Could mark the scramble, and despise the spoil."

Worldlings, in search of wants, o'erlook their joys,  
 A few things granted, all the rest are toys ;  
 Old wine to cheer me give, old wood to warm,  
 Old books to solace, and old friends to charm ; ‡

\* The unvarying successes of the late Duke of Queensbury, on the turf, when Lord March, not a little disconcerted the *knowing ones* ; they falsely calculated, on the usual quantum of folly, to which Lords are entitled, both by birth, and education. In Lord Anson, they found an harvest. The treasure of the Spanish galleon, became the prize of some Sharpers at Bath ; on which occasion it was observed, that Lord Anson had been round the world, and over the world, but never in the world.

† The impenetrable shield of dulness, which often prevents a fool from feeling an attack, as often renders harmless the effects of his resentment ; like the cumbersome armour, used by the Knights of Chivalry, whose solidity protected the wearers, but whose weight prevented them from injuring others.

‡ These were the four modest wishes of King Alphonso the wise. Were Princes always as moderate, both they and their subjects, would be much more happy !

Thus let me live, when winds with wintry sound,  
Cast Autumn's yellow mantle o'er the ground ;  
When morn'ny limbs hath on the mountains braced,  
And northern blasts in steel my nerves have cased ;  
Pressed by no load from indigestion bred,  
Light as the Swift, that as he flies is fed.

Ah, while the poor \* from pining want complain,  
And cloyed abundance gives the Affluent pain,  
I thank my God, who gave me what was meet,  
And to the middle path restrained my feet ;  
Made temperance needful, and to shun excess,  
My duty first, and now my happiness !

Hail Temperance ! Thou giv'st unenvied wealth,  
Unguiltly joys, unmedicated health,  
Sleep undisturbed, and appetite uncloyed,  
And the sweet meal, first earned, and then enjoyed.  
O mayest thou still my frugal board controul,  
Physician of the body, and the soul ;  
Beneath thy culture thrives each virtuous seed,  
Nurse of the generous thought, and manly deed ;

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\* Paley quaintly observes that the difference between the Rich and Poor is simply this—The Poor have *plenty of appetite*, but nothing to eat ; the Rich have *plenty to eat*, but no appetite.

Rome's legions trained by thee, their flag unfurled,  
 Themselves they conquered first, and then the  
 World ;

'Till Earth's stern Masters, Luxury subdued, \*  
 More fell than Gothic Rage, or Civil Feud;  
 From fallen degraded Rome, then didst thou fly,  
 To bolder spirits, and a bleaker sky ;  
 There still the tenant of the mountain rear,  
 To grasp his *Highland* steel, pale Gallia's fear !

Shall I, Contentment, Independence, Health,  
 Forego, for sordid servitude of Wealth ?  
 For filthy gain, these blessed gifts of heaven  
 Shall I renounce, "and hope to be forgiven ?"  
 Vast wealth, and sleepless nights are near allied,  
 Oceans, not streamlets, feel the restless tide ;  
 Small houses, greatest comforts oft possess,  
 And small estates the greatest happiness ;  
 Men put the rose-bud's essence, brought from far,  
 In smallest phials, never in a jar !  
 Crowned with mild ale, brown jugs no poison hold ;  
 Fear ye the *laurel juice*, † Who quaff in gold !

\* "Tantum non est mihi crede ab armata acie periculum,  
 quantum a circumfusus undique Voluptatibus."

† ————"Sed nulla aconita bibuntur  
 Fictilibus,—tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes  
 Gemmata, et lato sentinum ardebit in auro."

Sir Theodosius Boughton was poisoned by Donnellan with

More pleased to pluck than taste their *hoarded* fruit,  
The worldly \* lose enjoyment, in pursuit ;

---

a distillation from the laurel. He had married a Sister of Sir Theodosius, and hoped by murdering him to succeed to his possessions.

—————“Tanti tibi non sit opaci

Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in Mare volvitur Aurum  
Ut somno careas, *ponendaque* præmia sumas.”

\* Worldlings have been with much accuracy, and vivacity, described as follows, by the pen of one who added the experience of near a century, to the erudition of the Scholar, the close observation of the successful Dramatist, the vigilance of the man of business, and the unimpeached integrity of the Gentleman.

“A man who is gifted with these lucky talents, is armed with hands, as a ship with grappling irons, ready to catch hold of, and make himself fast to every thing he comes in contact with ; and such a man, with all these properties of adhesion, has also the property, like the Polypus, of a most miraculous and convenient indivisibility ; cut off his hold, nay, cut him how you will, he is still a Polypus, whole and entire. Men of this sort shall work their way out of their obscurity like cockroaches out of the hold of a ship, and crawl into notice, nay, even into king’s palaces, as the frogs did into Pharaoh’s.

But there are more than these—Vain men will have their flatterers, rich men their followers, and powerful men their dependants. A great man in office is like a great whale in the ocean ; there will be a sword-fish and a thresher, a Junius and a John Wilkes, ever in his wake and arming to attack him : These are the vexed spirits of the deep, who trouble the waters, turning them up from the very bottom, that they may emerge

From care to care they rush, from crime to crime,  
Resolving to be happy,—*when they've time*;  
A time that *never* comes, while day by day  
They pine, by fever burnt of hope's delay.

---

from their mud, and float upon the surface of the billows in foam of their own making."

"But whilst these men may be said to fight their way into consequence, and so long as they can but live in notice are content to live in trouble, there is a vast majority of easy, unambitious, courteous humble servants, whose unoffending vanity aspires no higher than like Samson's bees to make honey in the bowels of a lion, and fatten on the offal of a rich man's superfluities. They ask no more of fortune than to float, like the horse dung with the apples, and enjoy the credit of good company as they travel down the smooth and easy stream of life. For these there is a vast demand, and their talents are as various as the uses they are put to. Every great, rich and consequential man, who has not the wisdom to hold his tongue, must enjoy his privilege of talking, and there must be dull fellows to listen to him; again, if, by talking about what he does not understand, he gets into embarrassments, there must be clever fellows to help him out of them: when he would be merry, there must be witty rogues to make him laugh; when he would be sorrowful, there must be sad rogues to sigh and groan and make long faces: as a great man must be never in the wrong, there must be hardy rascals, who will swear he is always in the right; as he must never show fear, of course he must never see danger; and as his courage must at no time sink, there must be friends at all times ready to prevent its being tried."

Unto the means, their ignominious strife  
Would sacrifice the noblest end of life ;  
For toys they fight, nor give the conflict breath,  
Madmen, until their own be stopped by death ;  
Contend for Prizes better *lost* than won,  
Then die like Chargers with their trappings on.  
Blind moles, enough of Earth that cannot have,  
Till it o'erwhelm and close them in the Grave ;  
Untaught the dreadful difference between  
Present and obvious, future and unseen.  
Like men doomed ne'er to die, they live, and then  
Die with vain hope, they ne'er may live again ;  
Their chief fear *then* is, that they *cannot* die,  
Cursed (awful thought) with Immortality.  
Eternal life, with half the toils and pains  
They take to be undone, the Christian gains !

Thus, doth the Father of all lies deceive  
Those, who, the God of Love, to serve him, leave.  
Task-Master hard, destruction is his pay,  
Nor doth *his* Service boast one Sabbath-Day ;  
Their souls, their bodies, like the God of Truth,  
*He* too demands ; their Manhood, Age, and Youth.  
And Conscience, sacrifice more costly still,  
Must they surrender, to their Master's will.

While he, on their swift ruin most intent,  
Their very wages makes their punishment ;  
Mocks them with pomp and splendid vanities,  
That prove a sorry retuge, not a prize ;

Denies their soul its health, yet bids them take  
His nauseous remedy ! their thirst to slake ;  
The cup Circean, whose disgusting lees  
Their jaded appetite no longer please.  
Doubly deceived, in falshood's maze perplex,  
That neither leads to this world, nor the next,  
Go, sordid wretches, go, and count your gains,  
Ideal pleasures, and substantial pains ;  
Remorseful stings, from talents misapplied,  
From gifts abused, from promises belied ;  
From all the foes your treacheries have made,  
From all the friends your friendships have be-  
trayed ;  
From arts that youth's fair Morn with clouds  
o'ercast,  
From dread of future ill, and bootless grief for past.  
Deceived themselves, who live but to deceive,  
All such to mercy, and to God I leave !  
Not as though I, like Abdiel remained  
Midst those Apostates I condemn, unstained ;  
Too well, the Writer knows *himself* to feel  
The sad contagion he would gladly heal ;  
For heaven's pure lamp illumines *human* mould,  
And *earthen* Vessels living waters hold.  
Are no Physicians to prescribe, but those  
Who boast immunity from human woes ?  
Were Vice unblamed save by the blameless, then  
Must Mortals yield to Angel-hands the pen !



Weep Sages, Heroes, weep and smile with me  
 O'er Man, that Mass of Inconsistency;  
 Behold Iskander,\* gauge that mighty mind!  
 That Earth enclosed, in limits too confined;  
 Trained by th' ambitious Seer,† whose potent pen  
 The Realms of Science ruled, to conquer men.

\* Alexander is an instance how much less difficult it is to conquer others, than *ourselves*. At Persepolis he fired the magnificent Palace of Xerxes, at the instigation of Thais an Athenian Courtesan. His cruelty at Thebes, and his treatment of Betis and Calisthenes, can hardly be reconciled with his generosity to Porus, and the tears he shed for the unhappy fate of Darius. Even at the festal board, Clitus fell a victim to the ungovernable passion of that Hero, whose life he had saved on the banks of the Granicus. But we are still more at a loss, when we compare his besotted *extravaganzas* at Babylon, with the cool and calculating foresight, and political sagacity he discovered in Egypt, when he laid the foundation of Alexandria; a city which from its peculiar geographical advantages, must have been at this moment the Emporium of the World, had it not been for a circumstance which Alexander could not possibly have foreseen—the Discovery of the Polarity of the Magnet.

† Philip thanked the Gods, for having given him a son at the time when an Aristotle could be found to educate him. The empire over the *intellectual* World, established by the Preceptor, was as universal, and much more permanent, than that of the Pupil, over the *material*. The physics and metaphysics of that *Athenian Oracle*, have received some rude shocks from the hands of Bacon, and of Newton; and their Coup de Grace has now been dealt to them, from the luminous pens of Reid, and of Stewart. In *one* of our Universi-

See the World's Lord, the Puppet of a Punk,  
A God when sober : less than mortal, drunk ;  
In fight brave, generous : cruel at the feast,  
In Egypt sage ; at Babylon a Beast.

Or turn to him whose spirit-stirring tongue  
New-braced each nerve, each palsied sinew strung ;  
Who dared defy both Philip, and his Gold,  
Yet saved by flight \* that Traitor-head he *sold*.

ties, Aristotle was long considered the forerunner of Jesus Christ in Philosophy, as John the Baptist was in Grace. A disciple of Newton on hearing some enthusiastic admirers of Aristotle affirm that every thing worthy to be known, might be found in his Works, observed that he could tell them where much more knowledge was contained in a much smaller compass,—*He referred them to their alphabet !!* In the famous Jesuit edition of the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton, there is a very curious note, characteristic of their Order. Having taken the utmost pains to elucidate and disseminate the Principles of that Philosopher, they gravely observe—They would not on any account be thought to oppose or impugn the Bull of his infallible Holiness the Pope, “*Contra Motum Telluris.*” That monstrous dogma of Aristotle that the Sun moves round the Earth, has still some supporters in Italy ; and a Gentleman who lately came from thence, informed me, that the Almanack-makers were not a little puzzled, to reconcile their *faith* with their *Astronomy*. Of the above absurd supposition of Aristotle, it has been beautifully remarked——‘Strange ! that he should have denied a small portion of intellect to that Almighty Creator, from whom he himself had derived so much !’

\* Demosthenes fled when Philip conquered the combined forces at Cheronæa. He mistook a post in which some part of his apparel was entangled, for an Enemy, and loudly vocife-

Or Tully weigh, the Latian Rostrum's pride,  
 Who nor like Brutus fought, nor Cato died;  
 Now wresting Rome from Cataline, and flame;  
 Now cringing to a Chronicler \* for fame;  
 While shameless Sallust, piqued, relates the plot,  
 Where nought, *but he that crushed it*, is forgot.

Now Bacon! † boast and scorn of science view,  
 In *words* an Angel, but in *deeds* a Jew;

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rated, "Spare my life." Harpalus, a notorious peculator, and one of Alexander's generals, sent him a golden cup, with twenty Talents; *the first draught from this Cup* produced a wonderful effect on the Orator's voice and memory; for on the day after this present had been sent him, he appeared in the assembly, with his throat wrapt up in wool, as if he had a quinsy; on being called upon to speak, he made signs that he had lost his voice.

\* Cicero, in a letter which he himself appears to have been very proud of, since he describes it as "*Epistola valde bella*," requests Luceius, who was about to write the History of Rome, to make the Catalinarian Conspiracy, a kind of Episode, or the subject of a separate volume; of which he hopes Luceius will make him the hero, and even ventures to suggest the propriety of his telling posterity some handsome lies about him. It is curious that Sallust has undertaken the task, and written the whole account of the Conspiracy; but without making the slightest mention of Cicero who defeated it.

† Francis the Chancellor. The principal object of this great man's life, and the sole aim and end of his labours, was to make science useful. With one exception (his illustrious Name-sake) it might be said more truly than of Socrates, "*Mihi primus videtur a rebus occultis, et ab ipsa natura in-*

Wisdom's bright Sun, enlightener of the world,  
From his high zenith for corruption hurled.

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volutis, evocavisse Philosophiam, et ad vitam communem adduxisse; Primus, devocavit a Cælo, et in Urbibus collocavit, et in Domos etiam introduxit." Young men are sent to the Universities to study the elements of Science, *pure Mathematics*, Logic, and the import of the various terms made use of to express abstract ideas. But all this is done, not with a view that they should take their tropes and figures into Society; or the *ten predicaments* into the House of Commons; but that having stored their minds with sound Principles, and strengthened them by habits of reflection and enquiry, they may *digest* their erudition, and apply it in a form less crude, to the useful purposes of social life. These Elements of Knowledge should support the superstructure; but like all other foundations, *they* should lie concealed. The first thing that a Man, deeply versed in *pure Mathematics*, must *learn*, if he would make his knowledge useful, is, that there is no such thing as a straight line, a triangle, nor a circle in *nature*. But without those *previous* acquirements, it were impossible for such men to have been eminently beneficial to Society. A very old author observes, "We feed Sheep with grass, not in hopes of obtaining a crop of *Hay* from their backs; but that they may supply us with *Mutton*, and clothe us with *Wool*." But to return to the Chancellor, it is melancholy to reflect that this great man was convicted of notorious bribery and corruption, and sentenced by the House of Lords to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. Perhaps the greatest share of the blame attaches to his Servants; and the literary habits of their master, might facilitate their depredations. That he himself attributed his ruin to them, is evident, for when on his return

Insolvent died, and unrevered he lived,  
By crimes through which his *servants* only thrived.

Or mark, where Charles, *to glut a faction* \* bled,  
Who, had he kept his word, had saved his head :

from his trial they all rose up on his entering into a room, where they were sitting, he exclaimed "Sit down, my Masters, *your rise hath been my fall.*"

\* It has been fashionable for ignorance and credulity, to attribute the beheading of this Monarch to the Presbyterians. But the truth is, that they were as guiltless of his blood, as the Presbyterians of the present day are of the blood of Louis. Charles the first, by his violent measures, by his attachment to Popery, by the conduct of his fleet, in the affair at Rochelle; by his countenancing the Massacre of the Protestants in Ireland; (as fully appeared on the trial of the Marquis of Antrim;) by his attempt to reign without a Parliament; by his gross violations of the liberty of the subject; by his unconstitutional levies of money; by his establishment of a kind of Inquisition, of which Laud was Inquisitor-General; by his notorious prevarications, and shameless departures from his promises; by these and many such like enormities, we are justified in affirming that this Monarch committed a sort of *Regal Suicide*, and *unkinged himself*. Burnet expressly tells us, that with respect to the death of the King, Cromwell was in suspense, and that Fairfax was *distracted* about it. The latter would have saved him if he could. Burnet goes on to say that Ireton whom he compares to Cassius, in temper, and in principles, was the person who was *chiefly* engaged in taking the King's Life. But he expressly informs us, that the *Presbyterians* were much against this measure; and were every where fasting and praying for the King's preservation. Mr. Fox also clearly absolves *them*, and attributes the *death* of Charles to its

Whose boundless, lawless lust of Power, combined  
Decisive measures, with a wavering mind.

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true cause, a *Military Faction*, whose Councils were dictated by Ireton, and acquiesced in, not unwillingly, by Cromwell. But after Cromwell had *purged* the House, as he called it, of one hundred and forty of its most loyal members, and things were rapidly advancing to a crisis, even then the Presbyterians were the only men who had the courage to appear openly for the King. They exerted themselves both in public and private, to save his life. Forty of their most respectable ministers addressed a letter to the General and Officers of the Army, *against* the seizing and imprisoning the person of the King. This famous letter to the Army is drawn up in the strongest terms expressive of their abhorrence of the bloody and violent measures then in contemplation; and in a strain of no common eloquence they appeal to Men and Angels, to witness their solemn protestations against the shedding of Royal Blood. Even on the very day he was beheaded, Calamy, a leading minister amongst them, and others, requested Fairfax to attempt his rescue. It was too late; Fairfax found that he was over-reached, and that he had lost his influence with the Army;

“For Oliver had gotten ground

To hem him, with his Warriors round.”

I will be bold to say that there is no fact in History, capable of higher proof, or which rests on more satisfactory evidence than the following; namely, that the Execution of Charles the first, was a measure entirely repugnant to the feelings and the wishes of the Presbyterians. To use an homely proverb, I have in this note merely attempted to put the Saddle upon the right Horse. Through evil report and good report, I hope I shall always have boldness to speak the Truth. Unanimity

His Royal promise, wind : his Oath, a breath :  
 Faithless through life : magnanimous in death :  
 With firmness steeled to meet that tragic end,  
 From which he dared not snatch a stedfast friend.  
 False to himself, to God, and men, he dies  
 Mid Priests and prayers, and treacheries and  
 lies.

Subjects in silence mourn their Monarch's woe,  
 But Strafford's blood rebukes the tears that flow.

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amongst ourselves (so far as it can be attained) is of paramount importance in the present times. All Prejudices calculated to widen the breach ought to be rooted up. Therefore I shall mention one instance of the magnanimous conduct of the Dissenters, which a *Protestant Reformed* church ought not to forget. Burnet informs us that at a time when all reflecting persons entertained most just fears of a *Papal ascendancy*, that the Presbyterians submitted *voluntarily* to the amercement of rights, and to the imposition of tests, that a more effectual security might be found against Popery, and that nothing might interpose till that was done. In the House they commissioned their own member, Love, to say that when the ground for apprehensions of a *Papal ascendancy* was removed, *they would try to deserve some favour, but at present they were willing to lie under the severity of the Laws, rather than clog a more necessary work with their concerns.* The House in gratitude passed a vote to bring in a Bill in favour of Protestant Dissenters; but nothing was done for them, and this vote turned out to be a "Vox et præterea nihil."

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Hear next, for who the voice of Truth can hush !  
 How Churchill's \* faults make Marlborough's  
 merits blush ;

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\* This man, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was employed as an inferior Agent, in the most contemptible and nefarious transaction on record in History ; I mean when James the second of England, sold himself to Louis the fourteenth of France. Mr. Fox's reflection on this occasion, my Readers, I am positive, will pardon me for quoting. "How little could Barillon guess that he was negotiating with one who was destined to be at the head of an administration, which, in a few years, would send the same Lord Churchill, not to Paris to implore Lewis for succours towards enslaving England, or to thank him for pensions to her monarch, but to combine all Europe against him, in the cause of liberty ; to rout his armies, to take his towns, to humble his pride, and to shake to the foundation that fabrick of power which it had been the business of a long life to raise, at the expense of every sentiment of tenderness to his subjects, and of justice and good faith to foreign nations ! It is with difficulty the reader can persuade himself that the Godolphin and Churchill here mentioned, are the same persons who were afterwards, one in the cabinet, one in the field, the great conductors of the war of the Succession. How little do they appear in one instance ! how great in the other ! And the investigation of the cause to which this excessive difference is principally owing, will produce a most useful lesson. Is the difference to be attributed to any superiority of genius in the prince whom they served in the latter period of their lives ? Queen Anne's capacity appears to have been inferior even to her father's. Did they enjoy in a greater degree her favour and confidence ? The very reverse is the fact. But in one case they were the tools of a King plotting



Now the vile Tool of Bourbon's *Sceptred Slave* !

Now Blenheim's hero, bravest of the Brave !

But Who is he ? whose Sword a single stain  
Bedims—his luckless star points out Germaine ; \*  
At Fontenoy the Lion of the van !

Appalled at Minden, by a foe that ran.

Shall we th' apostate Patriot-Band review ?  
In Wilkes behold a sample of the Crew ;  
Much breath he wasted, and much ink he shed,  
For Freedom ranted, and for Freedom *bled* ;  
Could write, harangue, and fight,—then *look askance*  
For power at home, or *annual bribe from France* ! †

against his people ; in the other, the ministers of a free government, acting upon enlarged principles, and with energies which no state that is not in some degree republican can supply. How forcibly must the contemplation of these men in such opposite situations, teach persons engaged in political life, that a free and popular government is desirable, not only for the public good, but for their own greatness and consideration, for every object of generous ambition.

\* At the Battle of Fontenoy this Nobleman charged so bravely at the head of his Grenadiers, and had penetrated so far into the lines of the enemy, that when he received a musket Ball through his breast, his wound was absolutely dressed in one of the Tents appropriated to the Retinue of the French King. On his subsequent conduct at Minden, when he commanded the Cavalry, I shall not enlarge.

† “Depend upon it, my dear Sir, (writes Walpole in one of his letters) that Wilkes was in the pay of France during the Wilkes and Liberty days. Calling one day on the French

Would ye the Prince of Contradictions know ?  
Sift that *embodied* Paradox, Rousseau ! \*

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Minister, I observed a book on his table, with Wilkes's name on the first leaf. This led to a conversation which convinced me. Other circumstances, too long and minute to be here repeated, strengthened, if necessary, that conviction, *I am as sure of it as of any fact I know*. Wilkes at first cringed to Lord Bute. The embassy to Constantinople was the object of his ambition ; it was refused, and you know what followed.

\* The father of this extraordinary man was a Watch-maker at Geneva, a rigid Calvinist ; after the business of the day, it was his custom to read and to expound the Bible to his Son. These early Impressions, Rousseau could never entirely erase. He is ingenuous enough to admit that the Gospel account of the life and death of our Saviour, of the truth of which he observes many are inclined to doubt, carries with it more internal proofs of veracity, than the account of the life and death of Socrates ; of the truth of which all men are satisfied. This paragon of Inconsistency composed plays, and declaimed against the amusements of the theatre. In his *Emilius* he puts forth all the powers of his persuasive eloquence, in recommending mothers to suckle their children ; but he renounced his own, and sent them to the Hospital of Foundlings. And to put it out of his own power, at some compassionate moment to reclaim them, he expressly ordered that no mark, date, nor document should be preserved, by which he might be enabled to demand them back. He was about to write in favour of civilization, the belles lettres, and fine arts. "If you do," said Diderot, "nobody will read you ; this is an age of Paradoxes, write against them." He did so, and won the prize. Deeply imbued with serious and awful views of Christianity, yet was he a leading member of the Club of Atheists at the

Whose birth was destined for those *precious* times,  
Which suited best his vanities, and crimes ;  
That Age, for blasphemies and impious wit  
Renowned, was made for him,— and he for it.

No love was found in his *capacious* soul,  
For individuals — but he grasped the whole ;  
He could with tears the *slightest* grief bemoan,  
Of *Adam's* Children, yet renounce *his own* !  
Nor wife, nor friend, nor parent, made a part  
Of *that society* which charmed his heart.

A civil war, more fierce than Lucan sung,  
Set his whole life at variance with his tongue ;

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Hotel d'Holbach. No man was more eloquent in praise of virtue ; and yet his whole life was a practical contradiction of his writings. But he has himself recorded that life, which he acknowledges not to have been distinguished by a single good action ; yet this is the life, says Burke, which with a wild defiance, he flings in the face of his Creator, whom he acknowledges only to brave. His conduct to Hume, during his visit to England, is too well known to require any comment. Burke seems to think, and justly, that vanity was his ruling passion. But to recapitulate all his inconsistencies would be, in other words, to write his life. All his Virtues were *theoretical*, all his Vices *practical*. A monster of cruelty to the *individual*, he could exhaust all the flowers of rhetoric, in praise of benevolence for the *Species*. Burke finely observes that the sentimental Philanthropist is read and admired by thousands ; while the tender Husband, and affectionate Father, shall be scarcely known in the precincts of their own Parish.

By day, of Atheist-Clubs the fond delight,  
 A trembling, Semi-Calvinist by night ;  
 A Social Savage, whose repulsive gloom  
 Silenced the *soothing eloquence* of Hume !

*Seductive* moralist, but most in vogue  
 Where it was deemed no stain to be a Rogue,  
 He pleaded guilty, yet defied the Rod,  
 Nor mercy craved, but justice from his God !

Vainest, and worst, where All were vain and bad ;  
 Chief Madman, on a Stage where All were mad,  
 A baseless, worthless monument he built,  
 Of shadowy virtues, and substantial guilt.

Born in an æra that adjudged the *prize*  
 To splendid fictions, and alluring lies,  
 When Atheists quenched Religion's piercing spark,  
 To act their tragic horrors in the dark ;  
 His genius, like the *German's* chymic light,‡  
 Owed all it's lustre to surrounding night !

*Pure* Motives, with Consistency of Plan,  
 Are heav'n-born gifts, that rarely meet, in man ;  
 Nor dare we hope, to grace th' historic page,  
 A Washington, or William, in an age.  
 Let some to scale the Wall of China\* run,  
 And some to gaze where *Venus* † dots the Sun !

‡ Phosphorus, discovered by Boyle, first sold by a German.

\* Dr. Johnson said he would take off his hat to any man whose great-grandfather had seen the wall of China.

† Sir Joseph Banks, the learned and amiable President of

For fears, and foes, let others \*quit their friends,  
 T' explore where Nile begins, or Niger ends ;  
 To see a grander sight, I'd farther roam,  
 More perils face, renounce a dearer home ;  
 To hail an HONEST MAN ! God's noblest work !  
 Jew, Christian, Pagan, Bramin, Bonze, † or Furk.

All ye, who think the World-enlivening ray  
 Which glads the heart of man, and rules the day,  
 A gift less precious than that purer light,  
 That cheers the darkness of the *Moral* night ;  
 Who deeply dread and deprecate that hour,  
 When Freedom's Voice shall fail, suppressed by  
     Power ;

All ye, who boast an independent mind,  
 Firm as the rock ! unfettered as the wind !

the Royal Society, was carried out to Otaheite, to observe the Transit of the Planet Venus, over the Sun's disk. This phenomenon might have been seen at home, but the object of ascertaining the Sun's parallax would not have been attained.

\* Bruce, and Mungo Park. The former of these intrepid men, encountered dangers, and overcame difficulties abroad, *eventually* to become the object of contempt, and ridicule at home ; and to live suspected of amplification, and lies. It is more than probable that the *latter*, will *never* have an opportunity of experiencing the ingratitude of the world.

† The Bonzes of China are the Priests of the Fohists, and are computed at fifty thousand ; let us hope in charity, there may be *one honest man*, amongst so many.

Who deem that none but slaves are bought, or sold,  
 That chains are chains, though every link be gold;  
 Ye small but mighty band! ye matchless few!  
 Propitious deign to praise—I write for you.

So Friends of Virtue, Truth and Freedom smile,  
 Let Bigots \* threaten, Hypocrites revile;  
 Wretches, whose apathy and rage, by turns  
 The Suppliant freezes, and the Sufferer burns;  
 At once both cold, and cruel, their device  
 And emblem this—a burning lens † of Ice.

Whilst laws have loop-holes, fearless villains gold;  
 Whilst new deceptions shall outdo the old;  
 Whilst Dupes are credulous, Impostors keen,  
 The flatterer servile, or the flattered mean,  
 The craving active, or the sated dull,  
 The empty wakeful, prone to sleep the full;

\* Paley has this observation, “That as the man who attacks a flourishing establishment writes with an halter about his neck, few will be found to attempt alterations, but men of more spirit than prudence; of more sincerity than caution; and of warm, eager, and impetuous tempers. That consequently if we are to wait for improvement, till the cool, the calm, the discreet part of mankind begin it, till *Church-Governors* solicit, or till *Ministers of State* propose it; I will venture,” says he, “to pronounce, that we may remain as we are, till the renovation of all things.”

† To ascertain whether a convex lens of Ice would produce all the effects of a burning glass, is an experiment which has often been tried with success.

Whilst wants or wishes, hopes or fears are found,  
Hypocrisy shall flourish and abound.

Be rich, but care not in what dirty soil  
You delve for gold, nor what *fond* Friend you spoil;  
Be rich, nor lack of staunch dependents dread,  
To court thee living, to extol thee dead;  
Though still with sinful fires thy bosom glow,  
Whose head is blanched like Hecla's, white as snow!  
Though Time that lends thy Woods a deeper shade,  
More dark with crimes their Owner's mind hath  
made;

Thy Woods, o'er which, his vast aerial ring  
The wearied Hawk\* describes, with flagging wing;  
While Cooks from France, and Baths of Milk supply  
With sap of youth thy stale debility,  
And spur thy jaded lust, and light thy glazing eye!

Libido left a Name as black as night,  
His wealth, like snow, shall render all things white;  
On reams of parchment scribbled o'er and o'er,  
Lords, Knights, Pimps, Caterers, Punks, and  
Doctors, pore!

\* "Dic *Passer* cui tot montes, tot prædia servas

Appula, tot *milcos* intra tua pascua lassos."

Whoever has observed the circle described by the Hawk or Buzzard, will recollect that this circle is always in proportion to the dimensions of the Copse or Wood over which they are towering.

The rich Man's Heirs, should his foul memory  
stink,

In splendid Monument to *hide* it, think ;

Thus, lest the Carcase taint their *honied* house,

Do Bees \* in wax embalm——— a *Putrid mouse* !

Will he accept, Who fills th' eternal Throne,  
For an unspotted life, a spotless stone ?

Though Mausoleums o'er a *Wharton* rise,

Aud Columns lift his *Statue* to the Skies ;

\* The following curious fact in the natural History of Bees, is well known to all who have paid much attention to the proceedings of these *half-reasoning* Insects. They will unanimously form a little Phalanx, to draw the dead carcase of a Wasp, or a Drone out of their hive. If a Mouse, who has a fancy for a little honey, should invade their territories, they attack him with their stings. Overcome by numbers, he falls ! “*Procumbit humi Mus !*” What is now to be done with this dead *Gulliver*, amongst the *Lilliputians* ? Their embattled host is in consternation ; “*Fremere miles, non tumultus, non quies ; sed quale magnæ iræ, ac magni metus, silentium !*” It is evident that their united efforts would not be sufficient to draw this *gigantic* intruder out of their hive. They know not how destructive so vast a mass of putridity would prove to their little common-wealth ; they are also ignorant that the total exclusion of air would prevent the decomposition of animal substances ; but instinct has instructed them how to guard against the pernicious effluvia from the *mountain* carcase of their vanquished Invader ; and has taught them to have recourse to their wax ; their *nearest, best, and only* remedy. Hence it is no unusual thing, on destroying an Hive, to find a dead mouse in a state of compleat preservation, thus incased, and embalmed.



Though of his wealth o'ergrown, he settle half  
On Cam, and Isis, for an Epitaph.

We prize and venerate a noble mind,  
With titles, rank, and noble birth combined;  
But all, by blushing Heralds *only* praised,  
And by Forefather's crimes, or merits, raised,  
To fame unknown, born but to fill a space  
In *Calendars*,—in Courts a vacant place,  
Let such be shunned, their Palaces, and Plate  
Provoke our Scorn, their Arrogance our hate;  
Pledge not their goblet, though their Cellars hold  
Tokay, as precious deemed as liquid gold!  
Though every climate, soil, and sun, combine  
To swell the banquet, and enrich the wine!  
Though either Ind her fragrant fruits impart,  
Till nature drained, implores the aid of art;  
Where e'en Lucullus, might be grieved to fast,  
And own the famed Apollo's \* pomp surpassed;  
Where swoln Apicius † to the feast restored,  
Might hail new Worlds to glut his Paunch explored;

\* Lucullus, who did not like trouble, gave every banquetting Room in his house a particular title. The Apollo was his most sumptuous Apartment; and so many sestertia were allotted to a feast in that Room. Therefore, when he meant to treat in his most magnificent style, he had only to say to his Maitre d'Hotel, "I dine in the Apollo."

† There were three Gluttons of this name. The chief of them, sailed to the coast of Africa to eat oysters. On not finding them so good as he expected, he returned, without condescending to land.

Cerberian Epicure ! \* whose sudden doom  
Lowered the price of luxuries in Rome !

Were Youth immortal, health, and vigour sold,  
For Continents of land, and Mines of gold !  
Some plea we then might offer for the bad,  
Then were not Worldlings blind, nor Misers mad.  
But since each acre adds a pang to death,  
Yet may not purchase one poor moment's breath ;  
Let Fools their treasures boast—the Wise retort,  
' Vast as they are, their tenure must be short. '

What mighty things Cognatus, let me ask,  
Has't gained, deceived Dissembler !—by thy mask ?  
In Youth, each peevish Patron's needy slave,  
Now rich, but old, and hastening to thy grave.  
With Barzillai's † joyless eye, thy state  
Thy wealth and splendor view—they come too late ;

\* Diodorus and Epicharides were said to have swallowed their patrimony as you would a pill. Ctesippus, to provide himself with Luxuries, sold the monument of his father, which the Athenians had erected at the expense of a thousand drachmas.

† And the King said unto Barzillai, come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me, in Jerusalem. And Barzillai said unto the King, how long have I to live, that I should go up with the King unto Jerusalem ? I am this day fourscore years old, and can I discern between good and evil ? Can thy Servant taste what I eat, or what I drink ? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men, or singing women ? Wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my Lord the King ? II *Samuel* xix.

Fatiguing pomp, and ceremonial show,  
Add but a gilded burthen, to thy woe.  
Who stars and garters seek, with hoary head,  
Would fain be finely dressed, *to go to bed.*

Without Religion's hopes, the pains, and fears,  
Darest thou encounter, of declining years ;  
For age his lines doth in thy forehead trace,  
But leaves no mark of wisdom, nor of grace ;  
True Wisdom ! not that purblind worldly thing  
From which thy rise, thy fall, and ruin spring ;  
Age mocks thee too with wealth, that bootless prize,  
*Vain wages now of flatteries, fraud, and lies.*  
Feel then, tho' dead to pleasure, Satire's smart,  
That ownest a palsied head, and hardened heart.

Age in each furrowed wrinkle's deepening lines,  
Thy Sorrows sows, thy pleasures undermines ;  
Toils on, with shrivelled hand, and brow forlorn,  
To root the flowret up, and plant the thorn ;  
Bids sense of pain, in young enjoyment's room,  
Thrive, like the yew, most lively *near the tomb !*  
With sad remembrance of *departed* joys,  
And taste of *present* woe, thy peace destroys ;  
Gives thee for wit, and wine, and power to please,  
In life's stale cup, the bitter dregs, and lees ;  
Black dregs, on which each nerve and muscle fed,  
Ah ! still to torment live,—to transport dead.

Age the scene darkens, ere the curtain drops,  
*Detains the guest, and yet the banquet stops !*

Thine eyes bedims, in moisture drowns their fire,  
 And chills with icy touch each warm desire ;  
 Condemns thee, in the dark thy way to grope,  
 By life's tired guides deserted—Patience—Hope !  
 Then, *Mendicant of air*, with gasping breath  
 Leads thee, through pain's dark avenue, to death ;  
 There ends, 'twixt nature and disease, the strife ;  
 Death is the *Cure*—*where the complaint is life* !  
 Thus shall thy race of folly, fraud, and sin,  
 In sorrows end, that did in sighs begin.

Then ask not length of days, that giftless gift,\*  
 More pleased like Wolfe to die, than live like  
 Swift ! †

Who with prophetic plaint his doom divined ;  
 The body made the *living* tomb of mind !  
 Rudder and compass gone, of thought, and speech !  
 He lay—a mighty wreck, on Wisdom's beach !

Couldst thou, Cognatus, like the setting sun,  
 Review a race, both bright, and useful, run ;  
 O could I promise that thy honoured bier,  
 Should claim the Widow's sigh, the Orphan's tear ;

\* “*Δωρον αἰώνιον.*”

† Swift seems to have entertained some gloomy forebodings of the melancholy fate that awaited him. On seeing a tree the top of which was withered, he shook his head, and exclaimed I shall be like that tree, I shall *die at top*. For seven years, only one expression indicative of reason, escaped those lips from which Europe had derived so much pleasure and instruction.

And that thy pallid lips, devoid of guile,  
Should cheer thy weeping friends with *dying*  
smile ;

Then might I, warmed by love, by duty led,  
Revere thine age ! and hail thy hoary head,  
That meekly bows, the stroke of death to meet,  
As to the sickle bends the ripened wheat !  
This is true Wisdom's gift ! that length \* of days,  
Believers pray for, and Blasphemers praise.

But, loving none, and, ah ! by none beloved,  
By scorn without, remorse within, reproved,  
Canst thou, Cognatus ! with thyself at strife,  
And Man, and God, *endure* the load of life ?  
Sad gift indeed to *thee* is lengthened age,  
With conscience war internal doomed to wage.

From Heirs who wish thee dead, thy *wealth*  
commands  
Cold, heartless help, doled out by *niggard* hands ;  
Who grudge th' *assistance* that thy pangs allays,  
And curse the *kindness* that prolongs thy days.

Each year to mourn some dear dissevered friend,  
And o'er the grave thy time-bleached head to  
bend,  
*This bane of Age*, to scape, 'tis *thine* alone,  
Who hast nor friendship's griefs nor pleasures  
known.

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\* "Length of days is in her right hand."

But if Youth's joys, by vile dependance crossed, }  
 And present prospects, nipped by age's frost, }  
 Be all thy gains,—O think on pleasures lost.  
 A form for manly feats of vigour framed,  
 Refreshed by exercise, by toil untamed;  
 Elastic Spirits, buoyant as the flood,  
 A Pulse that owns no drop of servile blood;  
 A liberal heart, an independent mind,  
 An eye that beams with candour, bold, yet kind;  
 All that ennobles, all that gladdens life,  
 The faithful friend, the sympathizing wife;  
 Chaste flames, extinguishing impure desire,  
 As the Sun's light puts out each baser fire:  
 Charms, that in love and friendship only reign,  
 Each joy to double, to divide each pain;  
 Disinterested love, and converse sweet,  
 The Social board, where equals, equals \* meet;  
 Where no feigned welcome greets the formal guest,  
 Where temperance finds the relish, wit the zest.

These hadst thou found, then also hadst thou  
 known,

That secret rare, to live content alone;  
 Who best can fill true Friendship's sacred post, \*  
 Needs Friends the *least*, yet knows to prize them *most*.

Then hadst thou dared to scorn the titled herd,  
 And golden hours, the Mantuan's † choice preferred;

\* Nulla nisi inter æquales amicitia.

† "O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint  
 Agricolæ!"

In sweet communion with th' illustrious dead,  
 Whom fancy warmed, and Truth immortal led;  
 Friends that ne'er flatter, slander, or intrude,  
 Yet bidden, come, to charm our solitude!  
 These, while they yielded sweets that never cloy,  
 Had strengthened all thy powers to enjoy,  
 With memory strong had blest thee, to digest  
 And keep, with judgement free to chuse, the best;  
 With taste, untaught to cringe in gallic school,  
 Which Patrons might respect, but might not rule;  
 With spirit bold, and manly, to decry  
 In letters, as in creeds—all Popery;  
 That dares detect, because as odious quite,  
 In learning, as in faith,—an Hypocrite!

Then justly meet *without* scorn's chilling eye,  
 And hear *within* that voice thou canst not fly;  
 That woe-denouncing voice, whose accents deep,  
 While midnight silence listens, *murder sleep*;<sup>\*</sup>  
 Sounds like to those that wronged Cassandra  
 grieved,

Too long discredited, *too late* believed!  
 A voice thou mightst not fly, couldst thou the  
 wind

That drives the tempest, to thine axle bind!  
 Yea the space-cleaving pinion of the Dove,  
 Without her innocence, would useless prove;

\* *Surdo, verberare cædit.*

Who bears his own tormentor in his breast,  
O whither can he fly, and be at rest ?

Live,—that thy body and thy soul may be  
*Foes* that can't part, and *friends* that can't agree ;  
And wish for Death, yet hope thy wishes vain,  
For Death, at once thy antidote, and bane ;  
A shelter sad, to which thou fain wouldst fly,  
A dangerous refuge, which thou darest not try !  
Thus, the tossed Bark, of winds and waves the  
sport,

Would shun the storm, but dreads the *hostile Port* !

Death ! foe to vice, but Virtue's surest Friend,  
Thou endless Ill ! or of all Ills the end !  
Hope-blasting blank, or life-conferring prize,  
That *mayst* make happy, and that *must* make wise !  
Thou dreadful, soothing, sure, uncertain thing,  
Herald of Light, of shadowy darkness King ;  
What art ! in whom such wide extremes appear ?  
The Captive's solace, and the Tyrant's fear.  
By thee, the world, in awful balance weighed,  
Is lighter than the shadow of a shade ;  
Yea systems, placed in thy mysterious scale,  
With all their Suns, and subject Planets, fail !  
Thou, their inflated emptiness to try,  
Dost weigh them all against Eternity ;  
Outweighed, Time's transient creatures kick the  
beam,  
Eternity discovers them a Dream !



Of Thrace, and Ephesus \* illustrious Seers  
 O for your constant smiles, and ceaseless tears ;  
 Ye laughed, and wept, though *then* † no Ideots  
                   gazed  
 At Popes, no Bigots raved, no martyrs blazed ;

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\* Democritus and Heraclitus, the laughing and weeping Philosophers.

“Jamne igitur laudas, quod de Sapientibus, alter  
 Ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum  
 Protuleratque pedem ; flebat contrarius alter ?  
 Mirum est unde illis oculis suffecerit humor,  
 Sed facilis rigidi cuius censura cachinni.”

† ———Quamquam *non* essent Urbibus illis  
 Prætexta, et trabæ, fasces, lectica, tribunal.   JUV.

Translations of this Author are in every one's hands; therefore I have not thought it necessary to subjoin them to the quotations. It is curious that an Author whose condensed and sententious style is so very unfriendly to the task of translators, should have been so often attempted by them; and what is more, with such success as hath crowned the labours of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Hodgson. It strikes me that the paucity of good poetical translations may be fairly traced to the following cause; the Poet in composing, has generally made choice out of various Ideas that present themselves, those particular ones which the language in which he writes, and the metre which he has chosen, will permit him to express in the most elegant and felicitous manner. It is evident that this choice of Ideas is an advantage of which the *Translator* cannot avail himself. If this be true, of course it would follow that good translations of Prose Authors, would be much more common than of the Poets. Now has not experience proved that this is the

Ere o'er fell Torquemada's \* fiendlike tongue,  
 In gloomy raptures, Isabella hung;  
 Ere sealed Indulgences, and Peter's-pence  
 Reared Folly's throne, o'er wreck of common sense;

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case? I apprehend a Translator, if he wishes to gain credit by his labours, ought to select an Author who abounds with lively images, and vigorous thoughts, but not pourtrayed and expressed in the most felicitous manner. It is the "curiosa dicendi felicitas," and the "melliti verborum globuli," that render it quite impossible for any Translator to do justice to the Odes of Horace, or the Moral Painting of Pope. It sometimes happens, that some favourite, and almost vernacular phrase in the language of the Translator, may suit a particular passage better than that mode of expression adopted by the Author himself. In this case, the Translation will surpass the Original. A Friend of mine translated a Latin Distich which he saw on a window at Glastonbury. I shall give it my readers, as it is a strong proof of the truth of the above position. The only part of the Monastery there, which still resists the ravages of time, happens to be the *kitchen* of those good Fathers.

"Templa ruunt, et Sancta Dei, sed tanta palati  
 Cura fuit monachis, *tuta Culina* manet."

"Their kitchen stands, their ruined Altars nod,  
 The Reason's plain, their *belly was their God!*"

\* Isabella of Castile married Ferdinand King of Arragon; by this marriage the two Crowns were united. John De Torquemada, a Dominican, and her Confessor, had extorted from her a solemn promise that she would do every thing in her power, to extirpate Heretics. This man is to be considered as *Under Satan*, the principal instrument of the establishment of the Inquisition in Spain. He was made Cardinal, and Inqui-

Ere rich Loretto's shrine, or Beckett's \* stone,  
High mass, or Tabernacle cant, were known.

Ye wept and laughed, e'en in those favoured  
times,  
Before James\* scribbled prose, or Hopkins † rhimes;

sitor General; and during the fourteen years of his administration, he kept the great square of Madrid in one constant blaze. He prosecuted *one hundred thousand persons*, and condemned *six thousand* to the flames.

\* The follies and extravagances acted at the tomb of Beckett were equal to any thing of the sort in the Papal dominions. At this sepulchre, Henry the second submitted to a sound flagellation, on his bare back, administered by the Monks. It appears that the devotion shewn to Beckett at Canterbury had quite effaced the adoration of the Deity. The donations of one year stood thus; at the high altar of God, one penny; at the altar of the Virgin, *l4 1s 8d.* At the Altar of Beckett *l954, 6s 3d.* The great riches of his Shrine attracted the attention of Henry the eighth. He robbed it of its treasures; and he cited the *dead Saint* to answer in court. It does not however appear that he obeyed the summons. Death was not to be cheated of his victim, by an *Habeas Corpus ad respondendum*. As an appearance in Court after being so long immured in a sepulchre, *happened to be one of the few miracles this saint could not perform*, he was of course condemned *as a Traitor*; and his name was erased from the *Calendar*.

† James the 6th of Scotland, and first of England, wrote a Commentary on the Revelations; Basilicon Doron, or advice to his Son; Dæmonology, or a Treatise on Witchcraft; and a pamphlet entitled a Counterblast against Tobacco. He effectually took care to prevent Sir Walter Raleigh, the Intro-

Ere Henry \* female blood in torrents spilt,  
 To shun a crime less deep—the Adulterer's guilt.  
 Ere shovel-hats, square caps, gold-headed canes,  
 Or three-tailed wigs, supplied the lack of brains;  
 Ere suits at Chancery Court, or Lincoln's Inn  
 Were heard—more hard to *finish*, than *begin*;  
 On *Cambrian* sheep ere pampered Pleaders dined,  
 While o'er the *parchment skins*, starved clients  
 pined;

Ere Eunuchs could a Nation's taste reproach,  
 Ere Fidlers *kept*, or Nobles *drove*, a coach;  
 Ere wit and Sheridan; gave up the stage  
 To Carpenters, and Pantomimic rage;  
 Ere Sophs for public dinners, read a week,  
 To startle Aldermen with scraps of Greek;  
 Ere Bards the year with *monthly* Epics crowned,  
 And Grocers purchased Poems by the pound;

---

ducer of that Weed, from using it, by *cutting off his head*, fifteen years after sentence.

\* Sternhold and Hopkins—"Par nobile Fratrum !"

"Et cantare simul et respondere parati."

In an early edition, of their Version, there is this passage from Psalm lxxiv, 5. *A Man was famous according as he had lifted up axes on the thick trees.*

"A Man was had in re-pu-ta-ti-on,

Who lifted up his axe great trees upon !!

† Henry the eighth, who never spared a man in his anger, nor a woman in his lust, *was also an Author*, and wrote a book against Luther; for this book the Pope complimented him with the title of Defender of the Faith.

Ere travelling Cubs by pedant Priests were led,  
 Ere Critics censured books they never read ;  
 Ere grave Hypocrisy, with flag unfurled,  
 Bestrid this doleful laughing-stock the world !  
 This Tragi-comedy, and empty show,  
 For Realms above—enacted here below.  
 Whose Follies every Bard hath felt and sung,  
 But sung in vain, from Homer down to Young.  
 Men know they serve for nought, yet slaves remain,  
 Th' exploded bubble grasp, and hug the chain.

Illustrious Seers! *this age* your strength had  
     tried,  
 Laughter had burst your veins, or sorrow dried ;  
 An age that with more Monsters doth abound,  
 Than Galilæo in the Zodiac found ;  
 An age when Sharpers make or unmake Kings,  
 And meat and drink are proved superfluous \*  
     things ;  
 Guineas incumbrances ! that merely tend  
 To burthen *those* who *monthly millions* spend ;  
 When witty Lords † are poor, rich Poets ‡ dull,  
 And brains are worn in pocket, not in skull ;

\* Several Friends of mine have seen that extraordinary woman, Mrs. Ann Moore, often mentioned in the News-papers, who left off *eating and drinking* about three years ago, and is still alive.

† Lord Byron.

‡ Hayley.

From Hemp escaped, when Knavery struts in silk,  
And in an *Envoy*, *Beauty* finds a *Bilk*;

When men of honour deem all wrongs redressed,  
Would their *kind* Foe but shoot them through the  
breast;

When States like Bankrupts, richer day by day  
Become, by debts 'twould ruin them to pay;

When Britain sneers at foiled Napoleon's brags,  
And beats him with the refuse of *French* \* *Rags*!

When Peru's heights, o'ertopped by proud  
Cornhill,

Lament *their* *treasuries* have no *Paper-mill*;

When Suns contain no heat, star-gazers swear,  
And Seas no water † hold, but empty air;

\* Bank notes, always manufactured from *Cambric Rags*.

† Professor Davy has carried on so *successful* a war with the Elements, that we shall very soon have *none left*; his last victory was gained over alkali. *To set the Thames on fire*, does not require so great a Conjuror as was formerly imagined. To all who, like the Spartan Youth, may be induced to immortalize themselves by a *glorious bonfire*, it may be consoling to be informed that Water has an *inflammable base*. One of the most sagacious conjectures that ever escaped from mortal lips, a conjecture the result of observation as *acute*, as it was extensive, and hazarded, if it could be called a hazard, on the ground of patient enquiry, and scientific deduction, was made by Sir Isaac Newton. At the time when Water and the Diamond had defied all the powers of chemical analization, this profound Observer was induced to imagine, from their great *refractive powers*, that they were bodies possessing an inflamma-

When *parts* destroyed, diminish not the *whole*,  
 Though *Berkley* takes the *body*, *Hume* the *soul* !  
 With whom 'twere vain to reason, since a *post* \*  
 Might best confute the *first*, the *last* a *Ghost*. †

---

ble base. It has *now* been clearly proved that pure Carbon, the most *combustible* of all *bodies*, is the base of the Diamond ; and that Hydrogen, the most *inflammable* of all the *airs*, is the base of water.

\* Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, a man whose talents were only exceeded by his Virtues, wrote a book, to prove the non-existence of matter. His reasoning was so ingenious as to have been considered unanswerable, till Reid and Dugald Stewart detected its sophistry.

“Physics, of Metaphysics beg defence,  
 And Metaphysics fly to *Common-sense*.”

On hurrying down the Strand to his Bookseller, with the famous manuscript in which he had annihilated matter, in his pocket, he ran against a *post*, in the dark ; . and our philosopher broke his shins. This accident might have convinced any one but a Theorist ; of all whom it may be said, “Non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris.” They love their theory, which is *private property*, better than truth, which is *common stock*.

† It is a well-known saying of Hume, “One Ghost would convince me more than fifty folios.” I am inclined to think otherwise. He that believed not Moses, nor a greater than Moses, would not have been convinced, though one had risen from the dead. What Cicero said of other Sceptics may be applied to Hume, “Hic si sibi ipse consentiat, et non interdum *naturæ bonitate vincatur*, neque amicitiam colere potest, nec justitiam, nec liberalitatem.” In Hume the “*Naturæ boni-*

But tears, alas ! much *more* than smiles prevail,  
 Where *less* is found to laugh at, than bewail ;  
 One universal mourning Europe wears,  
 And every wind wafts news to swell her tears ;  
 Her vineyards languish, and unsown remain  
 Her widowed lands, by blood enriched in vain.  
 Offences needs must come, but thou beware,  
 By whose ambition these offences are.

Christian ! in patience keep thy soul, mid all  
 The miseries that fill this earthly ball !  
 Each doubt and mystery with master-key,  
 Thou canst unlock—Man's immortality !  
 Yet marvel thou ! that scorers scorn advice,  
 With Death so near, and deem nought strange, but  
     vice.

The Man contemns the Boy, the Sage the Man !  
 The Christian all—he dares alike to scan,  
 While Seraph pity quells his holy rage,  
 The toys of childhood, and the toils of age ;  
 Sees children string their sea-shells on the shore,  
 Or Madmen add to conquered kingdoms \* more.

They're empty all, and vain, sage Solomon  
 Grown *old*, exclaimed, of pleasures *past*, and *gone* ;

tas" overcame the bad tendencies of his creed ; if that could be called a creed which *ended* with the two *first* words.

\* *Ex. gr.* Spain ; in his foul attempt to conquer which kingdom, Buonaparte has announced to the world in general, and to his unfortunate subjects in particular, that his ambition is as blind and inconsiderate, as it is insatiable and unrelenting.



But, wiser far, is he, who can descry  
In *present* joys, the same Inanity.

Ah think not Hypocrites ! that none remain  
Who stamp the World, \* and all its bawbles, vain ;  
Who nothing more contemptible, and low,  
Except those arts by which *ye gain them*,—know,  
But all, who value at so mean a rate  
These Idols of your heart, ye deeply hate ! †  
Ye know that Diamonds dim the spurious stone,  
And curse all merits that eclipse your own ;  
Wisely, on Fools and Dunces, are ye mute,  
As Wasps feed only on the finest fruit ;  
Vile as ye are, your tongue's ‡ your vilest part,  
Save the black fountain of its gall, your heart.

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\* As by the attraction of gravitation, all *material* things on earth, have a tendency to descend to one common centre, which is *below* ; may we not in some sense suppose the God-head to be that common centre *above*, to which all spiritual things ought to aspire.

† If Aristotle be right, in pronouncing that friendship chiefly consists in loving, and in hating the *same* things ; and if the observation of Sallust be just, that “*Idem velle, atque idem nolle, ea demum firmam amicitiam est,*” then will it follow by parity of reasoning that we must dislike those, who highly *esteem* those things, which we thoroughly *despise*, and who thoroughly *despise*, what we highly *esteem*,

‡ “*Lingua mali pars pessima.*”

To wound the *Best* ye run with envious haste, \*  
 Swear Brutus was not brave, Lucretia chaste;  
 Nor Cimon true, nor Aristides just,  
 Nor holy Socrates unstained with lust;  
 Oh had he seen Judea's rising Sun,  
 Then had he owned *his life* and *death* outshone. †  
 Yet he'tis thought, from Wisdom's Height, foresaw,  
 And hailed the twilight of a *purer Law*!  
 On Pisgah's Summit thus did Moses stand,  
 And viewed, *but entered not*, the Promised Land.

To be reviled, was not the doom alone  
 Of all that in *old Rome* or *Athens* shone;  
 Of this be sure, wherever Lights abound,  
 There Hypocrites to *cloud them*, will be found.  
 Nor sleeping guards, nor dogs that never bark,  
 More dear to thieves, than to the Knave, the Dark.

\* ——— “ curramus præcipites, et  
 Dum jacet in ripa calcemus.”

† Rousseau concludes a very brilliant piece of declamation, wherein he draws a comparison between Socrates and our Saviour, with the following sentence. “The death of Socrates was the death of a Philosopher; but the death of Jesus was the death of a God.” With stronger passions than Rousseau, Socrates did not pervert his resistless eloquence, to justify the gratification of them. But he called in the aid of as powerful a reason as *mere mortal* ever possessed, to overcome tendencies almost as powerful, to depravity. This ancient Philosopher could build his unostentatious humility even on the foundation of his virtues; while our *modern* one, attempted to rear a

With feigned Conviction, such, and look demure,  
 Think Wickliffe's zeal, nor Luther's motives pure ;  
 Nor Butler \* Orthodox, nor Law sincere,  
 Nor Skelton † great with forty pounds a year ;

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showy fabric of pride and exultation, with the base materials which he collected from his vices. In as much as the soul is of more value than the body, Quackery in Philosophy, is more hurtful than Quackery in Medicine. Rousseau was a Charlatan, whose business it was to be noticed. No sooner, therefore, had he mounted the stage than he found that antithesis, paradox, and declamation, would suit his purposes much better than the severity of truth, or the sobriety of argument. "Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur," seems to have been his motto through life ; and the members of the *National Institution* would do well to inscribe this epitaph on his tombstone, "In nullum *Reipublicæ* usum,ambitiosa sane inclaruit loquela."

\* Butler, the great author of the *Analogy*, seems to have possessed the "subtile acumen Ingenii, in imam penetrans veritatem." He saw truth, as Paterculus informs us Cicero saw the Catalinarian Conspiracy—"Animo vidit, Ingenio complexus est ;" and if we could add *eloquentia illuminavit*, we might then safely pronounce the *Analogy* to be one of the greatest efforts of the human mind.

† Philip Skelton, Author of *Deism revealed*, some excellent sermons, and sundry valuable Tracts. He was many years Curate of Monaghan in Ireland. He did as much good with an Income of forty Pounds a year, as some do, with as many thousands. In a time of scarcity, he sold *his library to feed the poor*. The Bishop of Clogher gave him two livings. Preferment so bestowed reflects the highest credit on the giver. By the advancement of such men, the true interests of the church are best served, and their Promoters best honoured.

Nor Paley honest, nor Erasmus sound,  
 Nor Jortin \* learned, nor Hooker's self profound;  
 In Wilson's life their envy spied a blot,  
 Though the recording Angel saw no spot.

    Their Voice, that bolt of heaven, pierced Papal  
     Rome,

Braved her anathemas, dispelled her gloom,  
 Struck the pale Conclave mute ! and shook proud,  
     Leo's † Dome !

The giant Sceptic's contradictions wild  
 Of Fate and Chance, Errors on Errors piled,

\* It would have been quite as creditable to Bishop Hurd, and Bishop Warburton, if their correspondence had abounded less with *flatteries* of each other, and *abuse* of poor Jortin. These Divines were on much better terms with themselves than with any other persons. The adulatory dose, regularly conveyed to each other by *return of post*, might perhaps have been what the Chymists call, an *elegant preparation*. But *dancing* is not the *only* thing which may be done "*elegantius quam Honestis decorum*." Their *bandying* of compliments I can compare to nothing better than to the congratulatory bows and grimaces of the First and Second Fiddler at the Opera, after having tickled the ears of their audience with a piece of music, whose principal merit, like the Divine Legation, consisted in the *difficulty of its execution*, and the *novelty of its conception*. If the *whole* of the Epistles of St. Paul, would furnish only one sentence of such flummery as may be found in every page of this Episcopal Correspondence, I should tremble for Christianity.

† St. Peter's, the Building of which was principally defrayed by the Sale of Indulgences.

They next o'erthrew; seraphic Symphonies  
 Now chaunt their bright, yet bloodless Victories;  
 Triumphs of Truth, in Book of Life engraved,  
 Not by the *slain* made glorious, but the *saved*!

Now look, where circling the Redeemer's Throne,  
 By crowns of gold, and snow-white Vestments known,  
 Tried and approved, that Host, the Martyrs stand! \*  
 Shrink from their glance, ye Hypocritic Band †

\* "*Qui stantes ardent !*"

† I am thoroughly convinced that most Persecutors are Hypocrites. There may be an example or two to the contrary; but they only serve to strengthen the general rule. If we closely examine the character of these advocates for fire, and faggot, and read the lives of the Inquisitors, we shall find that sensuality, pride, ambition, avarice, and malevolence, single or united, have been the fuel that heated the furnace of their pretended zeal. A zeal so blind, and indiscriminating, as not to perceive the madness of burning the body, for the good of the soul. I am willing to admit that John Calvin might have been sincere, in the motives that induced *him* to roast his friend Servetus, at Geneva; and as willing to hope that his *warmest* admirers do not defend that part of his conduct. A Persecuting Spirit, is the foulest blot, even in the brightest mind. It argues so gross an ignorance of the cause it *pretends* to defend, that it is extremely difficult to reconcile it, with a sound head, or a good heart. Therefore I would lay this down as a general axiom; that we are warranted to pronounce *all* Persecutors, the *foulest Hypocrites*; unless they can weigh down the charge by producing in *every other part* of their conduct, the most satisfactory and unimpeachable *integrity*; and unless they can shew us a life deeply devoted to the interests of a

But time would fail to tell th' illustrious names,  
 Ye starved, immured, or led to feed the flames.  
 A crown of Thorns their dignity below,  
 Like Him, their Lord, preeminent in woe.  
 Did Persecution's storm their path pursue,  
 That brought their haven nearer to their view,  
 And as the Sun of human hope went down,  
 Then faith more clearly shewed her heavenly  
     crown;  
 Through the dark prospect brighter beamed the  
     prize,  
 As night, that hides the Earth, \* reveals the Skies.  
 Nor Java's † soil, nor Earth, nor Hell, a tree  
 Sustain of deadlier growth than Bigotry;  
 Malice the Stem, Hypocrisy the Root,  
 And Persecution is the bitter fruit.  
 Hail Christian Scævola! ‡ I see thee stand,  
 And burn its error from thy shrivelled hand;  
 Could nought but fire expunge that single stain  
 Whose keen remembrance blunts all other pain?

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*future* world, and as clearly detached from the pleasures, pursuits, and emoluments of the *present*.

\* See Eclectic Review, Life of Tasso.

† The climate of this Island is particularly unwholesome; but the poisonous tree called the Yupas, supposed to grow in the centre of the Island, is fabulous.

‡ After a confinement of three years in a loathsome prison, the victim of such wretches as Bonner and Thirlby, it was

Great Priest, and Victim, to thyself severe,  
 I mourn thy pangs, and e'en thy *fault* revere !  
 I see the living incense pierce the Skies,  
 The Altar Truth, and thou the Sacrifice !  
 While earth-born Dæmons, reck not in that fire !  
 They light a taper, that shall ne'er expire ;  
 Nor as they watch thine agonizing *frame* ;  
 Mark they the Saint, ascending through the flame.  
 Thus, unperceived, save by inspired eyes,  
 On fiery Car Elijah sought the Skies.

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not to be wondered at if human nature was overcome. It was under such circumstances, that Cranmer was induced to sign the instrument of his *abjuration*. When dragged to the stake at Oxford, he first held his right hand in the flames, exclaiming, "*this unworthy hand.*" He was a man of so generous, and forgiving a disposition, that it was a common saying, "Do my Lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and he will be your friend for ever." Scævola having *failed* in an attempt to assassinate Porsenna, King of Etruria, burnt off his right hand, to show the King what Romans could undergo, "Et facere, et pati Romanum est." The *Pagan* burnt a hand that had *failed* to commit a *murder*; the *Christian* did the same, because that "unworthy hand" had been guilty only of a *weakness*. Scævola could endure the pain, while he was breathing defiance against an *open* Enemy, whom his *perfidy* had devoted to death. Cranmer could endure the same, while praying for the forgiveness of those wretches from whom he had experienced no mercy; whom he also knew to be the *foulest* enemies of that cause for which he died, no less than of that Master whom he had served on Earth, and whom he was about to join in Heaven.

In Panoply \* of proof celestial dight,  
 And armed for deeds of more than mortal might,  
 See Luther singly brave the Papal Ban,  
 The Bulls, and Thunders of the Vatican;  
 Steeled for the times, pursue his firm career,  
 Nor Earth, nor Hell, † can pale Him with a fear.  
 See Him, o'er embers of the Martyred Dead,  
 Mid fires by living malice lighted, tread!  
 While slander ‡ blows the flames, with fiendlike  
     breath,  
 And power that ne'er owned mercy, threatens death.  
 Like Him, who treads the Lava's treacherous soil,  
 Where Whirlpools red, in sulphurous eddies boil;  
 Whose molten roof conceals a fiery tomb,  
 Or shows through hideous rents, § a pitchy womb.  
 While baneful fumes through steaming chinks  
     ascend,  
 Spread fate above, and Hell beneath portend.  
 Yet some, whose warm and manly hearts beat high,  
 Stood forth his Friends || with generous sympathy,

\* “Την απ' ανωθεν Πανοπλιαν.”

† Notwithstanding the fate of Huss, Luther said he would go to Worms, though there were as many Devils there, as tiles upon the Houses.

‡ One of the ridiculous calumnies of that day, was that Luther was begotten by an Incubus.

§ “Αναρρηγνυμενησ εκ βαθρου γης, αυτε τε γυμνεμενη Ταρταρε.”

|| Melancthon, the Elector of Saxony, and others. I wish we could add Erasmus to the list; he certainly wished him success, but dared not openly avow his wishes.



From caution cold, and selfish fears exempt,  
 These hailed his holy rage, and high attempt ;  
 Through threatening flames he caught the cheer-  
     ing sound,  
 Truth is the prize, they cry, maintain thy ground,  
 And matchless as the cause, the Champion shall  
     be found !

And are there some who still prefer the night,  
 Of Papal error, to the gospel's light ?  
 Strange that such things should be, and stranger still,  
 That murder should the *law of love* fulfil,

Fell Bigotry, in meek Religion's breast  
 Nourished awhile, an *Infant*, and caressed,  
 To Manhood grown, this Monster, carnage-fed,  
 Turns his poor Mother out, to seek her bread.  
 See him, her handmaid, Charity expel,  
 Invite the Furies in her house to dwell,  
 Retain the *Serpent*, but dismiss the *Dove*,  
 And bind in chains of torment, not of love ;  
 Plant Persecution Guard, where Mercy stood,  
 Spurn at his Mother's *Milk*, and thirst for *blood* !

Thus, by the pitying Goat, \* the Wolf was reared,  
 Suckled and soothed, by warmth maternal cheered !  
 Pleased yet amazed, she sees his glistening eyes,  
 Dart fire, and feels his budding teeth arise ;

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\* In the greek Epigram, which records this fable the  
 the Goat is made to moralize, and to blame the Shepherd.

Fondles the fangs by which she soon shall bleed,  
And her milk nurtures him, *her heart* shall feed.

Thrice hail, ye faithful Shepherds of the Fold,  
By tortures unsubdued, unbribed by gold ;  
In your high scorn of Honours, honoured most,  
Ye chose the Martyr's, not the Prelate's Post ;  
Firmly the thorny path of suffering trod,  
And counted death "all gain," to live with God !

But are none left ; and must th' insatiate tomb  
Inclose all merit in her silent Womb ?  
Perish the thought, some labourers in the field  
Of *living* worth might no mean harvest yield ;  
Yea, *have* we some for good of others born,  
That might the Gospels purest age adorn ;  
These Baal scorn, nor is the Church bereft  
Of all, the Lord hath still some Prophets \* left.  
Around his Altar high, prepared to stand,  
Should *Atheists* spoil, or Bigots light the land.  
Tremble each hollow Hypocrite, and fly  
The thunder of their voice, and lightning of their  
eye.

But sweeter far than tinkling tongue of Bard,  
Approving Conscience is their high reward ;

\* "Non divitiis cum divite, neque factione cum factioso, sed cum strenuo virtute, cum modesto pudore, cum innocente abstinentia certabant ; ita, quominus gloriam petebant, eo magis adsequabantur."

That voice of God within them, far outweighs  
 The loudest blast of fickle mortal's praise;  
 Yet, such there are, and some who condescend  
 To style me, though I praise them not, their friend.  
 Who with such men could live, yet not improve,  
 Might unperfumed walk through the Citron Grove;  
 They shed like Carmel's Cedars fragrance forth,  
 To Heaven aspire, adorn and hallow Earth.  
 But worth, or ere life's arduous race be run,  
 We may not praise, nor till the *setting* Sun  
 Was Sacrifice to Antient Heroes \* done!

Then let Knaves † win the World their only care,  
 By ostentatious alms, and *public* ‡ prayer;  
 By *prayer*, § Priseillian could his lust refresh,  
 And make the *spirit* pander to the *flesh*;

\* A beautiful allusion to this custom of the antients is made by Jortin, to the late amiable and learned Bishop Horne.

† Knaves of this description may be compared to Almanack makers, who by telling lies to the credulous and ignorant, concerning *other worlds*, contrive to get their livelihood in *this*.

‡ I always suspect those who make such a parade of their Religion, with their lips, but who shew us little in their lives. He whose whole fortune consists of a few guineas, will try to gain credit for more, by constantly shaking them in his purse. A man who brings a few mackarel to town, makes a much greater noise about it, than he who lodges a thousand pounds in the Bank.

§ For the character of this Spanish Heresiarch see Sulpicius Severus. His doctrine to his followers was, that when the spirit which comes from God was perfectly united to them by a

By ostentatious *alms*, \* detected Dodd †  
Once hoped to forge a pasport to—his ‡ *God!*

---

certain form of Prayer, which he taught them, they might then lawfully give a full scope to the lusts of the flesh. He confessed on his trial, “*Obscenis se studuisse doctrinis, nocturnos etiam turpium fœminarum egisse conventus, nudumque solitum orare!*”

\* It is easy to be generous with other people’s money. King James on hearing a man, who was a great Niggard, preaching a Charity Sermon, made this *Royal Pun*, “*Qui suadet, sua det.*”

† Dodd’s attempt to bribe the Chancellor with £3000 for his nomination to the Rectory of St. George’s, Hanover Square, is well known. This drove him to Geneva, where he met his Pupil the Earl of Chesterfield. One circumstance attached to his forgery on the Earl for £4,200 is not generally known. Notwithstanding the previous execution of the Perrotts, it is probable that his Majesty would have listened to the powerful solicitations that were made in favour of Dodd. But what I am about to relate, I have reason to think true, and it is thought produced in the Royal breast an inflexible determination not to exercise the Prerogative. The Earl had advanced very considerable sums of money, from time to time, to Dodd, for the sole use and benefit of an unfortunate young woman, the object of his Lordship’s youthful Gallantry. An Interview between the *Principals*, was effectually prevented by the *Almoner* for a great length of time. At last it took place accidentally. It then came out, that she had been kept by Dodd, in a state approaching to starvation, while he had applied the money to such ostentatious largesses, as were better suited to his ambitious and worldly views and designs. The King, I have heard, was not ignorant of this.

‡ By which I mean *the world*. On the strength of a few

In genuine worth who dare not hope t' excel,  
 Her semblance chuse, it serves their turn as well;  
 True Virtue's proud, they say, and hard to win,  
 To court what looks so *like her*, cann't be sin;

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flowery harangues, and frothy declamations from the Pulpit, this man contrived to get the reputation of being a Scholar. "I know nothing against Mr. such an one, said Paley, "*except that he is a Popular Preacher.*" It is amazing how small talents are necessary to obtain celebrity in this department; and to act the Hypocrite with success, in *learning*, as well as in Religion. These men dash on, through thick and thin: they find the *frons athenus* quite as useful as the *murus*; and — "take possession of a subject, as a Highwayman does of a Purse, *without knowing its contents*, or caring to whom it belongs." I have seen numberless instances wherein men possessed of this specious address, and conversant with the world, will *increase their literary fame*, even by the well-timed, and ingenious manner in which they will *hide their Ignorance*. Whereas on the other hand, the cloistered Pedant shall often excite no other sensation than contempt, by his awkward manner of *displaying his erudition*. The late Dr. Smith, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, with a knowledge of Books by no means superficial, united a thorough knowledge of the World, and of those who lived in it. Of course, he was an excellent Companion, and *occasionally* of the order of *liquids*, rather than of *mutes*. But as he was never guilty of excess, *habitually* temperate, and gifted with wit, no man could extricate himself from any little conversational dilemma with a better grace. Before a large party at his own house, the Doctor was expatiating on the proceedings of the Council of Trent, (in which Council, by the bye, as in the Books of Thucydides, more was said than done.) The Doctor descanted much on the great

Thus, when the sensual Suitor-Band were seen  
To skulk confounded, from Ulysses' Queen,  
They wooed her *Maids*, \* who with the Royal Bride  
In all things, but in sterling Honour vied.

On foot, or in emblazoned Chariot drawn,  
In homespun Woollen clothed, or courtly Lawn,  
Layman, or Priest, I hail an Honest Man,  
Nor stay to ask his politics, or clan.

length of time that Council sat ; when a Lady suddenly stopped his career, by this unexpected question.—“And pray Doctor, how long did the Council of Trent sit ?” Ignorance *here was awkward* ; a reply at a venture *hazardous* ; silence *insupportable*. Fortunately for the Doctor, the candles wanted snuffing ! But a Woman’s curiosity was not to be put off by the *snuffing of a candle*. She returned again to the charge, with the same distressing interrogation—“But pray Doctor, how long did the Council of Trent sit ?” All turned their eyes upon our Divine ; “attention held them mute.”--“Sit Madam ? *They sat till their bottoms were sore!*”

\* Even Penelope has not escaped the breath of Slander. Lycophron termed her *Βασσαφα Κασσωρευσα*, and that Scavenger Scoppa, has raked up all the filth he could find against her. The twelve *maids of Honour*, debauched by the Suitors, Ulysses condemned to die by the sword ; but Telemachus thought they deserved a more ignominious fate.

“Τῶν δώδεκα πασαι ἀναιδείης ἐπέβησαν,

οὐτ' ἐμε τίσται, στ' αὐτὴν Πηνελόπειαν,”

A French Author has remarked, that it is curious that Homer should have handed down Penelope to posterity as a pattern of Chastity, who was a woman of dissolute life ; and that Virgil should have represented Dido, as an *Impure*, who was a Wo-

Truth owns *no party*, and her friends may pine,  
 Not e'en on barren praise \* allowed to dine;  
 Her lamp, when darkness thickens, Worldlings use,  
 But oil to feed the precious flame † refuse.

man of Chastity and Honour. I believe the position concerning Dido to be true. But even Lucretia has her calumniators. St. Augustin seems to think that her self-murder cannot be extenuated, without aggravating the adultery; nor the adultery extenuated, without aggravating the murder. “*Si adulterata, cur laudata; si pudica, cur occisa?*” This casuistry of St. Augustin gave rise to an Epigram which ends thus,

“*Frustra igitur laudem captas Lucretia, namque  
 Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelerata cadis.*”

But such reasoners forget that Lucretia was the choice flower of *Antiquity*; doomed to adorn the soil of *rising Rome*; and fostered amidst her early sons, those high-souled, and stern admirers of *unsullied* purity. Therefore to try Lucretia by the severe standard of the Gospel, is to pass upon her the harsh sentence of an “*ex post facto*” Law.

\* A man who speaks the truth must not expect to please any party. Truth is always painted naked; by this I presume we are to understand, that those who court her must love her for herself alone. She is indeed an *indotata Virgo*, and her dowry will be found as scanty as her wardrobe. To suit her present reduced circumstances, the adage must be altered, “*Probitas culpatur et alget.*”

† Anaxagoras, finding himself deserted in his old age, muffled himself up in his cloak, and threw himself on his pallet, having made a resolution to die of hunger. Pericles called on him, with an intention to relieve him. The dying Philosopher, raising himself up in his bed, pathetically exclaimed, “Ah Pericles, those who use a lamp, should take care to feed it with oil.”

He sows the seeds of hate, and harvests shame,  
 Who boldly writes, and *bolder signs his name*;  
 E'en though the "faultless monster" while he sung,  
 Grasped Dryden's strength, Pope's grace, and wit  
 of Young;

Though even *disappointed Authors* praise,  
 And jealous Coxcombs tolerate the lays.

Write but the truth, a Valla \* shall be found  
 To blot thy merits, and thy faults to sound;

\* Lawrence Valla, born at Rome in the fifteenth Century; the Prince of Critics. He spared none, ancient or modern. He furiously attacked the barbarisms of the Latin then in vogue, but when he came to write himself, his style fell very short of his rules. He was a free-thinker, as well as a free-writer; and did not stick even at blasphemies. This impious boast once escaped him, *horresco referens*, "that he had arrows in his quiver even against the Messiah himself!" "*Igne carere putas armamentaria cœli?*" A Latin Epitaph was written on him, beginning in this manner,

"Nunc post quam manes defunctus Valla petivit,  
 Non audet Pluto verba latina loqui."

Since Valla's dead, and into Hell conveyed,  
 To speak in Latin Pluto is afraid.

Another Epitaph on Valla runs thus,

"Ohe ut Valla silet, solitus qui parcere nilli est,  
 Si quæris quid agat, nunc quoque mordet humum."

Tho' Valla, who used none to spare,

Mute in his grave is found,

If you should ask what he does there,

E'en now he *bites the ground*.



Though thy bold hand, t' illume the glowing theme  
 Snatch from the Sun thy pen—a burning beam !  
 To stamp in clearest characters of light,  
 On each Impostor's forehead,—Hypocrite.

Who wish to rise, must blazon forth with zeal  
 Their *Patron's* talents, and their *own* conceal ;  
*Think what ye write*, and swim, who fear to sink,  
 With gallant Wakefield, \* *writing what ye think* ;  
 He struck not, though his keel had crushed the  
                   ground,  
 And fought his swivels, though his decks were  
                   drowned.

Vain Popularity, † such minds condemn,  
 Nor follow it but make it follow them.

\* This honest and intrepid man, when called up to receive judgment, in an action filed by the Attorney General for a libel, made a much more spirited speech than that which he had previously delivered, when on his defence. “Non vultus instantis tyranni mente quatit solida.”

† “Popularity, my dear friend,” says Sir Robert Walpole, in a confidential letter, “is nothing more than the step-ladder for ambition, to reach the summit of place and preferment. We have all our prices, and if it be asked why I continued so long in opposition to the Court, my answer is, *because they did not come up to mine*. There is scarcely a Member whose price I do not know, to a single sixpence ; and whose very soul I could not almost purchase at the first offer. A staunch Oppositor to the court, on two or three questions, right or wrong, gets a as good a dinner as a man ; half a dozen impudent unmeaning speeches, the admiration ; and a *reasonable par-*

To fame, they sternly say, "get thee behind,"  
Thou empty thing, more fickle than the wind.

The Sun *unnoticed* pours a flood of light,  
*Unheeded* climbs his proud meridian height ;  
But if *eclipsed*, each Philosophic ass  
Is peeping at Him through his *smoaky* glass.  
Thus, when misfortunes cloud them, envy finds  
And *magnifies* each fault, in noble minds ;  
But dreading blindness, this foul bird of night  
Scarce blinks on genius, *shining in its might* !  
Hence it oft happens, that the changeful breath  
That cursed the Patriot's \* life, laments his death ;

*phlet* the very souls of the people. Patriotic barbers toast him in alehouses ; public spirited shoe-makers harangue for him in the streets ; and free-born chairmen and house-breakers sing forth his praises in every night-cellar within the bills of mortality. I remember I never thought my point completely carried, *till they clapped me into the Tower*. I looked upon myself then a made man ; and the event fully justified my expectations." This is an extract from a very long letter, addressed by Sir Robert to his friend Robert Coade Esq. of Lyme Regis. I recommend an attentive perusal of the *whole* of it, to a *certain Baronet*.

\* It is evident that the *true* Patriot is here intended ; not the designing Demagogue, the Idol of a Rabble, as violent as the mob he governs, but never so sincere. The opinions of an obscure individual, like myself, can be of little consequence to the world ; but, to prevent *misrepresentation*, I shall take this opportunity of saying, that I am no friend to that short-lived freedom, which Mobs or Demagogues might wish to force upon us. The Tyranny of the Cæsars was to be preferred to

And the same hands that on his ruin bent  
 Pulled down his *house*, erect his *monument* !

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the bloody anarchy of the Prætorian Band ; and the despotism of a grand Seigneur, to the mad supremacy of the Janissaries. The political, and constitutional principles so eloquently supported by the Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Fox in the House of Commons ; principles which the Son of the former, deserted, after they had served his ambitious designs—*These are my Principles*. I assent *most cordially*, to the superiority of the British over every other form of Government, antient, or modern. And I look to the freedom of the Press, and triennial Representation, as the only means by which the Augæan stable of corruption can be cleansed ; and as the two powerful levers by which the *Theory* and *Practice* of the British Constitution, can be brought *nearer* to each other, and made to coalesce. By a most unaccountable infatuation, it has happened, that many have been set down for enemies to the constitution, merely from their marked disapprobation of the measures of Mr. Pitt. Absurd, and lamentable conclusion ! May the number of *such* enemies daily and hourly increase : At the head of the list we proudly place the names of Wakefield, Paley, Fox, and Holland ! Mr. Pitt *might* be the natural Son of Lord Chatham ; his Political Son, was Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox was also that great Man's Heir, in a much higher sense than Mr. Pitt could be said to be. To Mr. Pitt, he left only a *part of his property* ; to Mr. Fox, he bequeathed the *whole of his Principles* ! But the fame of Mr. Pitt already begins to show symptoms of a decline, *lingering* indeed, but *fatal*. The funeral of his fame will be most *respectfully* attended, no doubt, by *unpaid Pensioners, disgorged Contractors, and extruded Placemen* ; Septennial Representation, and Bribery on the one hand ; and Bankruptcy and Paper Credit on the other, will be the *supporters* of the *Pall* ;—but Truth, Common Sense

Grand in their object, gifted with an eye  
To pierce the womb of dark futurity,

---

and Integrity, will not be found among the *Mourners*. Those who will attend the funeral of this great man's fame with the most *unfeigned* sorrow, will be those who will most sensibly feel the Pathos of the following Epitaph on the Cardinal de Richelieu ; inscribed by the pen of Benserade.

“Here lies, ay, here doth lie, *morbleu !*

The Cardinal de Richelieu,

And what is worse, *my Pension too*.

To the Oratorical Talents of Mr. Pitt, I subscribe with full reverence, and while I despise his lust of Power, I admire his contempt of wealth. “*Splendide Pauper*.” Victorious in the *Senate*, and as constantly humbled in the *Field*, he displayed a fortitude which could bear, rather than a prudence which could prevent calamities. He had a more arduous task to perform than King William the third ; but a generous nation had put him in uncontrolled possession of resources far *more ample*, to perform it. How he employed them, let impartial History decide. Had he acted with the cautious prudence that distinguished the councils, and influenced the measures, of that Great Statesman, Prince, and Warrior ; had he, like William, waited till the Continent felt her *own* strength ; and only assisted her, when she *clearly* possessed the *power*, no less than the *will* to check the gigantic strides, and ambitious views of the common Tyrant ;—*The liberties of Europe, might then have been to this moment, preserved*. We should not then have had to lament, that the Continent had been precipitated into crude and immature confederacies, which contained within themselves the *seeds* of their own destruction ; having no firm and lasting band of union ; no common cause to warm and animate them, no common interests to defend. Confederacies, which have been successively ruined in *detail* ; because, jea-

The truly great, eccentric in their course,  
 Bold \* in their plans, and boundless in resource,

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lousy of each others power was suffered to swallow up every nobler feeling; because the general good, was repeatedly sacrificed to individual aggrandizement; and because *plunder* not *principle*, was the *mouldering* cement by which they were connected. That the British Constitution may survive the wreck of the rest of Europe, is a wish in which our very Enemies, if they were not as blind as they are malevolent, ought cordially to join. It is perhaps the only constitution left in Europe, under which Freemen would wish to live; assuredly the only one for which they would care to die. "Esto Perpetua." Its overthrow, would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to mankind; an event which civilized Society in every quarter of the Universe ought to deprecate; an event, the very anticipation of which, if there were any cause for entertaining it, ought to fill every thinking mind with the most gloomy forebodings. But we hope better things. The age of Chivalry indeed, is past, but not the age of Valour. There are still many left amongst us, fully equal to the defence of Nations; in whose breasts the flame of pure and ancient patriotism, burns with undiminished lustre. "Melior luto fingit præcordia." Rather than survive the ruin of their country, or bow their head to the Sceptre of the Corsican Adventurer, they would each exclaim,

"Ille mihi, ante alios, fortunatusque laborum,  
 Egregiusque animi, qui ne quid tale videret,  
 Procubuit Moriens, et Humum semel ore momordit."

\* If secrecy be the *soul* of all great designs, *courage* is the body. "It is necessary I should go on such an expedition," said Pompey, "but it is *not necessary* that I should live." And Cæsar reproved the fears of the trembling boat-man, in the midst of the tempest by reminding him, that he carried *Cæsar and all his for-*

Of self regardless, scorn and peril brave,  
 Infatuate States, \* *against their will*, to save ;

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*tunes.* Popilius was sent to Antiochus, with dispatches from the Roman Senate. Antiochus was in the midst of a career of splendid victories. "I will consider," said he, "of your letter." Popilius drew a circle round him with his stick. "I will have an answer," said he, "before thou quittest *that Circle.*" The answer was short, but it *restored a Kingdom!* With *three Words* Severus crushed a most alarming mutiny of the Prætorian Band, even when their brandished weapons menaced his life. "*Citizens* lay down your arms." He was obeyed. In fact, without a proper degree of confidence, we can succeed in nothing. Without confidence, the Pilot at the Helm of the State, or at the Helm of the Vessel, would be alike unable to weather the Storm. Confidence is as necessary to him who balances an Empire, as to him who *balances a pole* ; to the General of an Army, or to him who walks the dizzy height of Power ; as to the leader of the Band at the Opera, or the Rope Dancer at the Circus. In all these instances, the effects produced by a want of confidence, would be the same ; they would differ only in the importance of their consequences. In the ruin of the *former*, the fate of Nations and Empires would be involved ; and Poets and Historians would be busily employed to "point the moral, or adorn the tale." But should the latter miscarry, the Fiddler only breaks his Fiddle, or the Funambulist his *neck* ; and the utmost *posthumous* fame he can aspire to, will be some such an Epitaph as that which immortalizes the Conductor of the fire-works at Vauxhall ;

"Here lies I,  
 Killed by a Sky—  
 Rocket in my Eye !"

\* States often foster in their bosom some "*gratissimus Error*;" some darling, but destructive delusion, which eventual-

Their very faults, that move our vulgar spleen,  
Are by their shining virtues *farther* seen !

---

ly turns out a Serpent, that stings them to death. To see the lurking evil in embryo, requires the keenest discernment ; to prevent its consequences, the nicest caution ; and to exterminate it altogether, the most determined fortitude. Woe be to that Patriot, however upright or sincere, who shall *rashly* attempt this task. “*Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.*” To set about to reform a luxurious and corrupt Nation, is to embark on a tempestuous ocean, in which those who are not thoroughly *ballasted*, both in judgement and experience, are sure to be swallowed up. But to fall from noble darings is the dread privilege only of great minds. Sometimes the imaginary fears and groundless terrors of the multitude are to be both combated and despised. True greatness then consists in not shrinking from the danger of such a task ; it stands as it were *in the gap* ; and courts rather than avoids the censure. Thus Cæsar, snatching the axe from one of his trembling Soldiers, gave the first blow to the consecrated Oaks at Marseilles ; exclaiming, “*Credite me fecisse nefas.*” Lay the whole blame upon me. At other times an experienced and sagacious mind may avail itself of the ignorance of the Million, to further and promote its beneficial desigus. We have a fine instance of this, in the politic use which Columbus made of an Eclipse, whose approach his astronomical sk’l enabled him to foresee. But such feats as these are only to be attempted by men of first-rate powers and endowments. Statesmen whose talents are but a *few degrees above mediocrity*, are content to *connive* at evils, they dare not undertake to *cure*. “*Quieta ne moveite,*” is their mean and pusillanimous maxim ; and they prefer their own power and aggrandizement, to the prosperity or amendment of the People ; well aware that to rant about reformation

Like Comets, formed to work extensive good  
 Unthanked, and be *as little understood*;  
 Like *them*, of ills they did not cause, accused,  
 And for their very services abused.

By Courts and Kings repulsed with cold disdain,  
 Columbus \* proffered a new World,—in vain ;

---

is always a safe and excellent Ladder ; but to put their *boasts* in *execution*, a fatal scaffold. How destructive these *favourite* evils, alluded to above, have proved, to the *Reformer* if remedied, or to the *People* if not, every page of History can inform us. To cite instances will be superfluous to most of my readers. Otherwise, we might adduce the Gladiatorial shows, the “*Sportula, Panem et Circenses*” of antient Rome. Or we might ask, Where are those Herculean talents to be found amongst *ourselves*, equal to the task of cleansing that Augæan Stable, our System of Poor Laws—that foul, and putrifying sink of dependant misery ? That the comforts of the Poor might be increased, and the evils of that System diminished, let us hope is not impracticable ; notwithstanding Mr. Pitt shrunk from the task. Scotland has no Poor Laws. If she had, I do not think that the *provident* industry and honest independent Spirit, even of *her* Peasantry, would long be proof against their deteriorating influence.

\* The *necessary* existence of a Western Hemisphere, was a vast Idea, with which this wonderful man seems to have laboured deeply and long.

“*Estuat infelix angusto in limite mundi.*”

When at length, with all the throes and strivings of Genius, he had brought forth his Plan, a difficulty still remained, to find any one *bold* enough to adopt the Gigantic offspring. It was an infant of no common growth, of no puny stature ;

“*Dum tener in Cunis, jam Jove dignus erat.*”



An audience begged, with supplication low,  
 Exhaustless mines! and Empires to bestow!  
 Till Ferdinand vouchsafed with *cautious fear*,  
 A crown, far richer than his own, to wear;

---

Kings alone must be the "*Nursing Fathers*," or it perishes from want! The trucking and chaffering Spirit evinced by Ferdinand, before he yielded his slow consent to the execution of the plan, forms a striking contrast with the boldness of its conception. And the cold and calculating avarice of the *Monarch* is rendered still more contemptible, by the magnanimous and enterprizing temerity of the *Subject*. It is melancholy to reflect that this great Man was sent back to Europe in Irons, from that World he had discovered.

"Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ  
 Mensorem! *cohibent!*"

The Captain of the Vessel felt for the indignity put upon his illustrious Prisoner, and offered to release him from his chains; but Columbus refused to be liberated, except in the presence of his Sovereign. He ordered that his fetters should be buried with him, in his grave.

*Columbus* has been beautifully compared to the Dove, which was sent from the Ark, and brought back again some tidings of a World, till then *hid by the waters*. It is far from my intention to tarnish the freshness of his *bloodless laurels*. But it is known that Seneca had made, in the reign of Nero, this fortunate Conjecture in some lines, where he seems to have beautifully fulfilled the *double office* of the *Vates*. The passage occurs in the chorus of his *Medææ*; and little did Seneca suppose that it was for his *own native country*, that he was anticipating a new World, in the spirit of divination. A World, that greatest prize in the *wheel* of events, by which Spain was

Nor spurned the *poor* adventurer from his throne,  
Who came to give half earth's encircling zone !

Say did not Europe hail ! and Kings caress  
His dauntless mind, whose powers ensured success ?  
Ah no ; —sent home in galling shackles bound,  
Vesputius names a World,—Columbus found !  
Hast thou his talents ? then expect his doom,  
And take *like him*, thy *fetters* to thy tomb !

True fame's a tardy plant, that seems to need  
A *body*, buried in the earth, for *seed*,  
Nor do the churlish shoots begin to thrive,  
Till their unconscious owner cease to live.  
The Good, the Brave, the Generous, and the Just,  
Are little valued, till they turn to dust ; \*

first to be embellished, and afterwards ruined. The lines are as follows ;

“Venient annis  
Sæcula seris, quibus *oceanus*  
Vincula rerum laxet, et *ingens*  
Pateat *tellus*, Tiphysque *novos*  
Detegat *orbes* ; nec sit *terris*  
Ultima *Thule*.”

“In some future age, the time shall come, when the Ocean shall loosen the *Chains of things* ; when an immense Continent and a new World shall appear ; and when Thule shall no longer be the boundary of the Earth.”

\* Socrates, Cicero, Portinax, the De Witts, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Algernon Sidney, may serve for a specimen of those who have been doomed to feel the fatal ingratitude of their Contemporaries, and to receive the unavailing praises and ad-

Then purblind mortals mutter—"earth to earth,"  
 And as he *moulders*, prize a Sidney's worth!  
 To find *his* merits, seek death's noisome cell,  
 As Indians search for pearls— the *putrid shell*! \*

*Few* † may, like Washington, for others live,  
 And blessing *share* that happiness they *give*;  
 To deeds successful, as unstained, aspire,  
 Then to the laurell'd shade revered retire;  
 By Foes respected, and by Friends adored,  
 While sternest Veterans weep—resign the sword.

O Thou! by Nature, ‡ in her happiest mood,  
 Enriched with all that's generous! great! and good!

miration of Posterity. "Virtutem incolumem odimus, sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi." The Converse of this is generally true of Demagogues and Tyrants. They usually contrive to secure to themselves a sufficient store of this world's goods; and are content to submit to the execrations of all honest Men when *dead*, if they can command the flatteries of Slaves when *living*.

\* At the Pearl fishery on the Coromandel Coast, the Oysters are never examined, or opened while fresh; but are thrown up in heaps to *rot* and *putrify*. In this state they are sold to the Speculators, and more readily surrender their treasures to the fortunate adventurer.

† "Pauci quos Æquus amavit  
 Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus  
 Diis Geniti potuere."

‡ "Quem tu Dea, tempore in omni,  
 Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus!"

Whose morn, and noon, and eve, \* of life, proclaim  
*One path may lead to Virtue and to Fame;*  
 Whose Valour could a Nation's wrongs redress,  
 Yet rue the dreadful price of just success;  
 Whose heart, by no false blaze of glory † led,  
 Mourned with the mourner, with the bleeding bled;  
 Thy purer name, a stain eternal brings  
 On *Vulgar* Chieftains, raised by Crimes to Kings.

Imposing trick, and ostentatious glare,  
 These didst thou scorn, that make the stupid stare;  
 No trap to catch the mob, the Coxcomb finds  
 In one deemed greatest,—*but* by greatest ‡ minds.

---

\* “Ad inum,

Qualis ab incepto processerat, et sibi constat.”

† Jus habet ille sui Palpo? quem ducit hiantem

Cretata ambitio” “perfusaque gloria fuco.”

Persius and Ovid must contribute to this last line.

‡ The bravest can best appreciate Courage, and the most excellent, Virtue; as the most eminent Artist discovers beauties in a fine piece of painting, which a common observer would overlook. That is true greatness which is acknowledged by the most Great;

“*Vera* puta Curius quid sentit, et ambo

Scipiadae, quid Fabricius, manesque Camilli!”

Of Washington, we may also add,

“*Raro hinc talis* ad Illos

*Umbra venit?”*

But the nearer we are to perfection the greater the distance appears to be; and then it is that we most clearly perceive the difficulty of attaining it. A person entirely ignorant of the mathematics, would form a very inadequate notion of the vast

Sole Heir of general unrebuked applause,  
 The firmest Champion in the noblest Cause,  
 Defeat thy Spirit tried, but never broke,  
 As the blast strengthens, while it shakes the Oak!

Pillar of *State!* and Bulwark of the *Field!*  
 An Host thy *Presence*, and thine Arm a Shield!  
 By head and hand, to save thy Country born,  
 To win an Empire, and a Sceptre scorn;  
 In proffered Dignities *declined*, more great \*  
 Than if ten Kings did at thy Levee wait,

---

and almost supernatural effort of genius displayed by Sir Isaac Newton, in the discovery of Fluxions. A Rustic was asked if he could read Greek, his answer was, he did not know, because he had never tried.

I remember once I went to see a Giant; he was very near eight feet high, well made, healthy and active. I was much surprized on observing that Children were *less* struck with his appearance, than grown Persons. On mentioning this to the Giant, he said he had remarked the same, and he also added, that those who were the *tallest*, invariably received the greatest gratification on seeing *him*. The reason of this puzzled me for some time. At last I began to reflect that Children, and Persons of *short* stature, are constantly in the habit of *looking up* at other people, and therefore, it costs them no great exertion, to look up a little higher at a Giant; but tall men, who are in the habit of *looking down* upon all other persons, are beyond measure astonished, on seeing any one whose very superier stature obliges *them* to *look up*.

\* Some stoop, like Verres, from their high career, and descend from their elevation, to pick up the golden apple of filthy lucre;

In thy *last* \* conquest o'er thy self, renowned  
Far more than false Napoleon, triple-crowned, †

---

“Declinant cursus, Aurumque volubile tollunt.”

Others, like Anthony, are unnerved for arduous exploit and manly exertion, by the smiles of beauty, or the allurements of effeminate luxury and pomp,

“Et Venere et Cœnis et plumis Sardanapali.”

And others, like Cicero, deviate from the rugged path of patient, unassuming merit, to catch and forestall the applauses of the Vulgar,

“Queis dulce est digito monstrari, et dicier hic est !”

But Washington *cared for none of these things*. The ultimate emancipation of his country was an object which he steadily pursued, and at last attained, through means, worthy of the end. His was the choice of Hercules, and he loitered not to pick up the flowers with which a grateful People presented him, even though they strewed them in his path. In the high and magnanimous sacrifice of the love of fame, that “last infirmity of noble minds,” there seems to have been a great similarity in the characters of the late General Moore and of Washington.

“Illustres animæ, siquid mea Carmina possint,

Nulla dies ambros clare vos eximet ævo !”

\* In the beginning of his career, he drew the eyes of all men on himself, by a display of cool conduct, and fertility of resource, in saving the wreck of Braddock's Army. The meridian of his life, is but the History of the Emancipation of America. But it is the *Evening Ray*, emitted by this Luminary of the Western Hemisphere, (when he retired to Mount Vernon) that both the Philosopher, the Warrior, and the Politician, must contemplate with the *purest* delight, and most unqualified approbation.

That this *Sun of the new World* ! may be without a spot,

The Wise, the Good, denouncing him abhorred,  
With Cincinnatus join Mount Vernon's Lord !

But could a selfish race such worth admire,  
And to the genuine Patriot's fame aspire,  
Yet what avails it, 'mid the Combat's rage,  
To whisper ! Virtue to an Iron \* age !  
When each revolving year a lecture reads,  
Unfolds a crimson scroll of bloody deeds ;

---

Miss Seward, in her late posthumous edition of Letters, has candidly informed us of a very interesting fact. She narrates, that in consequence of her Monody on the death of Major Andre, Washington sent his Aid du Camp to her, furnished with documents that completely convinced her, in spite of preconceived opinion, and even prejudice to the contrary, that there was not a heart in England that sympathized more deeply in the sentence of Andre, than the heart of Washington, nor a man on Earth, who laboured more earnestly to prevent its execution. We will therefore now sum up his character, in the language of our Immortal Bard, who alone is worthy to eulogize Washington ;

“A Combination, and a Form indeed !  
Where every God did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a Man.”

† France, Italy, and Holland.

\* Cæsar, though he destroyed the liberties of his Country, yet disdained to make use of treachery, even to an Enemy. When opposed to Ariovistus, and a tempting opportunity presented itself, yet would he not stoop by such means, *to steal, as he said, a Victory*. But the shameless abandonment of public

When every moment teems some monstrous birth,  
 And falling kingdoms shake the solid Earth ;  
 When a *Marauder's* wild decrees have made  
 Commerce a Crime, and Massacre a Trade ;  
 Whom no compunctious visitings restrain,  
 Or if they plead for mercy, plead in vain ;  
 Who, to produce conviction, Cannon brings,  
 Those *loud resistless* arguments of Kings ; \*  
 To full dominion stalks through tides of gore,  
 Though mangled † Europe bleeds at every pore ;  
 Yet can for Rule and Precedent, recall  
 All former Tyrants, and improve on all.  
 Who much to *friends*, and *times* ‡ and *chances* § owes ;  
 And *something* to himself, but *most to Foes* ;

faith, and the gross violation of the Law of Nations, which distinguish modern warfare, might warrant us in applying to the present age, a worse epithet than that of *Iron* ;

*"Pejoræque sæcula ferri*

*Temporibus ; quorum scelere non invenit ipsa,  
 Nomen, et a nullo posuit natura metallo."*

\* "Ratio ultima Regum."

† "Cum jam semianimem læceraret Flavius orbem."

‡ The Men are more often made by the Times, than the Times by the Men.

§ A great deal of good fortune goes to the making up of a Hero, a Cæsar, an Alexander, or a Charlemagne. I do not recollect that Cæsar was ever so much as *wounded*, in all the variety of dangers to which he freely exposed himself ; although this "Mighty Hunter" of military renown, on different occasions, was actually "*in at the death*," says Pliny, of *three*



Makes it his Vassals' interest to be slaves,  
 And true to him, as to all others Knaves.  
 Bids Beauty wait his nod, the *prize* \* of war,  
 And binds her struggling to the Conqueror's car;  
 Blots out each tender tie, with bloody pen,  
 Whose fiendlike scrawl *demoralizes* men;  
 Rivets the links of martial law, to bind,  
 Inslave, imbrute, and mechanize the mind;  
 To Conscripts *gagged* unfolds that Code severe,  
 That might from milder Draco force a tear;

---

*millions of fighting men.* Sylla could see many Marii in Cæsar! And every field of battle, can *shew us many Cæsars*; cut off in the very threshold of their career, and in their very first engagement; and whose ambitious aspirings a vile piece of lead hath restricted to just as much earth as they cover with their carcases on the plain.

\* We are informed, that, by a late decree issued by Buonaparte, no Young Woman in France, possessed of an annual income of £250, or *upwards*, can chuse a husband of any other profession than that of a *Soldier*. It might have been hoped, that even Frenchmen could not have been brought to submit to such an outrageous insult to their feelings. Hath this Adventurer's lust of Power any assignable limits? I fear not; men never go such lengths, as when they know not *where they are going*; and *nothing* will satisfy an upstart, *raised from nothing*. The public have been lately amused with a full and authentic account of Buonaparte's skill in Horsemanship. I can believe he rides well, in common with most other Princes, *because Horses never flatter*; and I can also believe that he rides *boldly*. "Set a Beggar on Horseback," *et cæt.*

While Science mourns her lights obscured,\* by one,  
 False as the Frank, and barbarous as the Hun,  
 A *polished Savage*, who, to shake belief,  
 Combines *Zelevco* with an Indian Chief,  
 Yet hoped his base original to hide  
 In courtly Pageantry, and sceptered Pride.  
 When *Maids of Honour* through the bridal door  
 Let in a *Princess!* and let out a *Whore!*  
 A *Demirep*, to splendid exile led,  
 While pliant Pontiffs smooth th' Adulterer's bed.

When to be virtuous, is to be defamed,  
 And nought's so shameful, *as to be ashamed* ;  
 When wholesale † Murderers in everything  
 Succeed, and small Retailers only swing ;  
 Ah ! what avails it, in such direful times,  
 When nothing thrives, but cruelties and crimes,

\* The fostering beams with which Buonaparte vouchsafes to encourage Science and Literature, may be compared to the rays which emanate from the Moon. They possess no genial warmth ; are subject to *partial*, and *total* eclipses ; and shine *only* through a dark and *benighted* atmosphere. The Members of the National Institute, may write and dispute as much as they please, about gas, and galvinism ; they may even be as profane and witty as they think fit, on any mal-administration, they fancy they can espy, in a Planet or a Comet ; but they must be extremely cautious, how they find out any thing of *that kind*, in Holland, France, or Italy.

† Murder is a trade which succeeds only on a large scale ;

Mid clashing arms, to weep the sad decease  
Of all that loves, adorns, enhances, peace!

Would'st thou be praised, and patronized, unbar  
The brazen gates of strife, and plead for War;  
Defend each living statesman, mourn the dead,  
Prove all the blood they've lavished, justly shed.  
Britain of Pitt's *successful* \* Schemes remind,  
And glorify the Butchers of mankind;

---

“ That noble trade  
That Demigods, and Heroes made;  
Slaughter, and knocking of the head,  
The trade to which they all were bred;  
And is, like others, glorious when  
'Tis *great*, and *large*, but base if *mean*;  
The former rides in triumph for it,  
The latter in a two-wheel chariot,  
For daring to profane a thing  
So *sacred*, with vile bungling.”

These lines seem to have been suggested to Butler by the following lines of Juvenal:

“Committunt eadem, diverso Crimina fato,  
Ille *Crucem* pretium Sceleris tulit, hic *Diadema*.”

By the bye, the finest piece of Irony extant on this subject, in my humble opinion, is the life of Jonathan Wild, by Fielding. But poor Jonathan was a bungler at last. A *great Man*, who having cheated every other thing, cannot *cheat* the gallows also, has learnt but half his trade.

\* These shafts are from a female quiver.

“Pallas Te hoc Vulnera Pallas.”

“After obstinately persevering for fourteen years in a course of unsuccessful warfare, he dies. And leaves us with the National Debt trebled; every Port in Europe shut against us; our in

In martial strains let Buenos Ayres sound,  
 Tell of an Army *lost* ! a General *found* !  
 Be Walcheren's *funeral processions* praised,  
 An expedition against *Agues* raised !  
 In verse at least let blushing \*\*\*\*\* shine,  
 And round his drowsy brows the laurel twine ;  
 All who their leader's merits *might* dispute,  
 Are, from the sword, or fiercer fever, *mute*.

Let others rise, I boast nor power, nor will  
 To prostitute, in praise of such, my quill ;  
 Could I, with Truth's severe unflattering pen,  
 Expose unmasked the Fiend of War \* to men,

---

ternal trade perishing by bankruptcies ; our taxes more than trebled ; our shores menaced with invasion ; opportunities of making a safe peace, all gone by.—And how stands Mr. Pitt's administration the test of the Philosopher ; *The tree is known by its fruits* ? Strange that any one should mistake the apples of the *Manchineal*, for the *Bread Tree* ! O hapless England, how rapidly art thou fallen from thy late high prosperity ; the victim of thy too credulous confidence in one Proud Man ! whom no chastizing experience could warn from his tricking expedients, so fraught with danger to his country, and by which he only purchased, "*Short intermission, fraught with double woe.*"

\* The frequency and long continuance of the *modern wars* in which this country has been involved, may perhaps be attributed, in great measure, to the two following causes ; First, the Pretext that Wars afford to the Administration for levying immense Sums of Money upon the Subject ; and this to such an amount, that it may be justly suspected that *Wars*

Not as on prim parade he cheats the world ;  
 But flying, snapped his lance, his standard *furled* ;  
 While *breathing* Skeletons, and *bloodless* dead,  
 To fell Pursuers point the Road he fled ;  
 Stripped of his Trappings, Plumes, and glittering  
     Gear,  
 Dearth in his van, Destruction in his rear ;

---

are raised to support *Taxes*, rather than *Taxes* to support *Wars*. Poverty has been usually considered a Peace-maker; if so, we ought to be the most pacific Nation on Earth! The second cause is the overgrown and preposterous Salary annexed to the office of the Commander, during the continuance of the War; "*Pendente Lite*." The Evil of this system Government might have been taught, I presume, by the *temporizing* conduct of General Howe, in the American War. A *Modern Fabius* whose *private* reasons for delay were far more *cogent*, than his *public* ones. "*Cunctando restituere rem*." See the Anecdote of the Emperor of China and his Physicians, page 42. The moral will apply to more cases than one. I have the highest respect for Lord Wellington's talents and courage, and I believe that the acclamations of a grateful People would be considered by him as his highest reward; "*Præter laudem nullius avarus*;" and yet I was sorry to see it *publicly* stated, that he derives solely from his office of Generalissimo in Portugal an income of Thirty Thousand per annum. If this statement be incorrect, it should be refuted; it is very bad—"hoc dici potuisse," but if we are obliged to add, "et non potuisse refelli"—this is worse.

I would have every man, who undertakes so hazardous and responsible a Task as the Command of an Army, amply rewarded. But it should be *after* he had completed his work.

Reft of his Pomp, and fallen his famished steed,  
 While Vengeance follows, with the Tiger's speed;  
 Forsook by Friends, and hunted down by Foes,  
 Through Afric's sands, or Russia's solid snows,  
 Where erst the Czar, *to cool him*, tempted forth  
 To fight the frost, the Madman \* of the North !  
 Could I the wasted Land a Desart show,  
 In nothing fertile, but in sights of woe ;  
 Point where, behind that *veil* by Glory spread,  
 Contagion tends the dying, midst the dead,  
 Teach Men the Conqueror's † blood-stained name  
                     to hate,  
 Ere dire experience makes them wise—*too late* ;

---

\* At Pultowa, Charles the twelfth experienced a terrible defeat, and lost the fruit of many splendid Victories. Peter the Great was accustomed to say, "*My Brother of Sweden fancies himself an Alexander ; but he shall not find me a Darius.*"

† "They err who count it glorious to subdue  
     By Conquest far and wide, to overrun  
     Large Countries, and in Field great battles win,  
     Great Cities by assault ; what do these Worthies ?  
     But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inslave  
     Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,  
     Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
     Than those their conquerors ; who leave behind  
     Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,  
     And all the flourishing Works of Peace destroy.  
     Then swell with Pride, and must be titled Gods !  
     Till Conqueror Death discovers them scarce men,  
     Rolling in brutish Vices, and deformed,  
     Violent or shameful Death, their due reward."

That Fame, doomed soon to perish, and to fade,  
 Unwept, 'mid ruins which itself hath made;  
 Then—might I string the *Minstrel's* \* Harp, to tell  
 The Clash of Arras, the rushing Battle's yell;

---

\* Mr. Scott's Flodden Field is justly considered the best description of a modern battle extant. I repeat my convictions that Mr. Scott can write better than he has hitherto done. The danger is, that he will exhaust his muse, before he finds a subject worthy of her. Mr. Scott's popularity bids fair to overwhelm us with an host of imitators. Would modern Poetasters have the resolution to strip each thought as it arises, of every ornament of expression, dress of language, and harmony of numbers; if they would muster up courage to ask themselves these formidable questions; Is this idea just, convincing, or beautiful; is it pregnant with meaning, and is it new in its conception, if not in its application; in short, is it worth while to say it at all? If the *Genus irritabile* would determine to deal thus plainly with themselves, it is amazing how many good consequences would ensue. We should have very little Poetry, *but that little would be good.* "*Pauca, sed illa Rosas.*" Were this plan adopted, all those who sit down suddenly to write, for the worst of all reasons, *because they have nothing to do*, would as suddenly, for the best of all reasons, conclude, *because they have nothing to say.* The next good consequence would be this, that Criticism would cease, and that Critics would be *changed* into useful members of Society. For these Gentlemen who give so full an *account of all other Persons*, but who are neither able, nor willing to *give any account of themselves*, would then find it necessary to comply with the *pressing* invitations they would receive to take a salt-water excursion in his Majesty's Navy. They might

That Work begun at morn, and closed at eve,  
Foul work, that years of Peace may not retrieve.

What time the stricken Tents, at peep of day  
Vanish, like snow, before the solar ray,

---

there continue, as at present, *to shift with the wind*; nor would their occupation, nor their residence, undergo any very *material change, as their hand would still be against every man* and their *Head Quarters—The Fleet!*

Again—as abortions usually give more pain than vigorous and healthy births, so it is extremely possible that some of our modern Rhimers take more pains to *write ill*, than a Gray or a Shakespeare took to *write well*. My plan would not only exempt them from these pains, but would snatch them from that *purgatory* and *hell* of Authors, *Publication*, and *Criticism*.

Publication indeed may be compared to Matrimony; those who think the most lightly of it *before-hand*, are usually those who have cause to think the most seriously of it *afterwards*. Those who publish in *haste* commonly repent at leisure. *The very Pen* which *now* furnishes the *precept*, may in all probability hereafter supply the *example*. “*In Utrumque paratus.*” I shall conclude this note with a short quotation from Gibbon, on the state of Genius and Literature, during the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; leaving the *application* of this passage to the good sense of my Readers. “The beauties of the Poets and Orators, instead of kindling a fire like their own, inspired only *cold and servile imitations*: or if any ventured to deviate from those models, they *deviated at the same time from good sense and propriety*. The Provincials of Rome, trained by an uniform, artificial, foreign education, were engaged in a very unequal competition with those bold ancients, who by



And axe of Pioneer alarms the wood,  
 Whose Oaks descending instant span \* the flood !  
 While Flocks and Herds in wild confusion run,  
 And headlong speed, the march of War to shun ;  
 Scared by the banners red, and clarions shrill,  
 And bugles, answered quick from hill to hill !  
 Both far and near they fly the gathering din,  
 Ere the confronting Legions close them in.

Yon heights reflecting far the Horsemen's † mail,  
 Yon *steel-bright forest*, winding through the vale,  
 Yon magic Arch, ‡ the work of hands unseen,  
 Their *Midnight* task, that strides the deep Ravine,  
 That Roar from signal-gun ! that sullen sound  
 Of ponderous iron wheels, § that shake the ground,  
 That dusty Whirlwind from the Charger's hoof,  
*These* warn the Sons of Peace—to stand aloof.  
 With horrid haste while distant Nations fly  
 But to behold each other,—and to die !

expressing their genuine feelings in their native tongue, had already occupied every place of honour. The Name of *Poet* was almost forgotten, that of Orator was usurped by the Sophists. *A Cloud of Critics, of Compilers, of Commentators, darkened the face of learning, and the decline of Genius was soon followed by the corruption of Taste."*

\* To make the Military Bridges.

† Cuirassiers, who are enveloped in armour.

‡ To facilitate the passage of Artillery.

§ The Tumbrils.

What time each Column, at the Rocket's \* blaze  
With rapid wheel the lengthening Line displays !

Now doubt and confidence, and hope and fear,  
By turns proclaim defeat, or conquest, near,  
And Fate, 'twixt *both* suspends her awful screen,  
And in mysterious grandeur clouds the scene !  
Is there, that solemn pause who cannot feel ?

O envy not the wretch his heart of steel ;  
Sure *one* fond thought of all he left behind,  
Might, for that moment, melt the sternest mind !

But—*Charge !* that fear and doubt-dispelling word,  
That sound to British Heroes dear, is heard !  
Eager, as Coursers from the goal, their Foes  
'They seek, and soon with weapons crossed, they  
close.

Earth feels the sudden shock, while shouts resound,  
And groans, half heard, in din of battle drowned.  
Steeds answering Steeds, with smoking breath, from  
far,

Swell the rough concert, and provoke the war.

See now the broken line of battle reel,  
See front to front opposed, and steel to steel ;  
As when the blast drives Euxine's maddened wave,  
The Danube's † strength, by Torrents swollen, to  
brave !

\* In modern warfare I am informed it is usual to come up in columns, and at the firing of a Rocket, or some other signal, to deploy or to wheel instantaneously into line.

† This is far from being an *unequal* conflict. The Danube



Crushed 'neath his hoof, both spear and scymitar  
Bestrew the field with steel,—the wreck of War ;  
With sulph'rous cloud, while Cannon cloke the Sun,  
In *red* eclipse, till their fell work be done ;  
In yawning furrows plough the channel'd mead,  
And sow the ravaged Earth with *iron seed* !  
Seed, that manured with blood, and wet with tears,  
No reaper gladdens, and no *harvest* bears.

Now bursting bombs, those *winged* Volcanoes,  
rake

Th' advancing Phalanx, and its firmness shake ;  
In fiery curve, display from rear to van,  
The hell-born \* ingenuity of man !  
Man wise to shorten life, but not prolong,  
To give it feeble, but to take it strong.

And close behind—the Phantom Glory treads,  
And o'er the fallen her *flimsy* mantle spreads ;  
Ah! can her tinselled Vestment, wove by Pride,  
That hideous wreck, her dismal triumph, hide ?

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\* Milton attributes the invention of Gunpowder to the Devils. Have the commentators found no allegory here? When Milton informs us that Sin was born in heaven, we are instructed to admire the address and sagacity of the Poet, who takes this method of reminding us that every Vice is the excess of some Virtue ! But what shall we say of Falshood, Cruelty, Ingratitude, Brutality, Blasphemy, et cæcæ? These are certainly *Vices*, but I am at a loss to know of what *Virtues* they are the excess.

Ah! can her smile, and unavailing praise,  
 Those *prostrate forms*, her *mute* adorers raise!  
 Can glory cheer the grave, \* or bid one tear  
 Relieve the bursting heart of dumb despair?  
 Or close *his* eyes, who left on Battle-plain  
 To linger, envies his Companions slain?  
 Or stay that *female* Fiend, the night hath sped  
 To pierce the dying, and to *spoil* the dead!

Thou Sun! that didst this Morning's pomp survey,  
 The burnished Field, the Battle's proud array,  
 Now view the tragick change, the woeful price  
 Of Glory's sad, and sumptuous sacrifice!  
 Behold, where'er thy blazing eye may ken,  
 An offered host, and hecatombs of men!  
 Then leave to night and darkness Europe's grave,  
 For happier scenes—beyond the western wave!

\* "Nunc levior cippus *non* imprim't ossa,  
*Laudat Posteritas*—nunc *non* e Manibus illis,  
 Nunc *non* e tumulto fortunatæque favillæ  
 Nascuntur Violæ!"

An Irishman, on being asked what was meant by Posthumous Works, replied, "Posthumous Works I take to be the Works a man writes *after he is dead*." Now if it be true of Fame, that "just what we hear we have;" and this was the observation of no common mind, then it follows that we can give no better account of *posthumous* fame, than the Irishman gave of *posthumous* works; namely, that *posthumous fame is that fame which a man hears after he is dead!*

Ah ! when will Kings, *grown honest*, cease to dress  
 In gorgeous garb Destruction and Distress ?  
 When Subjects, *rendered wise*, deny to war  
 Its pride, its pomp, its gaze-attracting Car.

O in what woe-warned, time-taught, happier age,  
 Shall War be blotted from th' historic page ?  
 When Men, indignant, shall erase from fame  
 The Conqueror's splendid villainies and name ;  
 When sceptered Plunderers shall their Murders rue,  
 And cease to spoil the *many* for the *few*.

Ne'er doth Hypocrisy so foul appear,  
 As when she teaches Kings \* to *feign a fear*,

\* From all the preambles, and perorations to any proclamation of War, one would be led to suppose that Kings and Emperors were universally the most peace-loving, inoffensive, forgiving, and yet injured and insulted Beings under Heaven. But their neighbours have never so much cause to tremble for their safety, as when Kings announce to them, that *their own is in danger*. The late Emperor of Russia was mad ; but madmen sometimes start a good idea. He proposed a plan for making wars less bloody, shorter, and less frequent. It was simple, and *if adopted*, would prove efficacious. He recommended that the *Potentates of Europe should meet and settle their respective differences by single combat !* The most notorious piece of Hypocrisy, “*de la Guerre*,” on record, is to be found in the conduct of the Emperor Charles the Vth, when he sacked Rome, and took the Pope prisoner. This royal Juggler beat his *Infallible* Antagonist, even at his own weapons ; for he pretended to feel most extreme sorrow for the victory ; he forbade the ringing of bells ; he even went into

Excuses finds, and prompts their royal Breath  
 To plead with Eloquence, the cause of Death ;  
 Beneath their *ermined* velvet hides the Paw,  
 And spring elastic of the Tiger's Claw ;  
 With milk of mercy smooths each honied word,  
 But in the flesh of thousands sheathes their Sword !

O'er tombs and deserts then let Conquerors reign,  
 And wield a shadowy sceptre o'er the slain ;  
 Their Peace a Solitude ! \* where friends nor foes  
 Are left, their crimes to flatter or oppose.

mourning, and caused processions to be made in Rome, and prayers to be offered up in all the churches, that it would please the Almighty, in his good time, to permit him to release his Holy Prisoner, But amidst all this outward appearance and show of contrition, he winked at the shocking excesses committed by his army in the Capital of the Pontiff; nor did he release him until he had acceded to his demands ! “*Servetur ad Imum.*” That such a thorough-paced Impostor as this should begin by deceiving others, and end by deceiving himself, is not to be wondered at; the transition is not an uncommon one. The retirement of this Royal *Pantimoroumenos* to the Monastery of St. Justus; his intrusions on the repose of a few poor Monks; his inflictions of voluntary flagellations on himself; and lastly, that climax of his ab-nrdities, the celebration of his own obsequies, before his death, and the solemn rehearsal of his funeral; these were but the natural and consequential parts of such a character; and surprize me no more than acts of cruelty and revenge in a Nero; or of resignation and forgiveness in a Socrates.

\* “*Ubi Solitudinem faciunt, Pacem appellant.*”

The Prince who knows and guards a Nation's  
rights,  
Who Peace, with all her Sister-Arts, invites,  
Who deems it,—unseduced by Courtier Knaves,  
More glorious far to rule the Free, than Slaves,  
Who strives much less t'increase his wide domain,  
Than the true good of all his realms contain ;  
He builds, more firm than brass, or Parian stone,  
Not *o'er our graves*, but in our hearts, his throne !  
There reigns *unarmed*, more safe, and more  
renowned  
Than Cæsar, by twelve Legions compassed round.

But soon I close awhile the lengthened strain,  
Should Varius smile, I have not sung in vain ;  
Long since too large, I ween, if wretched stuff,  
My Page hath swollen ;—if not,—'tis large enough ;  
Though some small pains it cost, we dare confess  
It might have been made larger, *with much less*. \*  
Not like Pelides armed to take the field,  
A quill thine only spear, a rag † thy shield,

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\* Those who dislike a Book for being small, do not reflect, with how much *less* pains the Author could have made it *larger*. Perspicuous brevity in writing evinces as great a knowledge of that art, as good *foreshortening* does of the art of Painting. I by no means presume to hope that this is an excellence of writing that I have attained ; but we may be allowed to admire what we cannot reach ; and even to give rules to others, which we cannot exemplify in ourselves.

† Walpole quotes this line from Fletcher,—the Idea is



Go little Book !—pursue thy vast attempt  
 Through warm resentment, and through cold  
     contempt ;  
 Before tribunals destined to be led,  
 And what is worse, to be condemned, *unread* ;  
 For hope not thou to *rout* Enchantments, Knights,  
 Dwarfs, Curses, Monsters, Castles, Spectres,  
     Sprites ;  
 Or please, with modest truth, a sensual herd,  
 T'Anacreon,\* or Ambrosio preferred ;  
 Or charm those ears, that love the style profane  
 And balderdash, of some French Sceptic's † brain ;

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quint. He says of Authors "The Goose lends them a Spear,  
 and every Rag a Shield."

\* Why does not Mr. Moore write something fit to read ? He  
 has powers.

† I have some charity for the Infidelity of a Frenchman,  
 who forms his notions of Christianity from the mummery and  
 masquerade of Popery. But that French Sceptics should find  
 disciples in England, is rather extraordinary ; and still more  
 so, that these disciples should plume themselves upon their  
 conversion. But as a little learning makes a man a Sciolist ;  
 so, a smattering in Philosophy makes him an Infidel. Free-  
 thinkers, nine in ten, are not those who think freely, but ra-  
 ther those who are *free from thinking*. This is a glorious li-  
 berty, truly, to be proud of ; and which is enjoyed in common  
 with the brutes. As men of pleasure, by attempting to be  
 more happy than any man can be, become more miserable than  
 most men are ; so Infidels, by affecting to be wise beyond  
 what is permitted to man, are, in fact, more blind and ignorant  
 than the multitude they despise. To walk in *darkness*, rather

A precious Cargo, smuggled § to our shores  
 With fripperies, fans, pricked Wines, and painted  
 Whores.

---

than in *light* is the melancholy privilege of which they boast, in the language, but not in the *spirit* of Euryalus, "*Est hic est animus lucis contemptor.*" I shall sum up the character of these men in the words of Jortin, "A total ignorance," says he, "of the learned languages, an acquaintance with modern Books, and translations of old ones; some knowledge of modern languages, a smattering in Natural Philosophy, Poetical taste, vivacity of expression, with a large stock of Impiety; these constitute a Voltaire, or a modern Genius of the first Rank; fit to be patronized by Princes, and caressed by Nobles. Whilst learned men have leave to go and chuse on what tree they will please to hang themselves."

From all that I have observed in the Officers of the French Army, and my opportunities *here* have been frequent, I am inclined to think the bulk of them are Deists. But, as I before hinted, there is some excuse to be offered for them. Necessarily, from their active habits as Soldiers, unacquainted with the pages of antiquity, from which they *might have learned* the inestimable obligations which Society owes to this Religion, and perfect strangers to the purer ages of primitive Christianity; they come to the examination of it, with minds unfortunately prejudiced against it, by all they have seen, heard, and read. From their earliest impressions they are instructed to form their ideas of it, not from the "*College of Fishermen*," as Lord Chatham observed, but from the "*College of Cardinals*."

"Esse aliquos Manes et subterranea regna  
 Nec Pueri credunt."

If they entertain any doubts, the volumes of Voltaire or Frederic, or Volney, are at hand to dismiss them. But as Professor Porson observed on another occasion, these are the

Nor hope to win those wanton eyes, that burn,  
 Or weep, or languish, o'er insidious Sterne.  
 He knows to loose the fine-spun chains, that tie  
 The hidden soul of sobbing Sympathy ;  
 He can its chords, and secret strings untwist,  
 Serene—'mid sighs—a whining Apathist !  
 Well-versed with smooth, yet deep designing art,  
 To trace that labyrinth,—a Woman's heart ;  
 Its close meandring mazes he defies,  
 Secure in silken clue of flimsy flatteries ;  
 Then bribes its *virtues* to betray their trust,  
 And lights, at Love's pure shrine, the torch of Lust.  
 With tongue to pity tuned, and heart of steel,  
 Too full of sounding sentiment, to feel,  
 He could unmoved a starving Mother \* pass,  
 To pour his sorrows o'er a dying Ass !

Go First-born of my Muse, and with thee take  
 The Martyr's Courage, when he meets the stake ;  
 Thee, shall some mumping Critic † steal—*for pelf*,  
 Then strive to make thee hideous, as himself ;

---

Authors which I had hoped would be read and admired in  
*this country*, when Butler, Leland, Newton, and Paley are *for-*  
*gotten!*—*But not till then.*

§ “ *Advectus Romam quo pruna et coctona vento.*”

\* “ I know,” says Horace Walpole, “ from indubitable au-  
 thority, that Sterne's Mother, who kept a School, having run  
 in debt on account of an extravagant daughter, would have  
 rotted in jail, if the parents of her Scholars had not raised a  
 subscription for her.”

† If my Readers revert to some lines in the introductory

Shall *change* thy Voice, thy Tone, and in their stead,  
Shall make thee talk his gibberish—for bread;

---

part of the Poem, they will perceive that I entertain a high respect for legitimate criticism. I kneel at its tribunal, and seek no appeal from its decisions. So far from depreciating the art, I wish to see it more honoured than it is. It is a noble and a useful art; and the Office of the *true* Critic is an high and important Office. But it so happens, that no two things are more distinct than Criticism, and those Traders who now-a-days style themselves *Critics*; it is certainly possible to cherish a very profound respect for the *former*; and at the same time to think but meanly of the *latter*; just as a man may venerate the laws of his country, without being obliged to transfer that veneration to every country Petifogger. Neither are the Remarks I have made, the ebullitions of private pique, or the effect of any *disappointment in authorship*; as the Critics have *never yet* had occasion to write a single line for or against me. But of this I am persuaded; that it is not *authors*, but *critics*, who disgrace their *own* art, by making a Trade of it: That they lower themselves by becoming the tools of Establishments, Sects, Parties, and Prejudices, is so notorious, that there is not a Man of them, except those gentlemen who write in Mr. Cumberland's Review, who is not ashamed to put his name to his own performances. For every thing *anonymous*, and for *anonymous Criticism in particular*, I ever shall avow the most insuperable contempt. But (say the Critics) Truth is Truth, and not the more or the less so, for having a name attached to it; and if our remarks are not founded on Truth, they must fall. Admitted. But unfortunately the public are not generally in possession of the Works you criticize; many know of their publication, only through you; and many more are waiting the decision of your *impartial* tribunal, before they venture to purchase. Now, it

Thy piteous cries, thy tortures, tears, and pains,  
 Shall but promote this pilfering Vagrant's gains;

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so happens, that no Book is so good, but that some weak and defective passages may be found in it; as for instance, Milton's Puns on Gunpowder, in his battle of the Angels. If the Book is to be cried down, these passages are of course advanced, enlarged upon, and made the most conspicuous. But there is no Book so bad, but that some favourable passages may be found in it; if the Book is to be extolled, these are of course adduced as the specimens. Now Critics would be ashamed of this juggling and chicanery, this cup and ball Criticism, if it were the universal practice to sign their Names.

Again—I do affirm that *what is said about a Book is not of so much consequence, as by whom it is said.* This single circumstance makes all the difference; and if known, would often convert what was *censure*, into *praise*; and what was *praise*, into *censure*. For instance, it might come out that some private *enemy* of the Author had said it, or that *the Author* had said it *himself*. Or that a Sectarian had been reviewing a Doctor of Divinity, or a Doctor of Divinity a Sectarian; or that the remarks came from one whose eyes were not blinded by partiality, or by prejudice, but by *ignorance*. Or it might appear that one Author who had written badly upon a subject, had been reviewing another, who had written *better* upon the *same*; or that the Criticisms of Mr. A. had been inserted, because his necessities obliged him to drudge for a Publisher, at a guinea per sheet less than Mr. B. These, and a thousand other things, are necessary to be known, but *which anonymous criticism prevents our knowing*; before we permit our judgment to be guided by the Critics, with respect to these Authors, with whom we have *no acquaintance, but through the introduction of their remarks and observations.* I request my Readers to reflect a little on the above positions.

By worse than Gipsey\*-hands disguised, defiled,  
I shall not know again my *kidnapped* Child.

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But to return to my anonymous Friends. Mr. A, B, C, or D, educated nobody knows where, and qualified for his office, nobody knows *how*, scribbles a little essay, containing his *private* opinion of the merits, or demerits of some unfortunate Author. Now it is obvious that this little essay, *value about three half-pence*, and written by an obscure individual, as for instance, myself, would produce no effect at all upon the public opinion, or public taste. It might circulate to the amount of one or two hundred copies, in that little circle or atmosphere of notoriety which every man, more or less, concentrates around himself. But the Author of this little essay procures *its insertion in some Review*, the Editors of which perceive it has a little vivacity, and that it contains nothing that runs counter to those principles on which their publication is conducted. *Now mark the mighty change*; stitched up with some other similar attempts; ornamented with covers of blue Paper, and dignified with the Royal Title of *We*, and the Critics, our metamorphosed little three-half-penny Essay becomes at once the organ that regulates the taste and opinion of a vast reading and reflecting population; and opens, or shuts the purses of thousands of his Majesty's Subjects, who voluntarily submit to a *Capitation Tax* in this shape, who, in any other form would resist it to the uttermost. When we consider the effect produced by these publications, and the flimsy materials of which *most* of them are composed, can we help exclaiming, "*An quidquam stultius quam quos singulos contemnas, eos aliquid putare esse universos?*" "Can any thing be more ridiculous, than to think that those are of consequence when *united*, whom as *Individuals* we despise?"

That there are *some* Gentlemen of very respectable talents,

Now Critics! for a space, farewell,—to write  
 To *please* you, were in truth—to *starve* you quite;  
 Cheer up! my lines have faults that shall revive  
 Your hearts; who live to growl, must growl—to  
*live*.

When once the helmet's on, 'tis then too late  
 With foes to parley, thundering at the gate!  
 Before the trumpet's † sound, 'tis wise to weigh  
 With steady hand, the dangers of the fray;  
 'Tis done;—your keenest shafts, nor foulest breath,  
 Shall wound *my* peace, nor frighten *me* to death;

---

engaged in this department of Literature, is evident, from the manner in which some of the Articles are reviewed. Surely the names of those Gentlemen who could write such articles, would not only be an honour to any critical publication, but would also be the means of exciting an additional curiosity in the public, and of awakening a greater degree of attention to their remarks.

\* In this comparison of the Gipsej, some more points of resemblance might be adduced; but I leave them to the imagination of my Readers. I have heard of an Author who read nearly a whole Article in one of the Reviews, without discovering that he was reading an account of his own Work. "*Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;*" and in this happy state, he would have remained, had not a *solitary* quotation, in the last page, let him into the secret; namely, that he had been enjoying a laugh at his own expense.

† Tecum prins ergo voluta

Hæc animo, ante tubas; galeatum sero duelli

Pœnitet."

Though White, \* your poisoned arrows from his  
 breast,  
 In mute forgiveness drew,—then sunk to rest !  
 At those who court the combat hurl the dart, †  
 But spare the bruised reed, the broken heart.  
 Then do your worst, exert your utmost rage,  
 Twist, mangle, rack for blemishes, my page,  
 And when you've finished, and are quite aground,  
*Ten* that you've missed, I'll shew, for *one* you've  
 found.

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\* See Remains of Henry Kirke White.

† On attempting to recollect any thing that might *fairly* be adduced, in favour of anonymous criticism, the whole seems reducible to this. The feelings of Mr. *Nobody*, the Critic, are of much more consequence than the feelings of Mr. *Somebody*, the Author : therefore the Critic must be allowed to fight in close and safe quarters ; because it takes many years of *hard study and close application* to make a Critic ! Whereas, a few hours of light reading are quite sufficient to constitute an Author. Again—Those Reviews, the writers of which are *unknown*, may venture to be more spirited, cutting, and sarcastic ; therefore *they sell better* ; because all men rejoice to see an Author humbled ; and none are more pleased to see this than Brother Authors. But whatever Spirit there may be in anonymous Reviews, it appears to me to be as easy to be brave at the risk and hazard of an Editor, (since he is the only ostensible person,) as it is to be generous at another man's expense. But I shall ever think *that* is the most *spirited* Publication, the writers of which disdain to shoot their arrows, like the Indian, from some secure and secret lurking place ; but who come forward boldly with Nisus, and exclaim, “Adsum qui feci.” “Here I am, who did it.”



But should my Pen (more than it hopes) attain  
The Vulgar Plaudit,—where's the mighty gain,  
If, while the Page be praised, the Author's hissed?  
Men Satire love, but hate the Satirist.

Yet, when we think of what vile things are made  
The great and little Vulgar, strictly weighed,  
Say dull Mundanus, \* shall I woo the nine,  
To please such claycold, cautious hearts,—as  
thine;

Mundanus,—drilled to cringe and kiss the Rod,—  
Who, ere he praises waits his Patron's Nod;  
From fear of wrong, who never dares be right,  
From selfish dread of censure, useless quite;  
Whose feet ne'er ventured on untrodden ground,  
In trammels stiff of rules and customs bound;  
Formed like the Trees, by climate, and by soil,  
Whose blood, like sap, *doth creep*, but never boil,  
Whose life, insipid, smooth as Hayley's † song,  
With sleep-inviting current steals along;

\* It will not be necessary to appropriate to any individual, the character of Mundanus. It happens to be, with some slight modifications, the character of the great majority. The old manly, rough, and independent English Character, seems to be worn down in a servile attendance on those who command the patronage of rotten Boroughs, Ecclesiastical Preferments, and Close Corporations. Such Sycophants in *one* respect may be compared to old Guineas; —the more *smooth* they are, the less valuable; —I wish they were as *scarce*.

† If I have mentioned Mr. Hayley more than once, it is be-

Who owns a spiritless, a tasteless mind,  
 Vapid as wines, o'er-racked, and o'er-refined ;  
 Too wise the Fool, to dull the Knave to prove,  
 Too cold for Friendship, too discreet for Love,  
 Whose heart ne'er glowed another heart to meet,  
 Incapable as lead of *welding* \* heat  
 A bloodless, senseless, lukewarm, harmless thing,  
 That bears no honey, and that wears no sting.

Then who would write the multitude to please ?  
 Formed, as in truth they are, *of such as these !*

O for a shop of shops, where all who need,  
 Might purchase *Sense !* the books they buy—to  
 read ;

cause he is, with respect to the sale of his Works, one of our most successful Rhimers. Perhaps it is my misfortune that I can discover no beauties in his Poetry, notwithstanding I can see many in his Prose. But he has qualities far more amiable. It is not my intention to pay (what no man will thank one for) a compliment to his heart at the expense of his head. For I repeat my convictions that in his Prose Writings he has merited the title of an Elegant Scholar. I shall not think one atom the worse of Mr. Hayley, if he should retort that neither my Verse nor Prose contain any thing worth reading. “*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*”

\* A Capability of being indissolubly united at a certain heat, called by Workmen the *welding heat*. This is a property peculiar to the finest Iron ; the more pure, and free from Sulphur the metal is, the better. I have heard that Platina will *weld* ; but its high price and obstinate infusibility, make this quality of little value in Platina.

Wigs have attained perfection, nought remains  
 For the *Great Seal* to stamp, but *patent* Brains;  
 Shall brains alone their baffled art defy,  
 Who give us Teeth, or Ears, a Nose \* or Eye? †

A friend to all that's good, in Church,‡ or State,  
 No foe to worth I cannot emulate;

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\* "Sic adscititios nasos, de clune torosi  
 Vectoris, doctâ secuit Talicotius arte."

† I have somewhere read a story of an unfortunate Christian who gained a livelihood in Constantinople, by making spectacles, and artificial Eyes. He had the honour to make an Eye for the Grand Seignior, and was handsomely paid.

About a month after that, he was sent for, and was to his great astonishment surely bastinadoed for a *Cheat*. The Gentlemen who administer these punishments, are usually not very communicative of any thing but blows. But at last, he found out that the Grand Seignior had worn his Eye, with all *Mahomedan* patience for a whole month, and yet could see no better with it, than he could on the first day it was put in!

‡ I have referred my readers, for a note on the word Priest, to the Appendix; but as that will not be printed till the third Book is finished, at the end of which it will be annexed; I shall offer what few observations I had to make on that head, here.

Once for all, I attach no importance whatever to any of my remarks. If I am wrong, I shall be very much obliged to any one who will set me right. There may be a thousand reasons for differing in opinion; seldom one good reason for quarrelling about them. Conformity in essentials is a real good, so far as it can be obtained by argument, not by force; by persuasion, not by penalties. "In necessariis sit unitas; in non

No faction's tool, but proud to plead the cause  
Of Freedom *while* she venerates the laws,

---

necessariis, liberalitas, in omnibus, Charitas." Therefore I shall use the common privilege of every rational creature, to "conjecture with freedom, to propose with diffidence, to dissent with civility." I have in a former note attempted to clear the Presbyterians from a false aspersion. Many will be ready to infer from this that I am an enemy to the Establishment. No such thing. To say that the Members of the Establishment, or that those who compose Dissenting Congregations are perfect, would be to say that they are not men. A little of *their* zeal and activity, would not hurt us; a little of *our* liberality would not hurt them. Were the power and patronage of the Establishment removed into other hands, I am far from thinking the new possessors would evince a greater degree of moderation in the enjoyment of them. While any Church is connected with a Government, that Church will always have something to give; and it will ever be matter of contention, who are the most fit to receive it. But in this struggle for temporalities the great advantages christianity is capable of bestowing even on the present state of Society, (for it is a social Religion,) are annihilated. "There hath not been discovered," says Lord Bacon, "in any age, any Philosophy, Opinion, Religion, Law, or Discipline, which so greatly exalts the *common*, and lessens the *individual* Interest, as the Christian Religion doth."

My partiality for the Establishment, has not made me blind to its faults. In many things, but most of all in its Articles, I humbly conceive there is room, and *shortly may be opportunity*, for improvement. When we reflect *who* and *what* those men are, who have seceded from us, because they could not, in their present state, conscientiously subscribe to the Articles; we must acknowledge, we can ill afford to lose

I look on earth for no Utopian plan  
Of pure angelic excellence, in man ;

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*such* talents, enhanced by *such* integrity. Some years since a very large proportion of the Clergy gave manifest and public proof of their wishes, on this occasion. I am inclined to think that this proportion hath of late increased. When Paley was asked for his vote on this occasion, his reply was, "I sincerely wish well to the cause, but cannot at present afford to keep a conscience." A foolish and thoughtless joke, which on such an occasion had been better spared. But some may say, "Has the Church Power to revise, alter, or annul any of her Articles? Read her own language in these very Articles; *General Councils are assemblies of men, all of whom may not be governed by the Spirit and Word of God: they may err, and sometimes have erred; and all things ordained by them as necessary to salvation, have neither strength, nor authority, unless it may be declared that they are taken out of the holy scriptures. Every particular, or national church, hath authority to ordain, change, or abolish ceremonies or rites of the church, ordained only by men's authority.* Much learned labour hath of late been bestowed, to prove that these Articles are not Calvinistic; and that they are Apostolic. I must conceive it is of infinitely more consequence to make out the latter proposition, than the former. As far as Calvin, or any other Reformer, or Teacher, can be reconciled to the Gospel, so far he is entitled to our attention, and no farther. In defence of Calvin's persecuting Spirit it has been usual to say it was the error of the Times in which he lived; and the necessary fault of his Education. But surely one, who after tearing himself from the pale of the Church of Rome, became, a kind of Protestant Pope at Geneva; who after escaping from the very laboratory of Persecution, was ever after *blinded by the smoke*, "Ardentis

The faults that in *myself* I tolerate,  
I can in *others* pity, more than hate.

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*Massæ fuliginelippus* ;" who, in the case of Servetus, gave woe-ful proofs that with all his wisdom, he was not above the dreadful errors of the age in which he lived ; surely, such an one is not exactly the Oracle that is to guide the faith, and regulate the opinions of Posterity. But supposing Calvin had given us, what he certainly has not, the best proof that he was indeed entitled to the highest veneration and authority amongst Posterity ; namely, that he himself was above the errors of his own day ; yet even that, in the present case, would hardly justify us in pinning our faith upon his sleeve. Because the superadded experience of so many centuries, and the glorious light of the Reformation, of which he was only one of the Morning Stars, have enabled us to be much better judges in these matter *now* for ourselves, than Calvin could at that time have possibly been for us. On this subject Lord Bacon has expressed himself with his usual *pregnant brevity*. "De antiquitate autem, opinio quam homines de ipsa sœvent, negligens omnino est, et vix verbo ipsi congrua. *Mundi enim Sæculum, et Grandævitas pro antiquitate vere habenda sunt ; quæ temporibus nostris tribui debent, non juniori ætati mundi, qualis apud antiquos fuit. Illa enim ætas respectu nostræ antiqua et major ; respectu mundi ipsius nova et minor fuit.*" "But that opinion which men entertain concerning antiquity, is altogether vague, and hardly to be reconciled to the very term itself. For the old and advanced age of the world, may indeed be considered to be true antiquity ; and this antiquity belongs to modern times ; not to that younger age of the World, such as it was amongst the Antients. For that age of the Antients, with respect to our age, is certainly the older of the two ; but with respect to the world, it is as certainly the younger."

Taught by plain Truth alone, and Common Sense,  
 I make to inspiration *no* pretence,  
*Rare* Gift !—to prove it, mark the Grecian's page,  
 Th' unrivalled wonder still of every age.  
 But, if the Honest, Wise, and Good can find  
 Just cause of anger to a generous mind,  
*One* vice encouraged, or *one* virtue grieved,  
 Then—let the volume perish, unreprieved ;  
 If ought but Worth or Genius, have my praise,  
 Or ought but Guilt my Censure—damn the lays.

Wouldst *ride*, not walk ? a Panegyric write,  
 To Lords A, B, or C, the Scroll indite,  
 Long as their rent-roll ; as their coffers full ;  
 False as their pleasures ; as their converse dull.  
 He knows them not, who flatters Fools by halves,  
 Then be not nice in cramming golden calves.  
 But would *his Grace* be tickled, swear he is  
 Unmatched by all the Dukes in Genesis !  
 Or plead some Nabob's cause, whose avarice  
 Against rupees, weighed out the *hoarded rice* ;  
 Or prove *his* victories just, *his* title good  
 To fame, whose piled Pagodas\* smell of blood ;  
 Thus win their Friendship ; of their smiles pos-  
     sessed,  
 Worm next the fatal secret† from their breast ;

\* An Indian Coin.

† “ Scire volunt secreta Domûs atque inde timeri.”

Dear is his wealth to Clive, † but dearer still  
The wretch that can accuse him when he will;

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† “*Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,  
Accusare potest. Tanti tibi non sit opaci  
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
Ut summo cæreas, ponendaque præmia somas  
Tristis, et a magno semper timearis amico.*”

The epithet of an *heaven-born* General was invented by Lord Chatham, and by him applied to this extraordinary man. In the year 1773, a motion was made in the House of Commons, to resolve, that in the acquisition of his wealth, Lord Clive had abused the powers with which he had been entrusted. This motion was rejected, and it was voted that he who may be considered the Founder of the British Empire in India, had rendered great and meritorious services to his Country. He had been previously presented by the Court of Directors with a superb and costly Sword, set with Diamonds. But the horrid fears and remorseful agitations which overcame this Hero on his couch, and rendered solitude a scene more dreadful than the ensanguined field, or the fire of artillery, together with the shocking circumstance of his putting a period to his own existence, do not tend to weaken our doubts of the purity of the means by which his vast wealth was accumulated. The avarice which clouded the character of another Hero, Marlborough, ended at last in the second childhood of dotage and debility. This Passion “grew with his growth,” but it does not appear, (as in the case of Elwes and most other misers) that it “strengthened with his *weakness*.” At a dinner, where many Ambassadors were present, Marlborough, when called upon for a toast, gave “My Queen,” meaning Queen Anne. One of the guests, who sat next to prince Eugène, enquired of him what Queen the Duke alluded to? “I have never heard of



But far more dear, to quench the *Candle's* spark,  
And sleep *unwatched*, no Coward in the *Dark*.  
Sweet balmy Sleep! once fled, thou'rt not restored  
By *Votes* of *Senates*, or a *diamond Sword*;  
Ah! what can purchase thee? Not all the gold  
By famed *Pactolus* to the Ocean rolled;  
Not all the treasure his Imperial Slave  
To false Pizarro\* for a ransom gave;

---

any but one," said the Prince, "to her indeed he is a most devoted Subject, "*Regina Pecunia*."

\* When Pizarro took Atahualpa, the Emperor of Peru, prisoner, he offered, says Dr. Robertson, a ransom for his liberty which astonished the Spaniards, even after all they knew of the opulence of his kingdom. The apartment in which he was confined was twenty-two feet in length, and sixteen in breadth, and he undertook to fill it with vessels of gold as high as he could reach. The Inca actually performed his part of the agreement, but the Spaniards most perfidiously deceived him. They seized the treasure of the captive monarch, and still detained him in custody. But they soon proceeded to a much higher act of treachery and injustice; they pretended to bring to a trial, before a tribunal of *Spanish Judges*, the independent Emperor of Peru, on the ridiculous arraignment that he had rebelled against his *lawful Sovereign*, the king of Castile, to whom the *Pope* had granted a right to his dominions! Men who could thus prostitute the forms of law and justice, had resolved to commit murder, and were solicitous only to avoid the infamy of it. The trial accordingly terminated in condemnation, and the unfortunate Atahualpa soon after suffered the death of a criminal!

He dared not set that potent Inca free,  
Who *such* a price could pay for liberty.

Think not that I *all* praise or censure scorn,  
Or that my callous heart is made of horn ;  
Yea *some* there are, whose calm approving voice  
Hath power to make despondency rejoice ;  
Should these applaud, all's well, I shall not rate  
Their value by their *number*, but their *weight*.

Ah ! Who that hath not felt them, who can tell  
The fears that sink, the rising hopes that swell  
His breast, who courts, as yet to fame unknown,  
The maiden Muse, unfriended \* and alone ;

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\* What has been said of giving, may be as truly said of approving. “ *Bis laudat, qui cito laudat.* ” “ He praised me,” said Johnson, “ when as yet I was in obscurity, without friends, and without money ; *and when praise was of service to me.* ” In general, we are afraid to commit ourselves, by praising any thing that is new ; we wait for the Public ; the Public for the Critics ; the Critics for the watchword of their Party ; or the nod of their Patron ; or the fees of their Pay-masters. A fig for *such* commendations. Any *skirter* or *babbler* can follow the pack, or re-echo the cry ; give me the reader, “ *Acutinaris*,” who boldly challenges upon the scent, and *first* and *singly* announces the game. To bestow praise in the proper place, and to come forward with it in the proper season, requires more taste and *more courage* than to censure. Any mob can pull down what an architect only could erect. But praise should be the incentive, not the principle ; the spur, not the prize ; the cordial that refreshes and revives, not the dram that intoxicates and overcomes, A man may be smother-

Doomed all the Moor's distrustful pangs to prove,  
To "doat, yet doubt ;\* suspect, yet strongly love."

I scorn myself, when raptured I survey  
The mighty Masters of th' immortal lay ;  
Thus, one who strives with glance of naked eye,  
The Pyramids, † their height, and breadth to try,

ed in honey, like *Voltaire* ; no less than in gall, like *Salmasius*. Whoever would persuade us that he is indifferent to the praise of the wise and the virtuous, either will not be believed, or if he saves his veracity, it will be at the expense of qualities almost as valuable.

"Laudari haud metuam, neque enim mihi cornea fibra est,  
Sed rect' finem extremumque esse recuso,  
Euge tuum, et belle."

\* See Shakespeare's *Othello* :

"Incipit, et dubitat, scribit, damnatque tabellas,  
Et notat, et delet, mutat, culpaturque, probaturque ;  
In que vicem sumptus ponit, positosque resumat."

"Now he begins, now stops, and stopping frames  
New doubts, now writes, and now his writing damns ;  
By turns defaces, alters, likes, and blames ;  
Oft throws in haste his pen and paper by,  
Then takes them up again, as hastily."

† These stupendous monuments of human folly and vanity have been poetical and oratorical property ever since they were built. "In what year of our Lord did that happen ?" said my uncle Toby. Ask the critics, I neither know nor care. I have heard that Buonaparte, when first Consul, made the following fine allusion to these monuments of Antiquity, in a speech before the Deputies of the Departments : "France, externally formidable and successful, but internally weak and miserable, wants a peace. She may be compared to those Pyramids I

*Learns well his own contrasted littleness,  
 But must their awful Grandeur only guess.  
 The Model I propose, I cannot reach,  
 Nor seeing, show ; \* nor, lost in wonder, teach ;  
 Else might the bright description grace my style,  
 And one Oasis † in the desert smile.*

---

have lately seen in Egypt; their outward appearance, indeed, fills the mind of the spectator with ideas of their grandeur, strength, and magnificence; but when he enters them, what does he behold? Inanimated ashes, and the silence of the tomb!

\* “Hunc talem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.”

I am far from thinking what follows a finished Portrait; it is more strictly a rough sketch, nor would it have been exhibited to my readers, at least for the present, and in the crude state in which it is, had not some unforeseen changes taken place in my plan of publication. A partial Jury of a few friends who have seen it, recommended its insertion. Imperfect as this attempt is, it may serve to remind Modern versifiers that the true Poet, from the many rare endowments which must conspire, and co-operate in his formation, cannot be a very common character; and that we may safely walk through the crowded Streets of the Metropolis, and even venture into the Row, without any danger of being jostled by true Poets, even in this rhyming age. “Ex quovis *Ligno* non fit Poeta.” An observation I once made to an American of the name of *Wood*, who showed me some wretched rhymes of his own composing.

† The Oases are highly fruitful and cultivated spots, green and beautiful as emeralds, which occasionally may be found in the midst of the desert, filling the exhausted traveller with delight and astonishment. He readily acknowledges them to be

THE BARD, Creation's heir, and Fancy's child,  
 Rich as the Vale, and as the Mountain wild ;  
 From Critics cold takes not, but gives \* the rule,  
 Nor floats on common-place, that stagnant pool ;

---

both " rich " and " rare," but " wonders how the devil *they got there.*"

\* It is notorious that the greatest of the Poets have *preceded* the Critics of their respective countries ; and that the finest productions of the human mind have been finished before the rules for composing them were laid down. Thus Aristotle wrote *after* Homer ; Quintilian and Longinus *after* Virgil ; and in our own country, the very name of a *native* Critic was hardly known, till long *after* Shakespeare and Milton were dead. "*O fortunati nimium !*" It appears then that the Critics have not been the Præstolatores, who marching in the *van* of the Poet, have facilitated his progress, by clearing the undiscovered land of its difficulties and impediments ; but that they have been content, like Sutlers, to bring up the *rear* ; to be the mere proclaimers of the Poet's Victory, or the Pageants of his Triumph. After they have recovered from their astonishment at the marvellous prowess, the "*speciosa miracula*" displayed by him, they next encumber him with their officious help ; or else, like the Rhetorician who undertook to teach Hannibal the art of war, presume to tell him *how he might have done better !* It has been observed " that there are two periods favourable to Poets, a rude age when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been forestalled. The other is, when after an age of barbarism, a master or two, as Milton, produce models formed by purity, and taste." But in general that excessive refinement superinduced by a classical education, and an intimacy with the pure models of antiquity, while it sharpens the judgement, has a natural tendency to discourage en-

Knows, with the river's smoothness, to combine  
 The torrent's force, in his resistless line ;  
 Where, like the Nile, all eyes with wonder own  
 The stream majestic, but the source unknown !

E'en in his youth, his front, with proud desire  
 Of Fame that beams, betokens nascent fire ;  
 Thus, o'er yon eastern cloud, the rising ray  
 Predicts the splendour of the coming day.  
 Whene'er he stoops, 'tis from that Eagle's height  
 That o'ertops others, in his lowest flight ;  
 He starts no mean, no common race to run,  
 And if he falls, illustriously undone,  
 'Tis the bright fall of him who dared to guide the  
 Sun.

Within the magic circle of his eye,  
 All Nature's beauties, all her terrors lie,  
 She reigns unrivalled o'er a willing heart,  
 That scorns the charms of meretricious Art ;

terprize, fetter invention, and repress originality. Such men find it more easy to give rules for fine writing to others, than to exemplify them in themselves. They seldom realize the high expectations that were formed of them ; and usually fail *as authors*, from a vain attempt to *produce better bread than can be made of wheat*. We have many instances of such characters, of whom the world would have thought more highly, *had they never written*. In this respect they may be compared to that literary phænomenon Crichton, to whom, with a slight alteration, a sentence in Tacitus may be adapted ; “ *Omnium consensu capax scribendi, nisi scripsisset.*”

Can Art touch Nature in effect, or plan?

Can God be rivalled in his Creature Man?

To Slaves of Wealth, the Bard displays a mind,  
From low pursuits, and sordid cares refined ;  
True friend to social joys, the brawling feast  
He shuns, where o'er the man presides the beast ;  
The *flow of ignorance*, the *feast of Swine*, \*  
Where *old* ideas pall us, and *new* wine.

Luxuriant Vale, or cloud-enveloped Height,  
The soothing Rill, tempestuous Ocean's might,  
The trim smooth-shaven Lawn, the shaggy Wood,  
The lake of Glass, the wild torrentuous flood,  
Frequented Walk, or lonely Precipice,  
That frowns forlorn o'er Conway's dread abyss ;  
These, yield him pleasures that no pains alloy,  
What others *anxious* hold, 'tis his t' enjoy.

But chief the Bard, on bold invention's wing,  
In fancy's boundless realms delights to sing.  
Each thought, brought forth in rapture, not in pain,  
Starts, bright as Pallas from the Thunderer's brain ;  
Nor doth the vast exhaustless Ocean hold  
More wealth unclaimed, more undiscovered gold.

Seated in contemplation's diamond Car,  
Calm he surveys the elemental war ;

\* "Prudent Porcelli, Porcorum Pigra propago !" The ancients, whenever they wished to enjoy the "feast of *Reason*, and the flow of *Soul*," very wisely restricted their parties to a number not *less* than the graces, nor *more* than the muses.

Or stands on hoarse Niagra's trembling mound,  
 While notes heard farther than his waves resound ;  
 Immortal Verse, that shall not cease to flow,  
 When time shall lay that watery wonder low.  
 Or lost in midnight gaze of rapture, runs  
 O'er heaven's star-studded arch, that wilderness  
     of suns ;

Suns that saw rebel-angels headlong hurled,  
 Ere from the germ of chaos burst the world ;  
 Where grand profusion, negligent, sublime,  
 Acts uncontrolled by matter, space or time ;  
 Where Newton erst beheld, with ravished eye,  
 The grand Sensorium † of Deity !

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\* I have often been much struck with the following description of the Deity. "From his grand Sensorium, Infinity of Space, and Eternity of Duration, he directs all the movements of nature ; and is determined, by his own unalterable perfections, to maintain in it, at all times, and in all places, the highest possible quantity of happiness, by the best possible means." There are three reflections, which have often assisted me in forming awful, but very inadequate conceptions of the immensity of God's Works. The first is, that the whole diameter of the Earth's orbit, from Cancer to Capricorn, becomes a mere point, when compared with the inconceivable distance of the fixed stars. The truth of this is evident ; because Sirius, which is the nearest fixed star, is the only one which has a *perceptible*, annual parallax. The second reflection is, that such immense bodies as the Comets, should have "ample scope and space enough" allowed them, to describe such vast and eccentric orbits, and yet never endanger the workmanship, or destroy the beauty of the firmament, by



“Nature’s High Priest,” in reverential mood,  
Modest, unconscious of his worth, he stood,  
Himself a nobler light than all the suns he viewed !

---

getting within those spheres of attraction produced by the Suns of other systems. The third is this —When Herschel first took sweeps of the Heavens, with his forty-foot Reflector, the starry host he observed, appeared to be multiplied under his eye. Before the Philosophical Society, he hazarded this bold conjecture. “My Reflector,” said he, “gives me in some sort a power of looking back into time past ; since I have good reason to conclude that some of the fixed stars I have discovered by its means, must have been created *two millions of years ago !*”

From some observations on clusters of fixed stars, which to the naked eye appear like nebulae, and which are situated at the remotest *perceptible* point of the Galaxy, this Philosopher was led to conclude, that a ray of light coming from the farthest of them, would require a period of nearly two millions of years, to travel the immeasurable distance which separates our earth from them. But this distance must have been passed through by their rays, or the stars from whence they emanate, would not be visible ; since *no* object can be seen except by rays that come from it. It has been calculated with much accuracy, that light reaches us from the sun in more than eight, and less than nine minutes. It is supposed a ray from Sirius would reach us in about six years ; since it is demonstrable he cannot be *less* than a certain distance from our earth, by observations on his parallax.

Of Space and of Duration, it has always struck me, that it is much *less* difficult to conceive them *infinite* than *bounded*. Neither do the grandest discoveries of Astronomy, nor the boldest conceptions of Philosophers, invalidate the only rational and consistent account we have of the Creation, namely

With fainter beam, more transient, less refined,  
The body these irradiate—He the mind!

But Suns, nor Systems, glorious as they are,  
Not these their Maker's wisdom *most* declare ;  
Nor *best*,—one object doth the Poet prize,  
More high than all the marvels of the skies ;  
He dares, but with no vulgar eye, to scan  
Each glorious work of God—and mostly Man !\*

the Mosaic; since *that* in all probability, relates only to *our* system. “ *And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the Day; and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also.*” This, I humbly conceive to be a simple, yet sublime account of our system, the sun, the moon, and the planets; the Creation of *all* which must have been, from the known laws of gravity, *coeval*.

Although the researches of Philosophy have uniformly confirmed the Sacred History, yet there are difficulties she may not overcome, and mysteries she must not penetrate. On these occasions, it is surely more *safe*, and more *creditable*, to stand on the *Terra-Firma* of Revelation, in company with such men as *Newton* and *Bacon*; than to commit ourselves to the unknown regions of Scepticism, and conjecture, attended by such guides as *Volney* and *Voltaire*.

“ *Fidei, et ejus firmamentis, standum.*”

\* “ *Quicquid agunt Homines.*” Poetry has for its legitimate and principal object man; his character, manners, passions, sentiments, actions; for those things will always most sensibly affect us, to which we are most nearly related. But we are most nearly related to man; therefore man, his actions and passions are the proper subjects for the poet. Tragedy, that most interesting department of the art, owes all its powers to this single circumstance, that of being the most lively and

Can sink or swell, can rouse or lull to rest,  
Each chord that jars, or modulates the breast ;

---

affecting imitation of important human actions. “Εστὶν ὅτι Τραγωδία μιμησις πραξίως σπουδαίας καὶ τιλίας.” It would seem that there are two principal reasons, why those Poets who transport us *altogether* into the land of Fairies, Goblins, and Monsters, rarely produce any *deep* or *lasting* impression on our minds: first, because they place us amongst beings with whom we have nothing in common ; with whom, therefore, we *cannot sympathize*. The second reason, perhaps is this ; Poetry is undoubtedly an imitative Art, “Τέχνη μιμητική.” But it ceases to be an imitative art, and its very *essence* is destroyed, the moment it is wholly occupied in describing Goblins, Fairies, Genii, and other Montrosities ; *because the Prototypes have no existence*.

Some will think Shakespeare a splendid exception to the last remark. But it must be remembered that Shakespeare was blessed with that idiosyncrasy, as it were, of *mind*, which could convert every thing it touched into Gold. “Before such merit all objections fly.” But *even Shakespeare* was not bold enough to hazard the experiment of a fable, from which all human agents were excluded, and whose sole interest was to be derived from the actions, passions, habits, and manners, of mere visionary Beings. In his highest flights, Shakespeare never loses sight of Man. He therefore uses the creatures of the fancy, not as *principals*, but as *auxiliaries* ; and he walks their dread circle, not their trembling vassal, but their rightful Lord. They await his nod ; and are never called but to be subservient to some end with which his constant theme, namely *Man*, is connected. In the mysterious jargon of the witches, we anticipate the fate of a *Tyrant* ; when Prospero raises the storm, we tremble for the *Mariners* ; when he waves his wand, we sympathize with *Miranda*. Nor were the *imitative* powers of

Quick, at his mighty-bidding, hopes, or fears,  
Alternate rise, or sympathetic tears ;  
Tears ! sent by bounteous heaven, to give relief  
In ecstasy of joy, or agony of grief ;  
From *human rocks*, till then unmoved by woe,  
Touched by the Poet's wand—the waters flow.

To him, supreme dominion is consigned,  
O'er all that vast, unbounded empire—mind !  
Here uncontrolled he reigns ; all meaner things,  
Earth, and its sordid cares, he leaves to kings ;  
He knows how far each Passion's rule extends,  
Where each domain begins, and where it ends ;  
The nice partitions marks, that separate  
Each province, thin as air, but fixed as fate.

Above the clouds and errors of his day  
High raised, he meditates th' immortal lay ;  
His ample view, no geographic line,  
Nor circle, nor meridian, may confine ;  
Man's every action, passion, word, he weighs,  
And oft the source from whence they flow, displays,  
The inmost thought ! for what the tongue conceals,  
The eye, the brow, to *his* keen glance reveals ;  
That glance, to which compared, the Lynx's eye  
Is dull,—and slow the bolt that rends the sky.

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Poetry vitally wounded in the case of Shakespeare, for the *credulity* of that age had already furnished him with the *Prototypes* of these visionary beings, in the imaginations of his audience.

'Tis when the moral picture *speaks* and *lives*,  
That full, complete delight his pencil gives ;  
'Tis then great Raphael\* stands dejected by,  
And owns the Poet's triumph in a Sigh !

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\* I by no means wish to depreciate the two Sister Arts—Painting and Music ; but I must give the *highest* place to Poetry. Because, she possesses more enlarged powers of imitation ; is conversant with higher objects ; embraces more durable and extensive utility ; and enriches her favourites with gifts more indeprivable and indestructible. Poetry is superior to Music ;—because in *addition* to the graces of harmony, she also joins the powers of description. Hence while Poetry charms the soul, Music pleases only the sense. To the power of Music over the passions I subscribe ; but Poetry yields not to Music, even here. And it must be remembered that the purest and most exquisite effort of Music, can hardly be called the “feast of Reason.” But this Queen of the breast vouchsafes to the pleasurable sensations excited by the Poet, her full assent, and unqualified approbation.

Poetry seems to be a superior art to Painting, principally, as I humbly conceive, on the following accounts. It is of more extensive utility ; since the comparatively poor may purchase a Milton, or a Shakespeare ; but the efforts of the Painter must, from their price, be confined to the galleries of the *most* opulent. Also, from the cheap and easy multiplication of Copies, the beauties of the Poet may not only be universally disseminated, but even put beyond the reach of accident. Can this be said of the Cartoons ? Can any invention, or ingenuity effect for Painting, what the Press has done for Poetry ? Engraving is but a poor substitute, yet it is the only one. But Poetry is a more *comprehensive* art than Painting. Painting can only represent a *point* of time, and the transactions of some

In Him, the *Bard* precedes, outstrips the *man*,  
Subject of *Charles* he lives, but writes for *Anne*;

---

particular moment; whereas the Poet can represent, not only the action, but its remotest consequences. One superiority I will admit. A fine Painting addresses itself to all nations, and charms every one that has eyes. But it is not always that the efforts of the Pencil fully explain themselves. "Speak" was the last word a statuary uttered, on giving the finishing-touch of his chissel to the Statue. Though a Painter has often occasion to wish this, yet it is what "optanti Divom promittere nemo auderet"—"Hoc defuit unum." Moreover, in addition to the charms of numbers and of harmony, to which Painting can have no pretence, the Poet can effect all with his pen, that the Painter can accomplish with his Pencil, and very much that he cannot. Take, for instance, the death of Turnus. The Painter could give us the stern countenance of Æneas, the supplicating look of the vanquished Turnus, and the gorgeous belt that adorned his person. But he could never inform us, *as the Poet has done*, that Æneas recognized, in *that* belt, the *belt of Pallas*; that Pallas was his dearest friend; that this dearest friend Turnus had *slain*. Yet the tragical catastrophe, the death of Turnus, hinges upon these very circumstances; *none* of which the Painter could have described; but *all* of which the Poet has represented, and most inimitably;

—————"Tunc inquit Spoliis indute meorum,

Eripiare mihi?" "Canst thou hope to escape my vengeance, clad as thou art in the spoils of my dearest Friend?" In short, Poetry seems to combine the powers, both of Music and of Painting; she comprehends all that her sister arts can embrace, and very much they cannot reach. But I observed that she enriches her favourites with gifts more *imperishable* and *indeprivable*—"αφθίτα αει. A Poet, were he to lose the senses of *hearing* and of *sight*, might yet solace himself by the

He meets improvement, and adorns his page  
 With the pure diction of a future age ;  
 Gives to his native tongue strength not its own,  
 And leaves it marble, \* though he found it stone ;  
 Mid the rude efforts of unskilful hands,  
 A finished monument ! his labour stands ;

---

resources, and though blind, *enlighten* others by the powers of his art. But deprive the Musician *only* of the *first* of these senses, and the Painter only of the *second*, and it would be next to impossible for them to delight others, or to amuse themselves. Sir Joshua Reynolds was struck with blindness ; and we know that he bore the stroke with the firmness of a Philosopher, and the resignation of a Christian. But his favourite art, so far from being able to administer him any consolation, was *now*, alas ! *itself* converted into the most poignant source of his sorrow. “Hinc illæ lachrymæ.” But the Poet, under the pressure of the *same* calamity, illuminates the darkness that surrounds him ; he solaces his privacy, he immortalizes his fame, and bequeaths to a grateful posterity, that inestimable Legacy, *The Paradise Lost* !

\* *Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.*” Were we to fix any *particular* reign as the æra of the Augustan age of England, perhaps the majority of voices would be in favour of the reign of Anne ;

————— *Fuit Ilium et ingens*

*Gloria Teucrorum.*”

Both in Arts and in Arms, we then shone most conspicuous, blessed with the propitious smiles, “*Utriusque Minervæ.*”

Dr. Johnson seems inclined to declare in favour of Elizabeth ; “From the Authors which arose in the time of Eliza-

Thus rears the Czar,\* to crown the shapeless block;  
His polished Statue, on the rugged rock.

Master of style, expression's every grace,  
Each elegance of speech, 'tis his to trace;

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beth," says he, "a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use, and of elegance. If the language of Theology were extracted from Hooker, and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spenser and Sidney; and the diction of common life from Shakspeare, few Ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words, in which they might be expressed."

\* The largest stone ever moved by human ingenuity, is that on which the Empress Catharine caused the statue of Peter the Great to be raised, in the square of Petersburg. This stone was placed by levers on a wooden frame, nearly in the shape of a sledge, having grooves in which cannon balls were placed; on these the stone traversed, as on friction rollers. When at the end of the frame, a similar one, with corresponding grooves was placed before it, and when it reached the end of the second, the first frame was again brought forward; of course it was necessary to smooth and level the *line of March*. The rugged asperities of this immense stone, not one of which was permitted to be touched by the chissel, formed a fine contrast with the polished statue of Marble fixed upon the top of it. The rugged stone which formed the base of the statue, was emblematical of the state of barbarism in which Peter found the Russian Empire, when he came to the throne. The sculptured Marble, on the top of it, was meant to designate the state of civilization and improvement, in which Peter left his dominions.



Each delicate, discriminating shade, \*  
 Soft as the tints by suns autumnal made.  
 To Grandeur should the bold conception rise,  
 A Style as bold his flowing tongue supplies ;  
 Pours forth the full majestic tide of song,  
 Profound, yet lucid ; beautiful, yet strong ;  
 Both Sense † and Soul enraptured, love the line,  
 Where harmony *and* thought resistless charms  
                   combine.

Though Nature's nobler language be his own,  
 To him *no* minstrel sounds are *quite* unknown ;  
 Albeit he sheds the bootless tear, to see  
 The Muses' Seat—the Den ‡ of Slavery !  
 Yet dear, and hallowed by the hand of Time,  
 To him the Doric reed, the Delphic rhyme,  
 Trinacria's artless pipe, and Homer's strain sub-  
                   lime.

Full dear the notes, that from Ilissu's shore,  
 The Mantuan Swan § to his own Tiber bore ;

\* If Men had only the power of *expressing* themselves alike, in all instances wherein they *think* alike, then half the folios, which no one reads, no one had *written*.

† “ For eloquence the Soul, song charms the Sense.”

‡ I allude to the present state of Greece.

§ Virgil had travelled into Greece, in quest of some place of retirement, where he might put the last polish to his *Æneid*. It is extraordinary that he makes *no* mention of Homer, in any part of his works ; a Poet to whom we regret that he was so much indebted ; as he always succeeds best, when he quits his

But, dearer still *his* harp, by angels strung,  
Who higher than his mighty Masters sung;

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model. Surely *in Greece*, the "*Sacer admonitus locorum*" must have brought Homer before his eyes. A respectful mention of him would have been creditable to both. At Athens Virgil met Augustus, and was about to return with him to Italy. It would seem that we are indebted to Tucca and Varius, for the preservation of the *Æneid* from the flames, and *not to Augustus*. Virgil, who died at Brundisium, soon after his interview with Augustus, requested that his manuscripts might be brought to him, in order that he might commit the *Æneid* to the flames. But Tucca and Varius persuaded him to spare that Poem, *taking it upon themselves* to say that Augustus would not permit it. "*Verum Tucca et Varius*" (says Donatus) "*monuerunt id Augustum non permissurum.*" We must, however, give Augustus the merit of seeing the conditions on which Virgil left the *Æneid* to Varius, punctually performed. In fact, the great esteem in which he held Virgil and his writings, forms the *most* amiable part of that Emperor's character. Virgil soon afterwards was doomed to experience the truth of that homely proverb, "*New Lords, new Laws.*" For Caligula kicked his works out of all the libraries in Rome, as a Poet (says Suetonius) "*of no genius, and the least possible learning;*" "*Nullius ingenii, minimæque doctrinæ.*" Virgil was one of the few Poets who did full justice to his own Verses, in the recitation of them. He declaimed "*maximâ cum suavitate, et miris lenociniis.*" Could he have heard Virgil recite his own verses, Caligula might have been induced to think more justly of them. Perhaps that Emperor read the Poem *himself*; "*Et male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum.*" I think I have somewhere heard, that Queen Caroline, (who read Butler's analogy for amusement,)

Who having roamed *all* Helicon || in vain,  
On Sinai heard a more exalted strain !

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being much pleased on hearing a Sermon preached by a certain divine, borrowed it to peruse; on returning it, she observed she liked it better when she heard it preached. "Madam," replied the divine, "when your majesty read the sermon, you had only the *fiddle*, when you heard it, you had the fiddle, and the *fiddle-stick*." But to return to Virgil; I think a good excuse for Shakspeare's departures from the unities, may be found in a gross violation of them by so correct a Poet as Virgil, in his amours of Dido and Æneas. In the first place, it is notorious that Dido was a woman of exemplary chastity; and if cited to appear in court, so far from losing her cause, might have *obtained damages against* the Poet; by proving an anachronism of 300 years in his evidence. If this were not enough to convince her jury, she might have exclaimed

"Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo;"

and have called up Pluto to make out an *alibi* for her pretended Paramour. "I have ninety-nine reasons," said a Counsel, "for my Client's not appearing in court. The first is, that he is dead"—"Stop," said the Judge, "we will not trouble you for the other ninety-eight." I shall conclude this gossiping note with a quotation from De Lille; because it imparts new beauty, and gives a fresh interest to the Georgics; superfluous perhaps, in as much as they were before confessedly the most perfect of all antient Poems.

"La longue durée des guerres civiles avoit presque dépeuplé les campagnes, et Rome même l'étoit au point, qu, Auguste se vit menacé de ne regner que sur des déserts et des tombeaux. Une grande partie des terres de l'Italie avoit été partagée entre les soldats, qui s'étoient occupés trop long tems à les ravager pour avoir appris à les cultiver. Il falloit donc ranimer parmi

Nor doth he scorn, with proud, pedantic eye,  
 Romantic tale of highborn chivalry ;  
 That tells how bright in polished Sidney \* shone  
 The Lover, Hero, Bard—combined in one ;

les Romains leur premier amour et leur premier talent pour l'Agriculture. Mécène qui mettoit toute sa gloire à augmenter celle de son maître et de son ami, engagea Virgile à se charger de cette entreprise.

Virgile employa sept ans à la composition de cet ouvrage. On y reconnoît par tout le dessein dans lequel il l'avoit composé, et les vues de Mécène. Mais on les reconnoît sur tout dans ces plaintes touchantes sur la décadence de l'Agriculture, qu' on lit à la fin du premier Livre ; encore plus dans ce bel éloge de la vie champêtre qui termine le second, et dans lequel Virgile semble avoir réuni toute la force et toutes les graces de la Poésie, pour rappeler les Romains à leur ancien amour de l'Agriculture."

|| Milton, with a genius second to none of them, commenced his poetical career with a degree of erudition superior to all other Poets, ancient, or modern. Milton and Sir Isaac Newton, are signal instances of what may be effected by the rare, but felicitous union of exalted talent, patient industry, and unremitting application.

\* Sir Philip Sidney, author of the celebrated Romance, Arcadia. He also wrote Ourania, and several other smaller poetical pieces. As illustrious in arms, as in arts, his reputation, for valour and wisdom stood so high, that in the year 1585, he was thought a fit Person to be a candidate for the Crown of Poland ; but Queen Elizabeth did not choose that England should lose so great a Jewel. After displaying uncommon bravery, he received a mortal wound at the battle of Zutphen. While he was in the arms of his attendants, who

How Royal Francis kneeled on crimson plain  
 To Bayard's sword ; the Knight without a stain !  
 While jousts, and tilts, and tournaments inflame,  
 With love of matchless Chief, the peerless Dame ;  
 Such generous love, I ween, such virtuous rage,  
 Sounds but a fiction, in a selfish age ;  
 When Beauty's *Queen*, † in savage triumph led,  
 Found that thy Spirit, Chivalry ! was fled ;

---

had procured for him a bottle of wine to allay his thirst, a wounded soldier was carried past him, and cast a wishful eye on the bottle. Sir Philip ordered it to be taken to him, saying, " Poor fellow ! thy necessity is greater than mine."

† The Queen of France.—When we look back on the last twenty years, and reflect on the misery and devastation of the human species, in that short but eventful period, the question of "*Cui bono ?*" imperiously forces itself upon our minds. We *hope* indeed that the effusion of so much blood, and the permission of so much misery, have some higher object than the *only* one at present perceptible—the aggrandizement of an unprincipled Upstart. While we *hope* this, we also *fear* that those evils may be intended as *corrections*, rather than *cures*. That national punishments, and national rewards, make a part of God's moral government, the Scriptures do not permit us to doubt. But these rewards or punishments must take place on earth, because men are *nationally* accountable only *here*, although they are *individually* responsible hereafter. The French nation, which has suffered most, seems to have been benefited the least ; unless indeed an extent of territory to the *monarch*, may be considered as a *salvo* for the imposition of the severest restraint upon the *subject*. But it matters little to me how *large* my prison is, if I am confined to a *cell* of it.

Mid the fell rout tho' loyal valour wept,  
The Sword of Knighthood in its scabbard slept.

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Frenchmen *feel* that civil inquisitions have been erected *at home*, and are *promised* that religious ones shall be pulled down *abroad*. But Popery is the same evil, whether she carries on her trade of delusion, solely on her own firm, or in copartnership with a tyrant. France, once the *cradle*, is now the *grave* of liberty. Her sons have *compounded with despotism*; that their territory may cease to be a *slaughter-house*, they have submitted to its becoming a *barrack*. But was there no *middle point*, between the extremes of anarchy and slavery? "*Virtus est medium vitiorum.*" This should be the frontlet, and the breastplate of Reformers. But the Philanthropists gravely tell us that *posterity* is to be benefited by the destruction of the *present* race. Posterity has been dubbed a Prince by Swift; but *some* are exalting it into a Deity, and a terrible one too; a Moloch, to whom they would sacrifice millions of human victims.

The following quotation from Burke, seems to have been dictated by the very spirit of Prophecy. Observe, it was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety. "*In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuation of all, the officers of the army will remain for some time mutinous, and full of faction, until some popular general, who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery, and who possesses the true spirit of command, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself. Armies will obey him on his personal account. There is no other way of securing military obedience in this state of things. But the moment in which that event shall happen, the person who really commands the army is your Master, the Master (that is little) of your King, the Master of your Assembly, the Master of your whole Republic.*"

The Bard, triumphant o'er the frowns of fate,  
Want, Envy, Calumny, the Tyrant's \* hate,

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\* Irritability belongs to Poetasters, not to Poets. The following account will show that Poetry works no miracle, to defend the bodies of her Votaries from cruelties or persecutions, although she is indeed able to solace and support their minds, under the infliction of them. It will also appear that she boasts of no Palladium, to protect her favourites from the numerous casualties and accidents incident to humanity. Menander, the prince of Comedy, whose eulogist was Quintilian, whose admirer was Cæsar ; Cæsar, who could only allow to Terence *half* the merits of his grecian Model, “ *O dimidiate Menander!*” This poet, the Idol of his own times, and the *desiderium* of Posterity, must begin the list. He was drowned in the harbour of the Piræus. The remainder of this melancholy catologue is already finished to my hands, in the elegant preface to some translations from the greek Anthology. “ By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the Writers of Antiquity, were thus prematurely cut off from existence.—Euripides and Heraclitus were torn to pieces by dogs ; Theocritus was strangled by order of Hiero ; Empedocles was lost in the Crater of Mount Ætna ; Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies ; Archilochus and Ibycus by banditti ; Sappho threw herself from a precipice ; Æschylus perished by the fall of a Tortoise ; Anacreon was choked with a grape-stone ! Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander ; Seneca and Lucan, condemned to death by the tyrant Nero, cut their veins, and died repeating their own verses ; Petronius met a similar fate ; Lucretius, it is said, wrote under the delirium of a philtre, administred by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects ; Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short the days of both Socrates and Demosthenes ; and Cicero fell under the proscription of

Can conquer all things—save that *inward* foe,  
'Tis Man's to fight—but God's to overthrow ;

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the *Triumvirate*. It is truly wonderful that so many men, the professed *Votaries* of peace and retirement, should have met with fates so widely different from what their pursuits and habits should seem to have exposed them to." Were we inclined to increase this extraordinary list, we might add that Sophocles died of Joy ; Bion of Poison ; Philemon of Laughter ; Longinus on the Scaffold. And amongst the moderns, Algernon Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh were unjustly beheaded ; Clarendon dragged out of his bed by a party of drunken Sailors, almost miraculously escaped being murdered ; Dante died of Vexation ; Voltaire of Flattery ; Sir Philip Sidney of a wound in the battle ; Otway and Chatterton of Starvation ; Savage and Burns of Intemperance ; and Falconer, after having escaped one shipwreck, perished by another ; the Victim of that element, whose fury he had described with so much pathos and classic elegance. As I have mentioned Menander at the head of this note, I shall add the opinion which that lamented Statesman, and true Patriot, the honourable C. J. Fox, entertained of his merits. From the few but *precious* fragments of that Poet, which have escaped the ravages of time, it was this great man's opinion, that the loss of the dramas of Menander is more to be deplored, than of any other antient writings whatever. The testimony of such a Man, who, unlike his great Rival, possessed a taste to appreciate, and a heart to feel the beauties of Poetry, will justify us in applying to Menander the beautiful quotation from Phædrus, so elegantly addressed by Addison, to Sappho ;

" O suavis anima ! qualem te dicam bonam  
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ ? "

It is curious that Camoens, the great Author of the *Lusiad*,



All that Revenge or Malice can contrive,  
 He can endure, and what is more—forgive !  
*All* nature his extended views survey,  
 Thence learns he wrongs with kindness to repay;  
 E'en brutes can teach forgiveness ; some to feed  
 And clothe their slaughterer, unresisting bleed ;  
 Stifled within her waxen cell, the Bèe  
 With sweets returns the cruel injury ;  
 Foaled on the sands, and in the desert nursed,  
 Th' expiring Camel \* slakes his murderer's thirst.

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narrowly escaped the fate of Menander. On his passage home from the East Indies, he suffered shipwreck ; and the *Lusiad*, like the *Commentaries* of Caesar, was preserved by the intrepidity of the Writer, who swam with one hand, while he grasped his poem in the other. This would be a dangerous experiment for some of our modern Poets, whose works possess such an "alacrity in sinking," and are so utterly destitute of the "*το πηκτον*," or faculty of *swimming*.

\* This Quadruped has been beautifully styled the *Ship of the Desert*. Were it not for the Camel, the Wilds of Arabia would not be habitable by Man ; and her illimitable Sands would prove the grave of the traveller. The Arab looks upon this Animal, as the most valuable gift of heaven. Trained by his master, to share the fatigue and privation of a life of hazard and of enterprise, and equal to the boldest efforts of predatory warfare, this animal seems to unite the speed of the Horse, with the patience of the Ox, and the strength of the Elephant. A troop of Camels disciplined by the Arabs, and bearing each of them, *three* Soldiers fully equipped for war, can perform a journey of nine hundred miles, in eight days. To follow such

Nay, things inanimate, revengeful rage  
 Rebuke ; so taught th' enlightened Eastern \* Sage ;

---

a foe on horseback, would be to pursue the wind. But, in another point of view, the Camel supersedes all other beasts of burthen. The exhausted Traveller, in cases of extreme distress for food and water, instead of perishing by hunger and thirst, kills one of the Camels in his Troop. His flesh supplies him with a wholesome and not unsavoury meal ; and in his stomach, he finds a reservoir of water to assuage his thirst. As the Camel can endure a privation of ten days from water, this reservoir, or *fifth* stomach, is capable of holding from twelve to fourteen gallons. This element is there preserved, pure, limpid, perfectly unmixed with the aliment ; although the Camel, by a voluntary contraction of certain muscles has a power of causing any quantity of it to ascend even as high as the oesophagus. The advocates of blind chance, who can believe that a fortuitous concourse of atoms supplied the Camel with this singular apparatus, and then *fixed him in the Desert*, where *only* such a *peculiarity of conformation* could be useful, such men are certainly not *unbelievers*, for want of *credulity* !

“ Quis credat tantas operum, sine numire, moles

Ex minimis, cæcoque creatum fædere mundum ?

Si Sors ista dedit nobis, Sors ipsa gubernat.”

\* Confucius. In the eleventh anniversary discourse, by Sir William Jones, in the fourth volume of Asiatic Researches, the following passage occurs ;—“ It has been usual with zealous men, to ridicule and abuse all those, who dare on this point to quote the *Chinese* philosopher ; but, instead of supporting their cause, they would shake it, if it could be shaken, by their uncandid asperity ; for they ought to remember, that one great end of revelation, as it is most expressly declared, was not to instruct the wise and few, but the many and unenlightened. If the conversion, therefore, of the *Pandits* and

The falling Sandal-Tree sheds fragrance round,  
 Perfumes the axe that fells it to the ground;  
*Some* through their tortured trunks a balm supply,  
 And to give life to their destroyer—die;  
 And Earth's torn, mangled breast, but yields the  
     more,  
 And pours from deepest wounds her richest store.

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*Maulavis* in this country shall ever be attempted by protestant missionaries, they must beware of asserting, while they teach the gospel of truth, what those *Pandits* and *Maulavis* would know to be false: the former would cite the beautiful *Aeryâ* couplet, which was written at least three centuries before our era, and which pronounces the duty of a good man, even in the moment of his destruction, to consist *not only in forgiving, but even in a desire of benefiting, his destroyer, as the Sandal tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it*; and the latter would triumph in repeating the verse of *SADI* who represents a return of good, for good, as a slight reciprocity, but says to the virtuous man, ‘*Confer benefits on him who has injured thee,*’ using an *Arabic* sentence, and a maxim apparently of the antient *Arabs*. Nor would the *Mussulman* fail to recite four distichs of *HAFIZ*, who has illustrated that maxim with fanciful but elegant allusions:

“ Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,  
 And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;  
 Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,  
 Imblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side:  
 Mark, where yon tree rewards the stony show’r,  
 With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flow’r:  
 All nature calls aloud: ‘ Shall man do less  
 Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?’ ”

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Planet, may control  
 The wayward workings of the Poet's soul;  
 Banished from Vales, and Groves, and Italy,  
 His \* fire illumines the frozen Scythian sky!

A "Sea-boy † on the high and giddy mast,"  
 In hideous wreck on steep Colonna cast,  
 Could Surges hear the Bard, *that* storm had slept,  
*Palemon* had not died, nor *Anna* wept!  
 But listening Greece mourned o'er that piteous  
 tale,

And thought Mæonian numbers swelled the gale.

Should Melancholy, sable Queen, impart  
 Her sacred influence to *her Poet's* ‡ heart;  
 Should she direct his eyes in thought profound  
 To heaven, or teach them still to '*love the ground?*'  
 He sings,—in notes more melting, pure, and high,  
 Than ever Mirth can lend to minstrelsy;

That *scattered* sentences of the purest morality may now and then be found in the pages of the Oriental, no less than Grecian Philosophers, is not to be denied; but for a *complete* and *comprehensive System*, where are we to go for any thing comparable to Christianity? And which of the antient Teachers can produce the life of Jesus? With some *rare* exceptions, such as Confucius and Socrates, the lives and the writings of the Pagan Moralists, were so much at variance, that it is necessary to forget the impurities of the Source, before we venture to drink of the Stream.

\* Ovid.

† Falconer.

‡ Gray.

More sadly sweet than Attic warbler's lay,  
 From covert pierced by Cynthia's silver ray;  
 Nor tones, that from yon harp æolian flow,  
 Are tuned so true to melody, and woe;  
 Tho' zephyrs wild, and winds that scorn control,  
 Have taught those artless chords the sounds that  
       soothe my soul.

Condemned to till bleak Scotland's rugged soil,  
*His\** muse beguiles the task, and charms the toil;  
 The generous Youth their native carol bear,  
 Join the blithe reel, or shed the lover's tear;  
 The note is changed—at Bruce's stern command,  
 They grasp the targe, they wield the highland  
       brand.

Ere Time had marred his voice, or bleached his  
       head,

Or dimmed his eye, we mourn *our Bion* † dead!]

\* Burns has great inequalities, but in his happier efforts, he is inimitable. The *witchery* of his versification is much heightened by the *Doric simplicity* of his native tongue.

† “ὅτι Βίων τεθνακεν ὁ Βακχίδης, ὅτι συν αὐτῷ  
 Καὶ τὸ μέλος τεθνακε, καὶ ὤλετο Δωρὶς αὐδᾶ·  
 Καὶ βῶτας ἐλιγαίν, καὶ αἰδῶν ἐνομευε,  
 Καὶ συριγγὰς ἐτεύχε, καὶ ἀδία πορτὶν ἀμελγε,  
 Καὶ παίδων ἐδίδασκε φιλαματά, καὶ τ' ἔρωτα  
 Ἐτρεφεν ἐν κόλποισι, καὶ ἤρσε τὴν Ἀφροδίτην·  
 Χειρὶ δ' οὐ ταις ἀγέλασιν ἐσατμιος, θύετ' ἐμὲλ' αἶψα.”

Mute is the Doric reed, and Melody,  
 That Dryad Nymph, is fain with him to fly ;  
 Ah ! what bold hand, O thrice-lamented Burns !  
 Thy pipe and crook unhangs ! thy self-taught  
       numbers learns ?

Ah ! could ye not, Sylphs, Fauns, and Fairies !  
       guard

From *fatal* snares, your rash, your reckless Bard ?  
 Uncharm the Spell that held him pleasure-bound ?  
 And dash the cup of Circe to the ground ?  
 Weep Muses ! o'er that ravaged, ruined mind,  
 By *you* the soil of noblest fruits designed ;  
 A Garden, fed by rich Invention's stream,  
 And warmed by glowing Fancy's brightest beam !  
 Where nature had so well performed her part,  
 That, save to wonder, nought was left for Art ;  
 But, like the forest Boar, with headlong haste,  
 Rushed Passion furious forth, and laid that Eden  
       waste !

God's ! what a chaos fills th' hiatus wide,  
 That's destined Apes from Angels to divide ;  
 Virtues—that bear the stamp of heavenly birth,  
 Vices—that leave their native Hell for Earth.  
 Mixed with alloy must be the chains, that bind  
 Terrestrial matter with ethereal mind ;  
 Yet must *both* worlds be joined, to fill the plan,  
 Their *frail*, yet firm connecting link—is Man.

Should yon red Planet scatter from his car,  
 As now, destruction, pestilence, and war,  
 And shake with falling Thrones the trembling  
     earth,  
 A nobler influence rules a Milton's birth.  
 The civil \* blast that rends the *moral* sky,  
 But lends him force on stronger wing to fly ;

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\* Milton lived in the most turbulent times. And in the civil commotions of his day, not even a Roman would accuse him of a cowardly or selfish neutrality ; although Dr. Johnson has done so. If he erred, it was not on the side of lukewarmness, or inactivity. His peace of mind was harrassed by *domestic*, no less than *civil* discord. Secretary to a most wily and ambitious Usurper, and engaged with Salmasius, no puny champion, in a literary war, so virulent that the one lost his eyes, and the other his life, yet could he find time to fill the various and almost incompatible provinces of the Politician, Theologian, Controversialist, Preceptor, Grammarian, Historian, Lexicographer, and Poet ! Butler, a staunch and keen defender of Royalty, has a sarcastic allusion to Milton's Controversy with Salmasius, in his Satire on the abuse of Human Learning. He seems to have been of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who on this controversy observes, that rights of Nations, and of Kings, sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them. The lines are these,

“ Thus he who fought at barriers with Salma-is,  
 Engaged with nothing but his style and phrases,  
 Waived to assert the murder of a Prince,  
 The author of *false Latin* to convince ;

And Discord's foaming billows as they rise,  
Lift his proud Spirit nearer to the skies !

To Time, that mars the Monarch's sculptured  
name,  
He boldly trusts the pillars of his fame ;  
And calmly sees vile husks to pearls preferred, ;  
By the misjudging, gross, and sensual \* herd ;

---

But laid the merits of the cause aside,  
By those that understood them to be tried ;  
And counted breaking Priscian's head, a thing  
More *capital* than to behead a King."

\* If we except Barrow, Marvel, Dryden, and a few other literary characters, none of Milton's cotemporaries seem to have appreciated the beauties of a Poem, which, on its first appearance, might be termed, in more senses than *one*, a *Paradise Lost* ! Of those *lumps of clay kneaded up with blood*, who formed the court of the second Charles, few had the taste, and fewer still the courage to admire a Poem written by the author of the *Defence of the People*, and of the *Iconoclastes*. If I remember right, Waller, an elegant rhymers, but a cameleon of the Court, thus notices Milton's Poem, in a letter to a friend ; "*One John Milton, a blind School-master, hath put forth a Poem, entitled, Paradise Lost ; which, if length be any excellence, hath that to recommend it.*"

That Milton himself did not calculate on contemporaneous fame, is evident, from a hope which he expresses, of "*leaving something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die.*" " But this," says he, " is not to be obtained, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out the Seraphim with the



Above *their* frowns and smiles, the lofty page  
He forms, the wonder of each future age !

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hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Johnson's whole account of Milton is a struggle and a conflict between his judgment and his prejudices ; between his own *felt* convictions of the Poet's merit, and his determination to suppress them. No reader of taste will form his opinion of Milton, on the ipse dixit of Doctor Johnson ; who, we know, styled *his* to be a *Babylonish* dialect, who was the author of those three Graces, the Comus, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso ! Surely such a charge comes with a very ill grace from the mouth of him who was the author of the *triptological* sentences, inflated epithets, balanced periods, and many-languaged prose of *The Rambler* ; from one who in his Dictionary, amidst a thousand other definitions equally satisfactory, favours us with the following one,—“ Network, *any thing reticulated or decussated, with interstices, at equal distances, between the intersections.*” Here half a dozen more dictionaries seem to be necessary, to *explain the explanation* ! The most *charitable* thing that can be said of this dictionary is, that it is capable of *very great* improvement. We acted with regard to our language as the French have done in their politics. We were in danger of *Anarchy*, therefore we *acquiesced* in a bad government, rather than have none.

Doctor Johnson seems to hint that the querulous and plaintive passages which occur in the *Paradise Lost*, were the offspring of petulance ; that they were not justified by sufficient cause ; and that Milton, on the whole, had more reason to be thankful than dissatisfied. But on this subject Johnson is by no means good authority. His prejudices in favour of Royalty, like those of Milton in favour of Republicanism, were violent, and excessive ; but *unlike* the prejudices of Milton, they

Above his own dull æra's fogs, elates  
His awful head, and Time's decision waits.

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were supported and strengthened *by a pension*. Yet he admits that Milton was "poor and blind;" impoverished by severe and repeated pecuniary losses; and harrassed by civil alarms and domestic discord. That "he was depressed by fortune, and disarmed by nature." That he was racked with a chronic gout, so tormenting that without it even blindness would have been tolerable. Surely such a man may be allowed to complain, without being censured; *even if he does not* give vent to his sorrows in numbers so touching, beautiful, and harmonious, that our sympathy is exceeded only by our admiration. Johnson's prejudices on this subject have so blinded him that he often contradicts himself; thus, he accuses Milton of being a man of "great promises, and small performances;" and requests us to join with him, in laughing at one, who "hastens home, because his countrymen were contending for their liberties, and when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding school." But in another passage, he acknowledges that this man of "great promises, and small performances," *lent his personal Estate to the Parliament, and was never repaid,—that he defended all that wanted defence*—that "he continued to kick, when he could no longer strike"—and that "what in him was wanting in health, was supplied by zeal." Nor is Johnson more consistent in his account of Milton's works. He terms the *Paradise Lost* a Poem which with respect to design may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem, all other greatness shrinks away; when he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility; whatever he done he is always great." Yet in

Thus, while as yet the Earth in darkness lies,  
 When the first tint of purple streaks the skies,  
 Famed Teneriffe \* salutes the virgin ray,  
 Fresh from the Sun, fair herald of the day;

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the course of a few pages, we are told, that this Poet, who “whatever be done is *always* great,” *has disgraced his work by a fiction that is ludicrous*; that a Poem which when it does not “raise us by its sublimity, delights us by its fertility,” is a Book which the reader “*admires, lays down, and forgets to take up again*,” that “*None ever wished it longer than it is*,” that *its perusal is a duty, rather than a pleasure*,” that “*we read Milton for instruction, retire harassed, and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation*,” that “*we desert our Master, and seek for companions*.” Were all the Doctor’s criticisms conceived in the same spirit, which dictated many of his remarks on Milton, and on Grey, we should no longer suspect the truth of that aphorism which gave him so much alarm; namely “*That the writer of a Dictionary may be allowed to know the meaning of any one word in a language, but not of two put together*.”

\* This account of Teneriffe is more than poetically true. A French Gentleman informed me he had often, on a clear morning, observed the *Peak* surrounded, as it were, with a luminous halo, while the valley from which he witnessed the phænomenon was still immersed in darkness. He said he had once the pleasure of beholding the sun rise, while he himself was situated on the highest point of the mountain. There are but a few months in the year, when it is safe to attempt this arduous enterprise, the mountain being subject to those sudden and overwhelming *avalanches* of snow, so common in the mountains of Savoy. A volcano terrifically deep, but of a narrow crater, was perceptible on the vertex.

Views from his lofty summit, clothed with light,  
The vale, where linger still the shades of night.

His mighty genius, with the lightning's force,  
All opposition shivers in its course ;  
'Mid Thunders doth its giant task perform,  
And beams most vivid in the blackest storm.  
Blind, and denied the gross corporeal light,  
His intellectual eye but shines more bright !  
Strength in disease he finds, and radiance in night !

On "evil days," though fallen, and *sceptred foes*,  
In want and woe condemned life's day to close,  
In age deserted, his unconquered mind  
Still in itself its rich reward can find.  
Though friends prove false, he to himself is true,  
Prepared alike to suffer, as to do.  
Kings, \* in his presence, drop their haughty style,  
Return improved, who came but to revile ;

\* It has been recorded, and it is thought with truth, that James the second, when Duke of York, honoured Milton with a visit in his obscurity. It is admitted that Milton sacrificed his eyes, which were weak and inflamed, to his unremitting exertions in preparing his answer to Salmasius. The contracted and illiberal spirit of James, induced him to glance at this circumstance, in his interview with Milton ; he went so far as to construe his blindness into a judgment of Providence. To an insinuation so replete with bigotry, and meanness, we are informed that the Poet made a reply as dignified and spirited, as the remark which produced it was vile and contemptible ; " Before your Royal Highness pursues such a principle *too far*,

Thus clouds, that would obscure the Lord of Day,  
*Themselves* are gilded by his *setting* ray !  
 “ Majestic though in ruin ! ” all confess  
 Their favourite ne’er so great—as in distress !  
 Men see, and *feel* the firmness of the Rock,  
*Most*, when it triumphs o’er the *Tempest’s* shock !  
 To form *One perfect whole*, in him † conspire  
 The Painter’s pencil, and the Minstrel’s lyre,  
 The wisdom of the Sage ! and Prophet’s hallowed  
 fire !

No trodden track the Bard’s adventurous feet  
 Directs, to scale proud Wisdom’s highest seat !  
 His iron pen graves in the Dome of Fame  
 On rock unhewn of Adamant — a name ;

it were prudent to reflect *where it will lead you* ; if I am to attribute the loss of mine eyes to any sins which I may have committed, of what crimes must *he have been guilty who has lost his head* ? To the credit of James, it is said, that he was so struck with the magnanimity of the Poet, that he returned with a more enlightened spirit than he came.

† Cui in memoria, totus Orbis ; in intellectu, Sapientia ; in voluntate, ardor gloriæ ; in ore, eloquentia ; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus audienti ; characteres mirabilium naturæ, Magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, exquirenti, percurrenti ; illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis, nec ora fawæ, nec hominum stupor in laudandis, sufficient.”

A single name—but in itself a Host !

Great Shakespeare ! the World's \* wonder, Albion's  
boast !

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\* I am aware that Shakespeare is not duly appreciated, on the continent. But I call him the wonder of the World, in the spirit of Prophecy ! “ *Tu Marcellus eris.*” If we might be allowed to hope the realization of the splendid theory of Bishop Wilkins, concerning *A Universal Language*, there are circumstances on which to ground the presumption, that *such a Language* would be *the English*. The unquestioned preeminence of our writers, on every subject, a truth admitted by the best informed, even of the French, has already made the English tongue the language of the *literary* world. Our naval superiority, so decided and brilliant, hath made it the language of *Commerce*, and wafted, it as it were upon the wings of the wind, to every region under heaven. Peculiar dispensations of Providence, have fixed it on a rock, and conferred upon it a vigorous and youthful revivescence, by allotting it a rising and extensive Empire, in the most flourishing provinces of the Western Hemisphere. I anticipate the time when the genius of *North America* shall penetrate the Isthmus of Darien ; when by the powerful ascendancy of her arts and her arms, she shall subjugate unto herself the whole of the Southern Peninsula, and make the British language the vernacular tongue of the Transatlantic World. In short, if we reflect on the present situation of the habitable parts of the Globe, if we consider what nation it is that hath peopled New Holland ; who it is that holds the keys of the Eastern and Western Indies ; and hath swept the flag of France from the Ocean ; we shall acquire fresh evidence for the probability of that glorious event, *the universal extension of the English Tongue !*

Mirror of Universal Nature!—She  
 More lovely seems, reflected back by thee!  
 Their Skies two Muses quitted at thy birth,  
 Skies dear no more—their Shakspeare was on  
 Earth!

*Both* claimed thy heart, their *sole* peculiar care,  
 And *both* were grieved, to find the other there;  
 Two Rival Queens, whose mutual jealousy  
 Exceeded all things—but their love of thee.  
 Thalia woos in Rosalind, but fears  
 Ophelia's beauty, heightened by her tears!  
 That thou mayst cease to doubt, and they to pine,  
 By Universal Suffrage—Both are thine!

*All* that thou hast attempted, *All* approve!  
 Delighted still, shouldst thou conduct, we rove  
 Where clangs the trump of war, or breathes the  
 lute of love!

Hear frenzied Richard sleep invoke, in vain,  
 Or see brave Harry mourn o'er Hotspur slain;  
 Yet hail with smiles, though rages yet the fight,  
 The resurrection of the merry Knight!

*Consistent still*, destruction of her prey  
 He *cheats*, and lives to laugh another \* day;

\* In the Merry Wives of Windsor. It is well known that this play was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, who expressed an ardent desire to see Falstaff in love. Our immortal Bard has contrived to gratify the wish of his Royal Mistress, without sacrificing the consistency of Falstaff's character.

All own the wit that could their Prince enthrall,  
And mixed emotions mark the curtain's fall.

O wondrous grasp of mind, at once t' embrace  
With strength of Æschylus, Menander's grace ;  
With Otway's tragic pathos, to combine  
All Congreve's wit, and Jonson's force divine !  
Thus, the same gale that bids the jocund wave  
In dalliance blithe, the Bark's deep bosom lave,  
And fans, at ease reelined, the cabin-boy,  
And fills the hoary helmsman's heart with joy,  
Now—Dæmon of the Storm, its fury guides,  
And armed with thunder o'er th' Atlantic rides ;  
Yon low'ring cloud his ebon chariot makes,  
And billows for his foaming coursers takes ;  
Then, wide, o'erwhelming havoc spreads around,  
Till not the ruin of a wreck be found !  
'Till sink th' *unconquered Brave*\* and Britain weeps !  
Ah then, too late, the fell Destroyer sleeps !

Shakspeare knew, although Elizabeth did not, that love was a passion too refined for Falstaff to entertain. He therefore very properly exhibits the Knight, as the dupe of a mercenary and sensual appetite ; such an appetite being the nearest approximation to love, compatible with so gross a mind.

\* I allude to the loss of the *St. George*, the *Defence*, and the *Hero*. It is some consolation, to have it now ascertained, that this melancholy event must be attributed to causes, which no human foresight could prevent, and no human exertions overcome.



From that sad scene of *real* woes, I turn  
 To fling a fading wreath o'er Shakspeare's urn ;  
 Toil fond, *as vain* ; the pleasure of the task  
 The sole reward my gratitude shall ask.

To roses fragrance, freshness to the spring,  
 Flowrets to summer, fruits to autumn bring,  
 Rays to the sun, stars to the galaxy  
 Present — or plaudits, Heir of Fame, to thee !  
 Fame—that *our* tributary streams of praise  
 No more augment—than rivers ocean raise.

Thou know'st to please all ranks, and every age,  
 The young, the old, the peasant and the sage ;  
 While these are charmed, nor least who ask not why,  
 No Critic smiles—He must his rules apply ;  
 Must strive great Nature's workings to conceal,  
 Till Aristotle gives him—*leave to feel*.

Thy vast o'erwhelming theme so fills the mind,  
 No room for him that *formed it*, can we find ;  
 Dazzled by rays that from thy genius dart,  
 We lose at once the Poet, and his art ;\*

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\* With the single exception of Homer, no Poet so completely veils himself and his art behind his characters, as Shakspeare. In poetry, as in oratory, the "*ars celare artem*" is a high proof of talent. It was a nobler eulogium on Demosthenes, when the Athenians left him, breathing this unanimous sentiment, "*Let us go and fight against Philip*," than if they had expressed themselves, as the mob of Rome did on Cicero, "*What a fine Speech our Orator has made*." And we in like manner forget Shakespeare, while we tremble with Macbeth,

Thy rich creation, not its *cause*, we see,  
 Forced to forget alike ourselves—and Thee !  
 Magician ! that canst work the firmest spell,  
 And ALL enchant—thyself invisible !

Midst all the works of God, to nothing blind,  
 Save the vast force of thy transcendent mind,  
 Hopeless, as negligent \* of future fame,  
 A breath of present praise thine only aim,

or weep with Othello, or sympathize with Hamlet ; and when most affected by the Passions he has excited, we think least of the Poet who has awakened them.

\* Many circumstances seem to indicate that Shakspeare was singularly unambitious of future fame. On his learning, much has been said. A decent knowledge of Latin may be perhaps allowed him, although as translations were even then not uncommon, and as Shakspeare was a great devourer of books, he might from that source have acquired much information. His Cæsar bespeaks no mean acquaintance with the manners and customs of the antient Romans.

“Nec liquit populis te parvum Nile videre”  
 is a line which has been applied with singular felicity to Grey ; whose first productions were great. “Dum tener in cunis jam Jove dignus erat.” The reverse of this may be said of Shakspeare, as unfortunately tradition has preserved a first attempt of his. It is a fragment of a Satire on Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, from whose Park he had carried off some deer. The fragment begins thus, but it is too miserable to quote at length ;

“A parliament Member, a Justice of Peace,  
 At home a poor scare-crow, at London an Ass.”  
 These are the first lines, and the *best* !

Unconscious builder ! of what must withstand  
The ceaseless stroke of time's oblivious hand,  
Great Glory's self, more \* glorious still to shine,  
Sues that her humbler name may be allied to  
thine.

What thou commandest, ALL become, who scan  
Thy page — that full epitome of man ;  
The soldier, scholar, statesman, bond or free,  
Peasant or prince, behold themselves in Thee !  
O witchery of verse, O height of skill,  
As wax, to melt and mould us to thy will.

From fictions high, and stores of antient lore,  
From Latian vale, or famed Ægæan shore,  
With fresh delight to Avon's bank I come,  
As to my native soil, and dearest home ;  
Here first my boyhood roved, through fragrant  
flowers,

To weave an artless wreath in Shakspeare's bowers ;  
And here, O let me, youth and manhood past,  
Where sprung my first enjoyments—seek my last.

When freedom's foes, and faction's fouler band  
Shall hurl destruction o'er thy native land,  
When toads and snakes shall unmolested creep,  
Where millions met, at Garrick's voice to weep !

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\* Perhaps this is no hyperbole ; for as Glory herself is disgraced, when coupled with a Mahomet, a Jenghis Khan, or a Napoleon ; so is she in some degree retrieved, by being associated with a Trajan, an Antoninus, or an Alfred.

When hooting owls shall fill, and bats deface  
That proud resort of fashion, wit and grace,  
When tangled weeds shall hide, and briers rude,  
That sacred soil by beauty's tears bedewed,  
Thy name, should that ill-fated day arrive,  
Thy name, thy country's ruin shall survive,  
And on Ohio's bank in youth unfaded, thrive.  
Amazed, the Western hemisphere shall see  
Her own sublimest scenes surpassed by thee ;  
Her snow-clad heights thy woodnotes wild shall  
cheer,  
Her vast Savannas, and her forests drear.

More far and wide than from his mountain throne  
Proud Chimborazzo \* sees, shalt thou be known ;  
Though torrid suns their cloudless lustre shed,  
And gild, with rays unfelt, his icy head ;  
Though storms, nor thunders shake his awful seat,  
And harmless lightnings flash around his feet ;  
While he surveys, above the tempest's roar,  
Two mighty oceans break on either shore.

Erected instant, at their Bard's command,  
Theatric piles shall press the Western strand ;

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\* The highest point of the Andes, whose chain extends four thousand three hundred miles, forming the barrier of the vast pacific ocean. Whether the atlantic is discernible from the top of Chimborazzo can never be known, for the impassable line of perpetual congelation commences, many thousand feet below his apex, which is one third higher than the highest mountain in the old world.

Roused by thine Orphic spell, the stones shall rise,  
Obedient form the Dome, and rush into the skies !  
All nations may be proud to bow to thee,  
Who hast enthralled the sons of liberty.

In vain, 'twixt fame and talent, interpose  
Atlantic waves, or Andes' barrier snows ;  
Chili's dark youth, shall mourn the royal Dane,  
Or spurn the tyrant vanquished in the Thane ;  
Peruvian maids, chaste Desdemona's wrong  
Shall chaunt, sad Juliet's fate, Ophelia's song,  
And charmed Maragnon's wave the dying dirge  
prolong ;

While heaving sighs, from *sable* bosoms, prove  
The voice of nature, boundless, as her love.  
Philip's dread son his useless banners furled,  
Sighed for fresh conquests, and another world,  
To thee, that world Iskauder \* asked in vain,  
Columbus gives, beyond th' Atlantic main !

Then still on deathless pinion soar sublime,  
And charm a future age, a distant clime ;  
Prepared the fierce extremes of melting love,  
Or chilling fear, of height, or depth to prove ;

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\* As Shakspeare is not only read, but acted in many parts of North America, we may venture to give him, at the hands of Columbus, that other world, for which Alexander sighed in vain.

Now stooping low to hear the shepherd's tale,  
 Or mark the humblest flowret \* of the vale ;  
 Now tow'ring high, to drink the blaze of day,  
 Bathed in effulgence of the solar ray ;  
 While raptured mortals view, with dread delight,  
 The solitary grandeur of thy flight.

Thus, high o'er Cotopaxa's† summit hoar,  
 In " pride of place," the Condor dares to soar,

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\* ————— " On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a Cowslip."

CYMBELINE.

This might have escaped all but a botanist.

† This is another peak of the Andes. Exposed to the vertical rays of the sun, above the clouds, and situated nearly in the centre of the torrid zone, yet are these frozen regions covered with everlasting snows. These bleak, and dreary heights, whose silent solitude must be for ever undisturbed by the footsteps or the voice of man, are rendered vocal, only by the piercing scream of the *Condor*, by far the largest, and most powerful of the Eagle race. The lonely tenant of these icy craggs, he is endowed with a vigour of circulation to endure their cold, and a strength of pinion, to soar far above their summits ; yet can he dart like a thunder-bolt upon the prey, plunging from the zenith of his flight, at once in the deep and sultry valleys of Lima. To him, the instantaneous and violent changes of height and depth, of heat and cold, are alike indifferent ; and he can precipitate himself, as it were, in a moment, from the temperature of the *Poles*, to that of the *Line*. In those vast and luxuriant Savannahs, which have been compared to seas of grass,

He reigns, where flagging Eagles may not fly,  
Sole monarch of that cold and chrystal sky ;  
Above the sad vicissitudes of things,  
*Departing Empires, and degraded Kings !*  
But should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,  
Down through the vast abyss he darts amain,  
To shade with cow'ring wing parched Lima's sultry  
plain !

---

and under the cloudless canopy of a Peruvian sky, no living object shall be discernible throughout the whole horizon. Yet, the Buccaneer shall have scarcely stripped the ham-stringed Buffalo of his hide, before the Condor shall be seen hovering over him, and covering him with his wings; allured to the prey, from heights beyond the ken of human vision. The anatomy of this wonderful bird must be for *many reasons* extremely curious. It would open to us another page in the book of Nature; that comprehensive and exhaustless volume, every line and letter of which addresses itself to all our senses, and consoles us with *one* interesting, joyful, and all pervading truth. A truth, the *full* and *adequate* expression of which, can only be found in the volume of Revelation, that other monument of God's wisdom and benevolence. That sacred page re-echoes back the voice of nature, when it declares that "*Great and Glorious are Thy Works, and in Wisdom hast Thou made them all !*"

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END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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## APPENDIX,

*&c.*

### TO THE FIRST BOOK.

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IT was my intention to have made some farther observations on the TITLE of this Poem, in the first note. But as the half sheet containing it went to press during my absence from Tiverton, it is, in my own opinion, more imperfect than any other part of the Poem; and I have to lament some *insertions*, and some *omissions*. The anecdote, for instance, of Dr. Johnson ought to have appeared, *not* in the poetry, but, (if any where) in the note. Alas! "*Quid me dempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?*" On my return, the whole impression of the *first* half sheet was taken off; so that I had only time to regret, what it was too late to remedy. What I meant to have said on the subject of my Title, I shall offer here. Candid Judges will not pronounce the Title to have been ill chosen, until they have seen the *whole* of the Work. At present, the *first* Book only is before them. They will, also, admit the difficulty of writing a long Poem on any one particular vice, without some digressions; these, most readers will pardon, should they be found to rise not unnaturally out of the subject; "*ex re nata*." My *first* Book is very near three thousand lines; quite enough, if good for any

thing; *a great deal too much — if good for nothing*. Therefore, I must request my readers to suspend their sentence on the incongruity of the Title, until the *whole* Work is before them. They may then, if they think proper, re-christen it what they please. It was my fixed determination to give the Poem a single title. And I must presume that no *one* term can be found in the language, to suit the general tenor of the work so well as HYPOCRISY. There may be parts to which that term does not quite apply.—When we see a likeness, we exclaim, ‘that is the portrait of such a man;’ and it is not the less so, because the picture *may have trees and cattle in it*. Even panegyric has been considered, by some, as a digression, in a satirical poem; however, it is a digression in which all the Satirists have indulged, and to me, it has proved the most grateful part of my task. Nor should it be forgotten, that the praise of the good, is often the severest, *always the safest*, censure on the bad. It also enables the Poet to heighten the effect, by a *contrast*, as necessary to the painting of the pen, as light and shade to that of the pencil.

Egotism I think as unpleasant to the writer, as tiresome to the reader. Nevertheless I shall offer a few remarks on myself, which will not be wholly unacceptable, if what I have already written has excited any interest in my readers; if *it has not*, it matters little what I write. In the first place, it would have been more *prudent* in me to have *concealed* my name—because no one is sufficiently perfect to take upon himself the avowed office of a Censor—because young men, and *young authors, in particular*, ought to be very careful not to make enemies; in as much as fame is an *empty breath*, but revenge an *active principle*; and because nothing is so strong, but that which is weak may injure it. Pope himself never ventured on satire, until he had established his fortune and his fame. And Juvenal, the Samson of his tribe, blushed not to own his apprehensions from the power of Nero;

*“Pone Tigellinum, tædâ lucebis in illâ*

*Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant.”*

And from this motive, in his very outset, he announces his intention of exposing the vices *principally* of those whose bodies the Earth had covered.

*“Quorum Flaminid tegitur Cinis, atque Latinâ.”*

Concealment also enables an author, either to escape the hisses, or eventually to come forward, to receive the plaudits of his audience. Moreover on the principle of “*ignotum pro magnifico*,” a degree of mysterious, nay awful importance is attached to a spirited publication, whose author is unknown. Busy conjecture has ample scope allowed her; the sleepless eye of suspicion glances around; — *“Nec conspicit usquam*

*Auctorem.”*

Could Belshazzar be cited to appear, he would confess that the hand which wrote upon the wall, derived its most appalling terrors from *its want of a body*. I have watched the progress of one or two anonymous works, which it appeared *afterwards* were written by *obscure individuals*. I have heard them ascribed to some one having authority; and have been told *in a whisper* that they proceeded from one as formidable from his power, as respectable from his rank; qualified for his high office by native genius, and acquired erudition; well kernalled in years, ripe in judgement, and rich in experience, that fruit of slowest growth, and costliest cultivation.

The very obscurity which enshrouds an anonymous work, awakens our attention; because it increases the difficulty of fully discovering that very object which it magnifies. The sun appears larger through a mist, and the shadow is usually greater than the substance. If I am not deceived, the “*Magni nominis Umbra*” contributed more to the popularity of Junius, than the name of any individual, however esteemed, of a Fox, or a Chatham. Perhaps few things have issued from the Press, which excited at the time, a greater sensation than the notes

to the Pursuits of Literature. To so respectable a reception they were fully entitled, both from their matter and their style, of which it could not be said "*materiem superabat opus.*" But their *imposing solemnity* excited less attention, and their *authoritative egotism* more disgust, the moment *the author was known*. The last advantage I shall enumerate, though not the *least*, is this; Even witling Scribblers, pedantic Coxcombs, and disappointed Poetasters, a formidable Phalanx, can *bear* to praise an anonymous publication; because Mr. Any-body is Mr. Nobody, and he happens to be the *only* gentleman whom brother-authors will admit to be as wise as themselves. Under the above circumstances, and *many more*, which the Critics, who fully appreciate the blessings of sleeping in a sound skin, might inform us of, the question unavoidably obtrudes itself.—How came I to pursue a contrary course? I have a short answer—In despite of all these *prudent* considerations I have affixed my name, "*Adsum qui feci,*" because for *every* thing *anonymous*, except Charity, *I have a rooted contempt, and insuperable aversion.*

Of what is before them, the public will judge :—

*"Fugit irrevocabile verbum."*

On what is to *follow*, they are not so competent to decide. I have promised two more books; they are already in a state of forwardness, and my port-folio reports progress. The main subject will be more closely followed up than in the first book. But in what manner I have treated it, and in what points of view I have considered it, it is quite impossible for any one to predict. Suffice it to say, that Hypocrisy is not confined to the *church*. It is a copious subject, a fruitful theme; a tree of tallest growth, whose ambitious head aspires even unto Heaven; of deepest root, whose ramifications penetrate through the most secret caverns of the earth, even unto Tartarus; She extends her branches over seas and over continents; and with their broad and ample foliage she overshadows the nations.

Hypocrisy is indeed a subject which can only fail with the generation of men ; and this enables me to say—

“ *Quicquid agunt homines, nostri farrago libelli.*”

Of the two books that are forth coming, I shall premise one thing. It is my fixed and settled determination neither personally, nor allusively, by remote inference, or direct application, to attack the character, or wound the feelings of any one *living* being whatever. Motives very different from fear, have operated with me, in forming this resolution. The mere Braggadocio may succeed in bullying half the world ; but the other half will as certainly bully him. Even in my first book, where I have not been quite so scrupulous, it is known to one or two, that I have rejected what some might think the best passages of the Satire. If I have made this sacrifice to fear, then I exhibit a contradictory union of what, perhaps, never was united—Cowardice and Temerity ; since enough is already inserted to insure me the anathemas of booksellers, critics, poetasters, and politicians. But every reader of taste and candour, (and such alone am I ambitious to please) will listen more attentively to the still small voice within his own breast, than to the hue and cry from without.

“ *Hæc novimus esse nihil.*”

It may be that I have not sprinkled my pages sufficiently with Cayenne, to keep the *worm* out of them. I care not for that. Sugar will preserve, as well as salt ; and I shall ever deem it a more grateful task to praise an honest Man, than to lash a knave.

In my historical allusions I hope I shall not be compared to those who had rather say a *witty* thing, than a *true* one. “*Qui modo aliquid argute vel acute dicere videantur, plerumque verumne sit, an falsum, propemodum non curant.*” To the wit I do not pretend, and I would wish not to incur the falsehood. Whenever I have dissected the *dead*, I have done it, as the Anatomist, for the *benefit of the living*. My library indeed is not copious, and my books of reference far from numerous ; neither

are the streets of the town where I reside thronged with walking Lexicons. Not that we are always to expect the greatest learning from those who possess the greatest libraries. It was well said of Hobbès, "*Ingentem librorum suppellectilem qua superbiunt Bibliothecæ non magni fecit ; auctores versabat paucos, sed tamen optimos.*" It is not unusual in conversation, to say. "I should never have suspected Mr. Such-a-one of writing that Book ; he appears never to study." Such persons forget that reflection, thought, and contemplation form the very essence of study ; and that these may be exercised in the fields, better than in libraries. Some authors are praised by every body, and read by nobody ; and it is with books, as with companions, the best knowledge is that which teaches us which to *avoid* ; and in both cases much valuable time is lost, before we discover that it has been thrown away upon those who are worse than useless.

I would give the devourers of books, the *Helluones librorum*, some such advice as this:—cease to read, begin to think ; shut your eyes, open your understandings ; quit your libraries, retire into yourselves ; let repletion end, that digestion may begin.

"*Claudite jam ricos, sat prata biberunt.*"

Perhaps no one thing so completely hebetates the powers of the understanding, as constant *reading* without *reflection*. Such have been well described by Milton, to be

"Deep read in books, but shallow in themselves."

A great Scholar who prided himself on his ignorance of Men, and vast knowledge of books, once received, from a plain unlettered man, this humiliating rebuke : "*The Lord double your learning, and then you will be twice the fool you are at present !*"



## ADDENDA.

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### ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES

TO THE PRECEDING PARTS OF THE POEM

### ILLUSTRATIVE and EXPLANATORY.

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Page 7.—“ *Words are the fickle daughters of the Earth.*”

NOTHING is more common than fine words, and nothing more scarce than fine conceptions. Great capitalists in *words*, but mere bankrupts in *ideas*, modern Poetasters do not seem to understand that all eloquence resides far less in the *expression*, than in the *thought*. Many of Shakspeare's finest passages are monosyllabic. While no poet better understood the superiority of the *moral* sublime to the *natural*, or knew better how to increase the effect of each by joining them together ; yet, when he most astonishes us by the awful sublimity of the thought, then it is that he often charms us most by the artless simplicity of the expression. Let him who would fully understand the difficulty of writing like Shakspeare, attempt to imitate him,

“ *Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,  
Ausus idem.*”

In confirmation of what has been advanced above, it this mo-

ment strikes me, that the confessedly sublimest passage in the whole Bible, is composed of monosyllables throughout,

“ *God said, Let there be light, and there was light.*”

The style of Milton is usually much more laboured than that of Shakspeare, but no reader of taste will think that sesquipedalian verbiage, or phraseological pomp, could add to the grandeur of such conceptions as these,

————— “ *Where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,  
That comes to all.*”

“ *The mind is its own place, and of itself  
Can make a heav’n of hell, a hell of heav’n.*”

“ *His trust was, with th’ Eternal to be deem’d  
Equal in Strength, and rather than be less,  
Car’d not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse  
He reck’d not.*”

————— “ *Which God by curse  
Created evil,—for evil only  
Where all life dies, death lives.*”

Passages as little indebted as these to splendor of diction, for their sublimity, occur frequently in Milton.

Page 8.—“ *Brings Constable’s piled quartos in her hold.*”

Miss Seward’s Letters are far more interesting, and do her much more credit than her Poetry. It was her good fortune to move in a very exalted sphere, and, (if measured by the only proper standard, *mind*) to enjoy the *noblest* society. From a correspondent so *circumstanced*, the merest diary could not be dull ; the matter must impart some animation to the style. Nor could the task be difficult, as it seems to require little more than to *see, hear, and remember*. But Miss Seward may aspire to much higher praise ; she was evidently gifted with talent to profit by the enviable advantages she enjoyed, no less than



taste duly to appreciate them. She is not so much a recorder, as an actor in the scene ; the equal, and the friend of wits, not the dependent retailer of their witticisms ; a Gem, that could reflect the flashes by which she was illuminated.

Page 10.—“*With the free spirit of a youthful Knight.*”

I have heard that the Jailor of the Temple in Paris had formed so high an opinion of English honor and courage, as he saw them embodied in the person of his prisoner, that he has declared that if Sir Sidney knew that he was to be executed at *one*, and had requested permission to walk unattended through the streets of Paris at *twelve*, he should have granted the request, on receiving Sir Sidney's bare word that he would return. One chief merit of the stratagem by which Sir Sydney escaped was, that while it liberated his body, it secured his honour. Poor Phillippeaux, the heroic friend and deliverer of Sir Sidney, died from fatigue, in the campaign of Egypt. Amidst the cold and calculating selfishness of modern times, an instance of such chivalrous and disinterested attachment, refreshes us like an Oasis in the desert.

An attempt of a similar nature was lately made by two young Americans, equal to the one to which I have alluded in its heroism, but not in its success. Having a very slight and remote acquaintance with Fayette, but deeply impressed with an esteem for his character, they determined to undertake his liberation from his horrid imprisonment at Olmutz. Their fortunes and their lives became a secondary consideration. They took lodgings near his prison, and gradually insinuated themselves into the good graces of the Keeper. A few cursory questions concerning the prisoners naturally introduced the name of Fayette. They commiserated his hard fate, and found that the Keeper sympathized with them. In the course of conversation, they discovered that Monsieur F. was permitted to walk at stated hours on the ramparts, guarded by a

soldier. They then ventured to observe that they had a few books which were at the service of the prisoner, to beguile the tedious hours of confinement, and were delighted to hear that the Jailor had no objection to indulge him with the perusal of them, in case the volumes were previously submitted to his inspection. By underscoring with a pencil such *single* words in different pages, as expressed the ideas they wished to communicate, and by a marginal *hint* to join them in the order in which they were underscored, a correspondence, unsuspected by the Jailor, was soon established ; to keep up which, nothing more was necessary, than the exchange of a few volumes. To be brief—Fayette, at the appointed time, breaks from his guards, and throws himself into the arms of his friends, who are waiting on the skirts of the forest with horses ; only a few leagues are to be passed, and they are out of the power of Austria. But the sword in the belt of one of his Deliverers, struck the head of his horse, in the act of mounting, and he broke from those who held him. A noble rivalry now succeeded, which of them should be left behind ? The point is settled by one of them taking up Fayette behind him. Much time is lost, the Tocsin sounds the alarm—the whole Country is in arms—two roads present themselves—they hesitate, but decide upon the wrong—they are taken. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Austrian Government could be convinced that a scheme so daring, could be digested and attempted by two private and disinterested individuals. When this was fully made out, they were suffered, after a severe and tedious confinement, to depart with their lives.

During the long and very rigorous confinement of Mons. F, his liberation was the subject of more than one motion in parliament. The interference of our government was always sternly objected to by Mr. Pitt. This strengthens an anecdote I have heard of the King. To a Nobleman, who lamented the sufferings of Fayette, in his Majesty's presence,

not without a hope of gaining so powerful a solicitor in his behalf, our Sovereign made use of these remarkable words—*“Remember Andre ;”*—a short sentence, but pregnant with meaning. His Majesty was ever remarkable for an excellent memory ; and amidst all the sufferings of Fayette, there are some things in his character, which would almost justify the application of those lines of Ovid,

*“ Neque lex est justior ulla,  
Quam necis artifices arte perire sud.”*

Page 14.—*“Nor can I Darwin tinsel o’er my rhymes.”*

The *“flimsy, gauzy, gossamery lines, and sweet tentandryan monogynian strains”* of Dr. Darwin have received a sufficient castigation from the author of the Pursuits of Literature. But the Doctor does not seem to have profited much by criticism. His last Poem, *“The Temple of Nature,”* prepared for the Press before his death, but published after it, abounds with all the meretricious ornaments, turgid diction, puerile personifications, loose analogies, and undidactic philosophy, which distinguish The Botanic Garden. With the single exception of Lucretius, no Poet has so often incurred the charge of *“obscurum per obscurius.”* To explain the connection between unorganized matter and intelligent existence, is a problem as yet unsolved. Those who have sought for its solution in vain, in the groves of Academus, the Portico, or the Lycæum, are not likely to find it in the Rhymes of Dr. Darwin ; unless indeed they are satisfied with such explanations as these ;

*“ Next the long nerves unite their silver train,  
And young Sensation ! permeates the brain,  
Through each new sense the keen Emotions dart,  
Flush the young cheek, and swell the throbbing heart.  
From pain and pleasure quick Volitions rise,  
Lift the strong arm, or point th’ enquiring eyes ;  
With Reason’s light bewildered Man direct,  
And right and wrong with balance nice detect ;*

*Last in thick swarms Associations spring,  
Thoughts join to Thoughts, to Motions Motions cling,  
Whence in long train of Catenation flow,  
Imagined joy, and voluntary woe."*

"*Ohe jam satis.*" The Doctor appears to have been (like some other Doctors) a martyr to his own Theory, which I suspect was this,

*"Segnius irritant oculos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus ;"*

for in the Botanic Garden, in a kind of note, he condescends to inform his Bookseller that the words expressive of the ideas belonging to *Vision*, make up the principal part of poetical language. In due conformity with this system, he accuses Pope of having written a bad line in his *Windsor Forest* ;

*"And Kennet swift for silver Eels renowned."*

"The word *renowned*," observes the Doctor, "does not present the idea of a visible object to the mind, and is therefore prosaic, but change the line thus—

*"And Kennet swift where silver graylings play,"*

And it becomes poetry, because the scenery is then brought before the eye." Any reader of taste, will perceive how often the Doctor has failed, by pushing this theory too far, and in how many instances he has been misled by these *optical delusions*.

Page 23.—"*Thus Cossacks when the Turk their fury fled.*"

Dr. Clarke has drawn a true and dreadful picture of the subjugation of the Crimea by the Russians ; "At Caffa, during the time we remained, the soldiers were allowed to overthrow the beautiful Mosques, or to convert them into Magazines, to pull down the Minarets, tear up the public Fountains, and to destroy all the public Aqueducts, for the sake of a *small* quantity of *lead*, which they were thereby enabled to obtain. Such is the true nature of Russian protection ; such the sort of alliance which Russians endeavour to form with every nation weak enough to become their dupe. While these works of destruc-

tion were going on, the Officers were amusing themselves in beholding the mischief. Tall and stately Minarets, whose lofty spires added such grace and dignity to the town, were daily levelled with the ground ; which besides their connexion with religious establishments, *for whose maintenance the integrity of the Russian Empire* had been pledged, were of no other value than to supply a few Soldiers with *bullets*, or their officers with a *dram*. I was in a Turkish Coffee-House at Caffa, when the principle Minaret, one of the antient and characteristic monuments of the country, to which the Russians had been employed in fixing blocks and ropes, came down with such violence that its fall shook every house in the place. The Turks seated on divans, were all smoaking, and when that is the case an earthquake will scarcely rouse them. Nevertheless at this flagrant act of impiety and dishonour, they rose, breathing out deep and bitter curses against the enemies of their Prophēt."

There are very few books of travels from which I have derived so much iustruction and entertainment, as from this work of Dr. Clarke. His narrative perfectly corresponds with an account of that unwieldy Empire, *rotten before it ripens*, which I received from a gentleman now resident in Petersburgh, who is fully qualified to write a supplement to Dr. Clarke's book, were it adviseable for any man to draw a *faithful* picture of the Russians, who is *condemned to live amongst them*. One knows not which to pity most, the brutal sensuality and galling tyranny of a mean and sycophantic aristocracy ; or the degraded vassalage, and abject penury of a peasantry doomed to subdue the iron soil, and to combat with the climate of Russia, in order to raise that harvest of which they dare not participate, and which is immediately dispatched to pamper the bloated pride, and support the *filthy* magnificence of Moscow and Petersburg.

"*O Imitatores servum pecus,*" is a remark strongly exemplified in the lower order of the Russians. It would appear that in the powers of imitation, they excel even the Chinese.

“Imitation,” says Dr. Clarke, “is the very acme of the Russian intellect. The meanest Russian slave has been found adequate to the accomplishment of the most intricate and most delicate works of mechanism; to copy with his single hand, what has demanded the joint labours of the best workmen in France or England.”

With superior powers of imitation, it is presumed the Russians quite more ingenuity than the Chinese. A Chinese will make the model of a watch so minutely that its owner shall perceive no difference between the copy and the original, except that the former *will not go*. I have heard that an English factor at Canton, employed a Chinese Taylor to make him a nankeen jacket, and lent him his old one for a pattern. It fitted him to a nicety, but wherever there was a patch on the *old* jacket, a similar one appeared on the *new*.—It would appear from Dr. Clarke’s narrative that the *Cossacks* are in every point of view far superior to the *Russians*.

Page 32. “*That Beam which Luther hailed, and Leo feared.*”

As the intrepid and resistless advocate of the right of private judgement in matters of faith, as the victorious Combatant of Papal Tyranny, the Disperser of *mental* darkness, and stern Contemner of all temporal honours and worldly distinctions, where are we to search for an individual so fully entitled to the admiration and the gratitude of posterity, as Martin Luther? These were the sterling qualities in his character which the fire of persecution could not have rendered *more pure*, and which it could *never* have consumed. But when we view him as the Founder of a Church, and the Head of a Sect, I fear we must exclaim, “*How is the Gold become dim, and the fine Gold changed?*” So much more injurious to ourselves does power often prove, in our *own* hands, than in the hands of *others*. There is too much reason to believe that the doctrine of the *real presence*, and of justification by *faith alone*, were

tenets, to support which Luther scrupled not to employ the fleshly arm of civil power and temporal authority. These he was inclined to resort to against those whose *private judgments*, his scriptural erudition, deep and extensive as it was, could not convince, nor his eloquence persuade. The first part of Luther's character I have attempted to eulogize, in a subsequent passage of this poem. Luther's harsh conduct to Carlostadt, and Calvin's unrelenting cruelty to Servetus, are strong proofs, *if such were now wanting*, that we may have *some* charity for those who differ from us altogether, but none for those who agree with us in some points, but presume to dissent from us in others. The absurd reveries of Luther concerning the *Devil*, claim a most conspicuous place amongst the "*fears of the brave, and follies of the wise.*" Mr. Coleridge has given us a very interesting and curious solution of this subject. It seems he saw the very stain from the inkstand hurled at the head of his satanic majesty, having been admitted into the very room in which—

“*The Devil appeared to Martin  
Luther in Germany, for certain,  
And would have gulled him with a trick,  
But Martin was too politic.*”

The rays of Luther's genius, like some other rays, had their *aberrations*; thus he informs us that he had an acquaintance with the Devil by no means slight or superficial; having eaten “more than a bushel of salt with him.” “*Ego Diabolum intus et in cute novi, quippe quocum plus uno Salis modio comederim.*” “*Diabolus, multo frequentius et proprius mihi in lecto accubare solet, seu condormit, quam mea Catharina.*” He farther informs us that his satanic majesty is a most keen and subtle disputant, whom no man can accuse of delay or prolixity. “*Uno momento,*” says he, “*quæstio et responsio absolvitur.*” In one moment the question and the answer is dispatched. *This* puts it beyond a doubt that *the Devil does not*

*preside in the Court of Chancery*, as some have supposed. The most antient caricature I have heard of, is that which originally belonged to the Queen of Navarre. It is of Tapestry, and represents Luther and Calvin in the act of administering a Cathartic to the Pope, but not of the most lenitive kind, nor in the most delicate manner. This operation puts his Infalible Holiness in great commotion, and obliges him to evacuate abundance of Kingdoms and Sovereignities, such as Denmark, Sweden, the Duchy of Saxony, etc.—Wickliffe, John Huss, and others, are represented in the back ground, as having failed in a similar attempt. They undertook to cure the disease, before the Crisis. Even Luther's eloquence and intrepidity might have failed, if many circumstances had not conspired in his favour, of which the opportune discovery of printing was not the least. It has been shrewdly said that *interest* brought about the reformation in Germany, *Lust* in England, and *Novelty* in France. In Germany the needy and impoverished Nobles found a seasonable supply in the wealth of the Monasteries which they pillaged, and the estates of the Abbeys which they appropriated to themselves. We find from Luther, that this ill-gotten wealth did not prosper; and he applies to the sacrilegious rapacity of the Nobles, the fable of the Eagle, who stealing from the altar of Jove a sacrifice which was placed upon it, took up with it a burning coal, which fired the nest, and destroyed the young ones. It fared no better with the unhallowed wealth of Henry the eighth. The *blessing of God* (says Spelman, gravely!) *was not upon it*. Be that as it may, within *five years* after Henry had sacked all the Monasteries in the Kingdom, with all their treasures, and princely possessions, he was absolutely distressed for money to build a few Block-houses for the defence of the Coast. The libraries of these religious establishments were scarcely more respected than if they had been in the hands of Turks or Vandals. One merchant bought the contents of two noble libraries, for *forty*



*shillings apiece*; their Volumes he applied for the space of more than ten years, instead of grey paper, to wrap up his goods. But to return to Luther; Protestants who condemn his violent and unbending temper, should consider the complexion of the times, and the power of his adversaries. If we wish to cut Iron, we must make use of Steel; and the peculiar difficulties of *his* situation, required a mind *case-hardened*, as it were, and tempered to overcome them. That age required a Reformer composed of sterner stuff than Erasmus, or Melancthon; the latter of whom, when Luther boxed his ears, was wont to retaliate, only with a complimentary hexameter, "*Rege animum Luthere tuum, cui cætera parent.*"

Page 32.—"*Thy hapless story, murdered, martyred Wright.*"

Time, the great discoverer of the secrets and the crimes of Tyrants; Time, that neither flatters nor fears, may one day remove the veil of mystery which at present conceals the fate of this gallant man. I shall relate two stories, of which I am reminded by this melancholy subject; I shall give them just as I heard them; I have great reason to think them true, and, as when *connected* they throw a glimmering light on a very *dark affair*, I shall make no apology for their insertion.

An English gentleman, who has been resident for many years in a very respectable situation at Petersburg, who has married a Russian Lady, and who now resides in that Capital, told me as follows. —Some *little time before* the condemnation, or rather *judicial assassination* of Palm the Bookseller at Nuremberg, a French Gentleman suddenly arrived at Petersburg. It was observed that he made anxious enquiries if there was any vessel in the Neva, about to sail for England; and that he heard with visible marks of consternation, that it was probable many days would elapse, before a vessel bound for England would sail. Before that event took place, this Gentleman disappeared, in as sudden a manner as he had arrived. It was confidently re-

ported at Petersburg that the French Government had got possession of his person, and that he was reconducted, under a strong escort, to Paris. He has not since been heard of. The account he gave of himself to one or two confidential persons in Petersburg was this. He said he was a Notary public at Paris ; that he was walking home one evening, when the waiter of a certain Ho'el begged him instantly to attend one of his Guests, who was at the point of death. He followed, and was ushered into a room where sat a Gentleman in the greatest apparent agony of mind and body ; who, after the waiter had retired, thus addressed him—pointing to a bag of money on the table—“ That” said he “ is yours, it is the price of blood ; but transcribe faithfully what I shall relate to you, and make it public the moment you are out of the power of France. I am a Physician, and I received yesterday, an order (signed Talleyrand) to repair immediately to the Prison of the Temple. I obeyed—I was then conducted into one of the dungeons of that prison, to superintend the infliction of torture on one of the Prisoners. I have neither strength nor time to detail the particulars of that horrid sight ; suffice it to say, that the Prisoner bore his sufferings with the most unshaken fortitude. He twice began to speak, when I was immediately hurried into another apartment. It appeared that his communications were not *satisfactory*, as I was reconducted into the dungeon, and the tortures were resumed. Twice I interfered, and announced to them that the sufferer could bear no more ; the second time I was attended to, and the torture was suspended. I took a slight refreshment, received a hint to be silent, and was ordered to attend again *to-day*, precisely at the same hour. This day the Prisoner was, if possible, more firm ; not a word escaped his lips ; and notwithstanding my remonstrances, the torture was carried to such a length that I suspect the Prisoner has not long to live. I am convinced from his air, manner, and appearance, that *the Prisoner was an Englishman*. After this,

the Sum of money on the table was put into my hands, and I was interrogated closely if the transactions of yesterday had been suffered to escape my lips. I partook of some refreshment again in the refectory, and in less than one hour afterwards, I felt that *I had taken poison.*" Here the Physician's strength and voice began to fail him; and he expired in the course of the night. But the Notary continued his narration, by adding that he by no means found himself at ease in the possession of so dangerous a secret; and that his fears were not diminished by discovering that the Police Officers had been at his house, and that it was known that he had attended on the last moments of the Physician. On this, he fled to Nuremberg, and communicated the whole affair to Palm. Not thinking himself safe at Nuremberg, after the commencement of the prosecution of Palm, he fled to the Capital of Russia, intending as soon as possible to sail for England. Unfortunately the last part of his plan he was not able to carry into execution. There is every reason to believe the poor Notary was shortly afterwards obliged to perform a much *longer journey.*

This circumstance will account for the seizure of Palm's papers, and also for the precipitancy with which his trial and execution were conducted. To the best of my recollection, the death of Captain Wright was announced to the world about the time of Palm's execution. But a correspondence of dates is not of prime importance on *this* occasion, because it is ever in the power of Tyrants to assign what date they please to the death of their Prisoners.

What follows will corroborate what has been advanced above, and I have reason to think there is no doubt of its truth. When Captain Wright was taken prisoner, two young English Gentlemen were taken with him; one of them was a Mr. Mansel, a son of the present Bishop of Bristol. These two Gentlemen were confined for a long period together in the same apartment of the Prison, but a room immediately over them, and insulated

from theirs was allotted to Captain Wright. However, with great difficulty, a small perforation through the solid flooring was effected; by means of which, a conversation might at times be carried on, between Captain Wright, and his two companions in captivity.

Captain W. had always used the language of hope and consolation; but one morning he informed them that he now perceived that he was in the hands of a merciless enemy; that the severest tortures had already been inflicted on him; and that he was in hourly expectation of death. "But," continued he, "one thing I must caution you never to believe of me, and if you return to England, peremptorily to deny. *You will shortly be informed that I have destroyed myself.* If I know any thing of my own heart, I think I have sufficient fortitude to bear my sufferings, aided by that firm dependance on God, which will render such a crime, under any circumstances, and I dread the worst, impossible."

Soon after this conversation, it happened as he had foretold. Mr. Mansel and his companion were informed by the Jailor, *that their Captain had put a period to his existence.* After this event, they were immediately removed to the fortress of Valenciennes. From that place these two young Gentlemen attempted their escape; the enterprise was conducted with singular talent and intrepidity, and was crowned with the success it deserved.

Some time after the battle of Trafalgar, Sir Sidney Smith passed through this town on his way to Plymouth. He was introduced, during his short stay here, to an officer of high rank in the French service. This officer was on the eve of being exchanged; and in daily expectation of his passport. I shall omit his name for obvious reasons; but he faithfully promised Sir Sidney that he would use every method consistent with his own honour and safety, to acquaint him with the particulars of the death of his highly esteemed and lamented friend and former fellow prisoner Captain Wright.

Page 55.--“ *Speeches that Cobbett begged in vain to quote.*”

Mr. Cobbett thus observes on the freedom of the Press.—  
 “ *To call it liberty of the Press to be able with safety to publish a Spelling-book, or a Psalter, or the Story of Goody-two-Shoes, merely because they are printed by the same sort of machine as the censure upon the conduct of a public man is printed, is as stupid as it would be to insist that oat-meal is the same thing as wheat-meal, because both have been ground in the same mill.*”  
 This is well;—but this periodical writer, who relates facts with boldness, and comments on them with sound sense, has not, I think, expressed himself with his usual accuracy, in his definition of Liberty. “ *Liberty, actively speaking,*” says he, “ *means the right or power of doing with safety to yourself, that which is naturally disagreeable, or contrary to the interests of another, be that other who he may. Turn it as often as you please, this is the true definition of Liberty in the active sense of the word.*”  
 Is this liberty? To me it sounds more like licentiousness. Since I must conceive that two absurd consequences might be deduced from the above definition. First, that of all men in existence, *Tyrants are the greatest lovers of liberty*; and secondly, that a triumphant and lawless banditti, are the *freest men in the world*. I would rather substitute some such a definition as this; “ *Civil liberty is the omnipotence of such laws as are framed by a full and fair majority.*” But it may be objected that an absurd inference might be drawn from this definition also, of civil liberty; for it might happen that a majority of the people might consent to pass a law to extinguish the freedom of the Press. Would this be as consistent with civil liberty, as with the above definition of it? To this I reply, The case is possible, but not very probable, except in a society of Hottentots. But even such a law, if enacted by a *fair* majority, would *not* be destructive of the civil liberty of the framers of it; because it is self-evident that all men are free, who are governed by those

laws *only* which they have *voluntarily* imposed upon themselves ; and it is as clear that they cease to be free, only when Tyrants or Demagogues, single or united, foreign or domestic, begin to govern them by laws which have had neither the approbation nor the concurrence of the governed.

The Public are much indebted to Lord Folkstone for the able manner in which he introduced his motion on the *Ex Officio* Informations of the Attorney General. Those who recollect the very important enquiry which occupied the attention of the House, at the time alluded to, will not be at a loss to account for the very unusual number of *Ex Officio* Informations, suspended over the heads of Newspaper Editors, at that particular moment ; and they will be still less surprized at the invincible taciturnity of the Attorney General, and the marked reluctance he displayed to assign the true cause of that amazing increase in the number of such Informations, which induced Lord Folkstone to bring forward that motion in Parliament. With respect to the law of libel, I shall just observe, that if Lord Mansfield had carried his point of making the *Jury* triers *only* of the *fact of writing, or of publishing*, and of constituting *the Court* the sole Judge of the *criminality* of the libel, there would not have existed from that moment a free press in Europe.

The Jury are *now* empowered to decide on *both* points, as reason and equity demand ; and not on the first only, as oppression and Lord Mansfield advised. For this important victory over the secret enemies of our liberties at home, more important to Englishmen than ten victories over their open enemies in the field, we may thank the resistless Eloquence of Lord Erskine. His success on this occasion forms the brightest part of his political career. "*Melioribus olim Auspiciis.*" See the trial of the Dean of St. Asaph.

Page 56.--“ *When crack-brained Authors load the groaning Press.*”

An Author whose wit is like the edge of a scythe, *coarse* but *keen*, compares Plagiarists to those Hogs in *Westphalia*, who thrive on each others excrements. It was a conjecture of Sir Isaac Newton, that if primordial atoms could be brought into absolute contact, all the solid matter in the world might be compressed into the space of a nutshell. Something like what that Philosopher remarked of matter, might be affirmed of mind. If Authors were restricted in their writings to *genuine* thoughts and *original* ideas, there would not exist such an evil as a folio, or a quarto in the world. These ponderous Tomes would contract their size, as suddenly as Milton's Devils in Pandemonium ;

“ *Behold a wonder ! They but now who seemed  
In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant Sons,  
Now, less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless.*”

Shakspeare would suffer less than any other Author by such an experiment ; he might stand a chance of preserving “ *his own dimensions, like himself,*” unhurt amid the war of *elements*, the wreck of *paper*, and the crush of *boards* !--About the middle of the sixth century, Amri, a Saracen General, ordered all the Books in the Alexandrian Library to be destroyed. Amri had applied to the Calif Omar for directions how to act on this occasion. He replied in the true spirit of *Mahomedan Orthodoxy*, “ If the Books you mention contain any thing contrary to the Koran, they are *pernicious* ; if they contain nothing contrary to it, they are *superfluous*.” The number of volumes was so immense, that they served as fuel to *parboil* the Alexandrians for six months ; although they were distributed amongst forty thousand Baths. Had it not been for this event, their contents might, perhaps, have kept the *whole World in hot water*, for a

much longer period. How many Eruditi would have read themselves stone blind over these musty manuscripts, before they would have been able to have informed the *unlearned*, that nine hundred and ninety-nine, out of every thousand, were not worth the perusal. As some compensation therefore for the destruction of that noble library, may we not presume that the moderns have gained in *originality* and *invention*, more than they have lost in *information* and in *erudition*; and that this event hath induced many to *strengthen* their minds by *thinking*, who had otherwise only *weakened* their eyes by *reading*?

Page 60.—“*Mansfield to Court, and Woodfall to a Jail.*”

Mansfield would have been a second Jeffries had he lived under the reign of James; but there would have been this difference between them, where Jeffries used a *hatchet*, Mansfield would have preferred a *razor*.

Every one has something to say on Junius. Lord Mansfield found his Editor, Woodfall, *not very communicative*, when alive; his Ghost is not likely to be more so now. I have heard that promises were resorted to on this occasion, no less than fines, imprisonments, and prosecutions; and that Woodfall was *officially* requested to say what was the lowest Sum for which he would give up his author. These overtures he effectually checked by answering, ONE MILLION! It has often struck me, that Junius died very soon after the publication of those letters. He certainly was not silenced by a bribe, for he had transgressed beyond all hope of pardon, or any *pension* except *suspension*. Nor do I think that Junius was a Cerberus to be lulled by a *sop*. But, *had he lived*, he could not have been a silent spectator of the great events which soon afterwards took place in Europe; and I suspect, *had he continued to write*, his style must have betrayed him. But I do not offer this last argument as decisive, because we all know with what ease and felicity some have concealed their own



style, and imitated that of another. There is a Greek passage very apposite on this subject, but my own *patience*, and my printer's *types* would be exhausted, before the quotation.

Nay, in some instances, where *no* alteration has been made in the style, the mere substitution of a name, has been sufficient to deceive the penetrating eye of Criticism. The peculiarity of Burke's style, all will admit ; and yet we know that he wrote the celebrated inaugural dissertations by which Sir Joshua Reynolds gained such amazing credit. Yet Dr. Johnson, who was intimately acquainted with the powers of both of them, never discovered in those dissertations the great Author of "*The Sublime and Beautiful* ;" and Sir Joshua Reynolds might have enjoyed, *to this day*, the full credit of those eloquent compositions, for which he furnished only the hints on sculpture and painting, had it not been for an accidental circumstance—The increasing weakness of his eyes, obliged him to employ an amanuensis to transcribe the manuscripts, when the hand writing of Edmund Burke was immediately recognized.

Page 173.—*Note.*

For Cicero consoles Sulpicius, read, Sulpicius consoles Cicero, and in the same sentence for Son, read Daughter. Nor am I sure that this is quite correct, as I quote from memory ; in which case I shall be compared to George Faulkener, editor of the Dublin Journal. "George," said a friend, "you have made a sad blunder in your last Journal ; you have printed it thus—" *His Grace the Duchess* : "Well, well," said George, "it shall be corrected in our next." On the following week the good people of *Dublin* were *set right* : "*Erratum in our last, for His Grace the Duchess, read Her Grace the Duke.*" I shall take this opportunity of apologizing to the public for press errors, which I fear too frequently occur. I am obliged to submit to the task of being my own corrector, an office which

I shall be happy shortly to resign to the Critics. It is certain that an author is, of all men, the least qualified to correct his own work. If a Pin be out of place in the dress of his mistress, the lover will be the last to discover it.

Page 75.—“ *To Tully’s fire, and Cato’s courage blind.*”

Some will accuse me of having forgotten Horace’s celebrated compliment to Cato, or rather to Augustus ;

“ *Et cuncta terrarum subacta  
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.*”

I am ready to admit that this is the most sublime passage that Poet ever wrote. But it is a compliment of a very doubtful kind to Cato. “ *Noscitur a sociis,*” will apply to words, as well as to men. Now the word *atrox* is constantly used by Horace, (and I suspect by others,) in a *bad* sense ; and if Horace had been speaking of Cataline, he could not have applied a more *degrading* epithet. Cicero could have supplied him with a more grand and faithful portrait of Cato, whom he represents as standing *upright* amidst the ruins of the Republic, the noblest spectacle which the Universe could afford to Jupiter. Some will be ready to accuse Virgil of similar injustice to his two illustrious cotemporaries Cato and Cicero. But we must remember that the *Æneid* was an unfinished work, and a posthumous publication ; and also that it was edited by two *creatures* of Augustus, who certainly *added* nothing, yet we know not what they may have *suppressed*. It is but fair to observe, that one of the finest passages in this Poem, concludes with a compliment to Cato. Yet none of them have surpassed that line of Lucan,

“ *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

Which proves that antithesis, although it be usually connected with *wit*, is not incompatible with *sublimity*.

Page 84.—“ *Sir John to borrow seeks Avaro's door.*”

The avaricious man is not only the dirtiest and most laborious slave the devil employs, but he is the only one who serves him for *nothing*. While men of a humane and liberal mind, sympathize in all the happiness they behold, and thus, in one sense, may be said to enjoy the possessions of others, the Miser dares not enjoy what is his own. He is the most mercenary of all creatures, yet is he daily and hourly making the most disinterested sacrifices : and what is most extraordinary, this selfish wretch submits to the severest mortifications, for the good of those whom he often hates, and by whom he is always despised. Incurably mad, he certainly is, but with so much *method*, that he keeps on the outside of Bedlam. In short, avarice is a passion which age enlivens, weakness strengthens, and possession sharpens. It converts man into a lamentable laughing-stock. It first impoverishes him by *Gold* ; it then degrades him into the *turnkey*, not the tenant of his house ; the slave, and not the master of his wealth.

Page 86.—“ *To prove Men Monkies had they but a tail.*”

Lord Monboddó is very much pleased with Peter the Wild Boy for walking on all fours ; but very angry with him for being found without a tail, and for not learning to speak. From the Parish Register of North Church in the County of Hertford, where he died, at the age of 72, it appears that Peter was neither more nor less than an Idiot, who having wandered into the woods, had the good fortune to be discovered by a royal Nimrod. That he had not long escaped from domestication was evident, as the remains of a shirt collar were still about his neck, at the time he was taken. Of course his Parents were not over anxious to reclaim an Idiot, who when he lost a father, found a King.

Page 89.—“*Nor spare one scarlet rag from Babylon.*”

I should not have ventured on such an expression as this, but I find I am forestalled in it by one who was afterwards a Bishop. Thus inditeth Dr. Hurd to Bishop Warburton,—*I thank you, my dear Lord, for your congratulations on my advancement to the Doctorate; though I doubt it will seem a little incongruous in me, to combat the scarlet Whore in her own habiliments.*” “‘The Cope and the Hat,’ observes Fleury, “were a travelling dress which suited the Pope’s Embassadors; and *red* was the colour affected by the Pope, and to represent him the better, the legates wore *this colour* also.” On this passage Jortin thus remarks; *His Holiness should rather have chosen some other colour than that of the great red Dragon, and of the Whore arrayed in scarlet.*” A latin line would have prevented Jortin’s astonishment at this,

“*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat,*”

Had it not been for this infatuation, the Pope might have avoided the *triple* completion of another prophecy, by making some slight alteration in his title of “*Vicarius Dei Filii.*” One would have thought the coincidence sufficiently strong in *two* languages, without assuming that title in the *third*, which precisely contains the number of the Beast. As I have quoted Dr. Hurd at the head of this note, I shall quote a passage in another letter of his, addressed to Warburton. I quote it for the future edification of all curates, that they may learn how to condole with a Bishop, when he has the misfortune to make *a little trip* in his garden, or *elsewhere*.—

“And now supposing, as I trust I may do, that your Lordship will be in no great pain when you receive this Letter, I am tempted to begin, as friends usually do when such accidents befall, with my reprehensions, rather than condolence. I have often wondered why your Lordship should not use a cane in your walks, which might haply have prevented this misfortune;

especially considering that Heaven, I suppose the better to keep its Sons in some sort of equality, has thought fit to make your outward sight by many degrees less perfect than your inward. Even I, a young and stout Son of the Church, rarely trust my firm steps into my garden, without some support of this kind. How improvident then was it in a Father of the Church, to commit his unsteadfast footing to this hazard ! Not to insist, that a good pastoral staff is the badge of your office, and, like a sceptre to a King, should be the constant appendage to a Bishop."

Page 92.—“ *Ye tutored Pitt to bellow promise prate.*”

I should never have obtruded my opinions on the Public, concerning Mr. Pitt, knowing as I do that by a certain party they will be anathematized as political heresies, had not this Minister been be-praised beyond all decency, by those who would fain identify with their voice, that of the Nation. This will not do. Mr. Pitt's dereliction of his first principles, and his falsification of all the hopes he had held out, never can be palliated, much less forgotten. Reform was a subject on which no man promised *more*, when he could do *nothing*, or performed *less*, when he could do *every thing*. I do not say with Wakefield, that Mr. Pitt had no talents. He had great ones ; but his warmest friends admit that Power was his *end* ; if they were candid, they would add, *corruption was his means*. Amidst the exaggerated statements, and acrimonious recriminations of parties, the historian will find it no easy task to decide on the justice of Mr. Pitt's claims to the veneration and gratitude of his countrymen. There is one rule by which if he tries him his sentence must be a severe one indeed ; particularly if the jury should be composed of those who think the happiness of the governed, a minister's most honourable acquittal, their

misery his justest condemnation. The following passage was written before Mr. Pitt was in being ; I quote it because it so happens, that Junius has furnished the text, and Mr. Pitt the illustration :—

*“ With regard to any influence of the constituent over the conduct of the representative, there is little difference between a seat in parliament for seven years, and a seat for life. The prospect of your resentment is too remote ; and although the last session of a septennial parliament be usually employed in courting the favour of the people, consider that, at this rate, your representatives have six years for offence, and but one for atonement. A death-bed repentance seldom reaches to restitution. If you reflect, that, in the changes of administration which have marked and disgraced the present reign, although your warmest patriots have, in their turn, been invested with the lawful and unlawful authority of the Crown, and though other reliefs or improvements have been held forth to the people, yet, that no one man in office has ever promoted or encouraged a bill for shortening the duration of parliaments, but that (whoever was minister) the opposition to this measure, ever since the septennial act passed, has been constant and uniform on the part of Government. You cannot but conclude, without the possibility of a doubt, that long parliaments are the foundation of the undue influence of the Crown. This influence answers every purpose of arbitrary power to the Crown, with an expense and oppression to the people, which would be unnecessary in an arbitrary government. The best of our Ministers find it the easiest and most compendious mode of conducting the King’s affairs ; and all Ministers have a general interest in adhering to a system, which, of itself, is sufficient to support them in office, without any assistance from personal virtue, popularity, labour, abilities, or experience. It promises every gratification to avarice and ambition, and secures impunity.”*

A Reform in Parliament therefore is among the desiderata which no thinking man can expect to see realized. This is a measure on the postponement of which all Ministers agree, however they may differ from their predecessors on other points; nevertheless they pronounce it excellent for all times *but the present time*; and for all administrations, except *their own*. I am led to conclude parliamentary reform hopeless, because it is certain that it cannot be effected without ministerial influence; and as certain that ministerial influence will always be employed against it. The splendid abilities of Mr. Canning were but too successfully employed, on a very recent occasion, to show how little the mere merits of an question in a certain Council availed; and he proved his point in a manner that reflected more credit on the speaker than on his audience; by adducing as an instance, the abolition of the Slave Trade. By the vast majority with which that question was ultimately carried, it fully appeared that there *was a time* when the little finger of a minister produced a greater impression, within the walls of St. Stephen, than *all the eloquence of Britain and all the miseries of Africa!*

“*I like,*” says Walpole, “*those Reformations that prevent Revolutions. by keeping pace with the gradual progress of reason and knowledge.*” I have heard that Mr. Fox, on his last visit to Paris, fully discovered that it was the decided opinion of the French Cabinet, *that our most vulnerable point was Ireland; and that it would be the height of madness to make any serious attack upon England, until Ireland was wrested from her.* If this be true, it furnishes another argument for the immediate removal of the civil disabilities of the Catholics; the present cause of so much disunion in those who govern, and of so much discontent in those who obey; but the ground of hope and confidence to all those “*Who love not England’s cause, nor England’s weal.*”

Page 95.—“*And make Napoleon play both Knave and fool.*”

The Game must be desperate when Talleyrand throws down his Cards; and foul must be the play in which he blushes to co-operate. It is probable that the annals of Louis the XII. furnished Buonaparte with the model of his Spanish expedition. That indeed succeeded, but let him remember that Villany does not always prosper. Spain may teach Europe what it is that will satisfy the common oppressor; Not all the military and naval resources of a nation—not all its population—not all its treasure. These he fully enjoyed, at the moment he was meditating the complete destruction of a sincere and generous ally.

From every thing I can collect from the remarks and observations of those French Officers who last arrived in this town, as Prisoners of War, I will undertake to say that Buonaparte's most unprincipled attack on Spain is a death blow to his popularity. The sad experience of battle after battle, and campaign after campaign, has now convinced his firmest veterans that they are doomed to serve a military Despot, whose lust of empire hath no bounds. These men now perceive that the life of a Soldier, under *such* a Commander, presents nothing but a barren and a gloomy prospect of perils and privations, to be terminated only by death. “Have we not seen,” they exclaim, “our bravest companions sacrificed to the ambition of him who is as greedy of dominion, as he is prodigal of blood? Have we not beheld army after army coolly abandoned to inevitable destruction? Witness the parching sands of Egypt, the snows of Poland, the pestilent morasses of Domingo, and the dear-won fortresses of Spain! And *for what* are we covered with scars and polluted with blood? To render the name of a Frenchman execrable throughout the world; to aggrandize an ungrateful task-master, to forge his fetters, and to increase his slaves! Nor have our children a better prospect at home. They also are daily subject to be dragged away to the armies;



or if they escape, for a season, the iron grasp of the conscription, they must submit to live under a state of espionage so jealous and vigilant, that to be suspected even *of being suspicious*, is a sufficient crime." There are the strongest reasons to believe that such sentiments are rapidly increasing throughout the armies of France; the protraction of the contest in Spain is daily making fresh proselytes to these opinions; the time is not far distant when those who think thus will form the *majority*. When that moment arrives, Europe may repeat an exclamation made over the dead body of Charles the XII—  
*"The Farce is over."*

Page 97.—*"O'er stoutest hearts, Hypocrisy and Pride."*

"The hauteur of the proud," observes Burke, "hath this of good in it, that in forcing us to keep our distance, they must keep their distance too." A man puffed up with pride, has been well compared to a person who standing on the top of a high tower, is surprised to find how very little they appear to be, on whom he *looks down*; but who forgets that he also appears equally little, to those *who look up*. Pride, while it chills all who approach it, more than the stream of the Irtis, or the snows of Tobolski, is equally injurious to its possessor. It is doubly cursed, it torments ourselves and all about us. It also brings its own punishment; for the proud have sentenced themselves to a banishment from all social intercourse, worse than Siberian. How many there are who might cease to be ignorant, if they would condescend to be informed; who might cease to be miserable, if they would stoop to be comforted; and who might be no longer despicable, if they would begin to think others less so than themselves?

Page 104.—*"Her monstrous meal, a province, or a town."*

"The relation of the Captain of a Vessel, to the Admiralty, as Mr. Yorke told me the story, has something very striking in

it. He lay off Lisbon on this fatal 1st of November, preparing to hoist sail for England. He looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud Metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock that promised a Poet's eternity, at least, to its grandeur. He looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder. A sight more awful mortal eyes could not behold on this side the day of doom." *Warburton's Letters.*

Page 126.—“*By day of Atheist clubs the fond delight.*”

In the order of precedence, *practical* atheism goes before *speculative*. Men act as though there were no God; they next begin to *hope* there may be none; and then upon the principle of “*Quod volumus facile credimus,*” they lastly would fain *believe* what they so earnestly wish. But after all, it is a belief of the *heart*, rather than of the *head*. “The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.” In short, it is but natural, that those who begin by erasing the word *not* out of the *commandments*, should end by attempting to insert it into the *creed*.

Page 138.—“*A shelter sad to which thou fain wouldst fly.*”

The suicide is a coward, because the fear of life overcomes the fear of death. I have enquired of medical men, and find that instances of those who have laid violent hands on themselves, to escape from pains and tortures of the *body* are extremely rare. But we know that *mental* sufferings, and the wounds of a broken spirit, have driven thousands to this desperate remedy. I mention this for the sake of the moral. If the pains of the mind are so much more insupportable than those of the body, ought we not to be more fearful of endangering the *health* of the one than of the other?

Page 145.—“*Might best confute the first, the last a Ghost.*”

An affair still going on in my neighbourhood, and known to the Public by the title of the SAMPFORD GHOST, might puzzle the materialism of Hume, or the immaterialism of Berkeley. Here we have an invisible and incomprehensible agent, producing visible and sensible effects. The Newspapers were not quite so accurate as they might have been in their statements on this occasion. First, they informed the Public that the *whole affair was discovered*; but the real truth is, that the slightest shadow of an explanation has not yet been given, and that there exist no good grounds even for *suspecting* any one. The Public were next given to understand that the *disturbances had ceased*; whereas it is well known to all in this neighbourhood that they continue with unabating violence, to this hour. Soon after this, we were told, by way of explanation, that the whole affair was a trick of the tenant, who wished to *purchase the house cheap*—the stale solution of all *haunted* houses. But such an idea never entered his thoughts, even if the present proprietors were able to sell the House; but it happens to be entailed. And at the very time when this was said, all the neighbourhood knew that Mr. Chave was unremitting in his exertions to procure another habitation in Sampford on any terms. And to confirm this, these disturbances have at length obliged the whole family to make up their minds to quit the premises, at a very great loss and inconvenience, as Mr. Chave has expended a considerable sum in improvements, and could have continued on a *reduced* rent. When one of the labourers on the Canal was shot, the Newspapers informed us, that this took place at the *house of the Mr. Chave above mentioned*. The fact is, that this circumstance happened in *another* part of the village, at the house of another Mr. Chave, neither related nor connected with the Mr. Chave in question.

If these nocturnal and diurnal visitations are the effects of a plot, the agents are marvellously secret and indefatigable. It

has been going on more than three years. And if it be the result of human machination, there must be more than sixty persons concerned in it. Now I cannot but think it rather strange that a secret by which no one can possibly get any thing, should be so well kept ; particularly when I inform the public what the Newspapers would not, or could not acquaint them with ; namely, that *a Reward of two hundred and fifty Pounds has been advertized, for any one who can give such information as may lead to a discovery. Nearly two years have elapsed, and no claimant has appeared.* I myself, who have been abused as the dupe at one time, and the promoter of this affair at another, was the first to come forward with one hundred pounds, and the late Mayor of Tiverton has now an instrument in his hands empowering him to call on me for the payment of that sum, to any one who can explain the cause of the phenomena.

An authentic narrative of all the occurrences at Sampford up to a certain date, was published by me, and may be had at the Publisher's and Booksellers. Many circumstances, if possible still more extraordinary than those I have related, have since occurred, but as they do not afford the least clue that may enable us to discover the cause that produced them, I shall do the public no service by relating them. A gentleman who commanded a company in the Hereford Militia was stationed at Sampford ; his curiosity was much excited, and he sat up in Mr. Chave's house at different times, thirty nights. I dined with him at Ottery Barracks ; his brother officers were anxious to know his opinion of that affair. He immediately replied, " Mr. Colton, who sits opposite, has engaged to give one hundred pounds to any person who can discover it. If he will hand me half a guinea across the table, I engage before you all to pay the money instead of him, whenever he is called upon." I did not take his offer. A clear proof that neither of us think a discovery the most probable thing in the world.

Page 184—" *Teach men the conqueror's blood-stained name to hate.*"

At a time of very general despondency, I tried how far it was possible to vindicate warlike measures on Christian principles:—I remember I was not pleased with my cause, nor my defence of it.

Page 203—" *From fear of wrong who never dares be right.*"

I have heard of a milk and water *good sort of a man*, of this stamp, so very cautious not to give offence, that he abstained from all places of religious worship on the ground of *neutrality*. He had not the slightest objection he would say to go to church, but was afraid *the Devil might take it ill*.

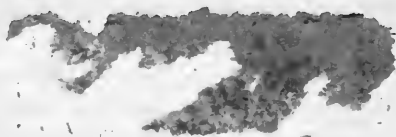
Page 209.—" *Dear is his gold to Clive, but dearer still.*"

In a Country like this where every thing, and almost every man, has his price, Wealth is certainly power. But Talent is also power. Wherein then consists the difference? The influence which *wealth* obtains in any nation will always be in exact proportion to its degradation and debasement; but the influence of *talent* will always be most felt and acknowledged, as nations become more exalted and refined. So that from the preponderancy of talent and genius in any government, we may justly infer its health and vigour; but from the preponderancy of money, its dotage and degeneration.

Page 223.—*See the Note.*

In styling Poetry an imitative Art, I have sided with Aristotle; although some modern writers have argued very learnedly, to prove the contrary. What I have said of Sir Joshua Reynold's blindness may need a qualification. I am not certain that he was absolutely blind, nor does it much affect the argument. If I remember right, this eminent artist died from a very extraordinary enlargement of the liver.

I shall conclude by remarking that some Critics will think alliteration occurs rather too frequently in this Poem. But if alliteration be a fault, it is a fault in which the best Poets have indulged themselves. A friend of whose taste and judgment I have the highest opinion, knows that I have altered many lines, *and sometimes for the worse*, to avoid alliteration. I hope I am open to conviction ; but I shall not think any objections to alliteration valid, unless they come from one who substitutes better words. To such a Critic I shall bow with deference.





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